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PERIODICAL ROOM

OCT 28 1914

THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 33

COMPRISING

A DISCOURSE ON AZILIA (1717) - - *Sir Robert Montgomery*

SKETCHES OF THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY OF PENNSYLVANIA - - - - - - - *Anon*

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32D STREET NEW YORK

1914

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RES ARDUA VETUSTIS NOVITATEM DARE; NOVIS AUCTORITATEM; OBSOLETIS, NITOREM; OBSCURIS, LUCEM; FASTIDITIS, GRATICUM; DUBIIS, FIDEM; OMNIBUS VERO NATURAM, ET NATURAL SUA OMNIA.

ITAQUE ETIAM NON ASSECUTIS, VOLUISSE ABUNDE PULCHRUM UTQUE MAGNIFICUM EST.

(It is a difficult thing to give newness to old things, authority to new things, beauty to things out of use, fame to the obscure, favor to the hateful (or ugly), credit to the doubtful, nature to all and all to nature. To such, nevertheless as cannot attain to all these, it is greatly commendable and magnificial to have attempted the same.

PLINY,—preface to his *Natural History*.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

MONTGOMERY'S tract is of the utmost rarity, being the first book published on the present State of Georgia. "Having obtained a grant of all the land between the rivers Altamaha and Savannah, he issued these proposals for settling the Colony (which he called Azilia")—*Rich.*

The folding plate (usually wanting) shows his plan for dividing the district (and also his utter inability to understand the needs of frontier settlements).

Close examination will show that of the divisions for livestock, one is used as a deer park, where a man is shooting one of the animals! Probably Sir Robert felt that no English nobleman's property could be complete without a deer-preserve: and could not see the absurdity of such an enclosure in an American frontier settlement, among Indians.

Of the story of Samuel Brady it need only be said that it is also scarce, being originally published in the pages of a country paper, and when collected, only a few copies were printed; so it is practically unknown to the public.

Though its subject never attained the celebrity of Boone or Kenton, he was an active patriot, and staunch defender of his part of Pennsylvania against the savage foe, and his memory deserves to be perpetuated. A portrait of him would have been inserted, had one been obtainable.

A

DISCOURSE

Concerning the design'd

ESTABLISHMENT

Of a New

COLONY

TO THE

South of *Carolina*,

IN THE

Most delightful Country of the Universe.

By Sir ROBERT MOUNTGOMERY, *Baronet.*

LONDON:
Printed in the Year. 1717.

DISCOURSE

IT will perhaps afford some Satisfaction to the Gentlemen of *Carolina* to know that my Design arises not from any sudden Motive, but a strong Bent of Genius I inherit from my Ancestors: One of whom was among those knights of *Nova Scotia* purposely created near a hundred Years ago for settling a Scots Colony in America. But the Conquest of that Country by the *French* prevented his Design, and so it lies on his Posterity to make good his Intentions for the Service of their Country.

The Humour, however, Descended, and ran down with the Blood: For my Father was so far of this Opinion that, together with Lord Cardross, the late Earl of Buchan, and some other Gentlemen he enter'd into Measures for Establishing a Settlement on *Port Royal River* in *South Carolina*, and Lord *Cardross* went thither in Person: but the *Spaniards* dislodg'd them and destroy'd the Plantation: Advantage being taken of some Confusions which arose through the want of full Powers, and distinct Jurisdiction.

The charming Descriptions which on this last Occasion I met with, of the natural Sweetness and Beauties of *Carolina*, inspired me with an early Affection to that Place in particular. But the Wars intervening, and calling for my Sword in the more immediate Service of my Country, gave me no Opportunity to put in practice certain Schemes which occur'd, for effectually forming a settlement there, till just now; when together with some of my Friends who unite their Endeavours with mine, I am like, by continuance of the *Indian* Disturbances, to enjoy my own Wish, with the Additional Pleasure of being useful. Tho' our Design does not altogether depend on the Subscription of Purchasers herein propos'd, yet our own Stock so encreas'd will be made more ef-

fectual, and we shall give at the same Time an opportunity to many of sharing in our Benefits, who cou'd not be otherwise concern'd in the Undertaking.

If, therefore, the offer which we make shall meet with Encouragement, 'twill, by Dividing our Burthen, somewhat lighten it; If it fails 'twill no further Disappoint us than as it leaves us to do That *alone* which might better be done with the expected Assistance.

R. MOUNTGOMERY.

OF THE MOTIVES AND FOUNDATION OF THE UNDERTAKING

PLANTATIONS of new Countries, says the Great Lord *Bacon, are among the Primitive and most Heroick Works of Man.*

They are meritorious in a double Sense; *Religiously*, as they illuminate the Souls of Heathens through the Darkness of their Ignorance, and *Politically*, as they strengthen the Dominion which sends out the Colony, and wonderfully more than any other Means enrich the Undertakers.

But as such Attempts are *Great*, so also are they *Dangerous*. One early Caution easily secures their future Benefits; one little Error in Foundation overthrows the Building. It is to a Defect *in setting out*, that all our noble Colonies upon the Western Continent have ow'd their Disappointments; *To a want of due Precaution* in *their Forms of Settling*, or rather to their settling without any Form at all. The Planters grasp'd at an undue Extent of Land, exceeding their Capacity to manage or defend. This scatter'd them to Distances unsafe and solitary, so that, living in a Wilderness, incapable of mutual Aid, the necessary Artizans found no Encouragement to dwell among them. Their Woods remain'd unclear'd, their Fens undrain'd. The Air by that Means prov'd unhealthy and the Roads impassable. For want of Towns and Places of Defence they suddenly became a Prey to all Invaders;

even the unformidable *Indian* took Advantage of the Oversight, and *Carolina* is at present groaning under a most bloody Persecution from a wild and despicable kind of Enemy, who had not dar'd to think of the Attempt but from an Observation daily made, how open and unguarded they might take the English.

From these Examples, and the Neighborhood of the intended Settlement to *Carolina* thus distress'd, our *future Eden*, made Early wise by Dangers which she feels not, would not only fix her Foot upon a firm Foundation, so as to resist a Storm herself, but she wou'd also spread her Wings to a Capacity of shadowing Others. A British Colony shou'd, like the *Roman*, carry with it always something of the *Mother's* Glory.

Excited, therefore, by an earnest Inclination to establish such a Settlement as may, by new Means, yield new Benefits, as well in Wealth as Safety, and resolving to proceed upon a Scheme entirely different from any hitherto attempted, and which appears to promise great and inexpressible Advantages, the Grant on which we found the Undertaking will be seen in the following Abstract:

"THE underwritten Palatine and Lords Proprietors of the Province of *Carolina* do, on the Considerations hereinafter mention'd, grant, sell, alien, release and confirm to Sir *Robert Mountgomery*, Baronet, his Heirs and Assigns forever, all that Tract of Land which lies between the Rivers *Allatamaha* and *Savanna*, together with the Islands, Ports, Harbours, Bays and Rivers on that Part of the Coast which lies between the Mouths of the said two Rivers to the Seaward; and moreover all Veins, Mines and Quarries of Gold and Silver, and all others whatever, be they of Stones, Metals or any other Things found or to be found within that Tract of Land and the Limits aforesaid; With Liberty over and above to make Settlements *on the South Side* of Allatamaha

River, which Tract of Land the said underwritten Lords do erect into a distinct Province, with proper Jurisdictions, Privileges, Prerogatives and Franchises, Independent of and not Subject to the Laws of South Carolina; to be holden of the said Lords by Sir *Robert*, his Heirs and Assigns forever, under the Name and Title of the *Margravate* of *Azilia*, at and under the yearly Quitrent of one Penny Sterling *per* Acre, or its Value in Goods or Merchandise, as the Land shall be occupied, taken up, or run out; Payable Yearly to the Lords Proprietors' Officers at Charles-Town; but such Payment not to commence till three Years after Arrival of the first Ships there which shall be sent over to begin the Settlement; over and above which Penny *per* Acre, Sir Robert, his Heirs and Assigns, shall also yield and pay to the Lords Proprietors one-fourth part of all Gold or Silver Oar, besides the Quota reserv'd to the Crown out of the said Royal Minerals. Distinct Courts of Judicature to be erected and such Laws enacted within the *Margravate*, by and with the Advice, Assent and Approbation of the Freemen thereof in Publick Assembly, as shall be most conducive to the Utility of the said *Margravate*, and as near as may be conveniently agreeable to the Laws and Customs of *England*; but as such Laws do not extend to lay Duties or Custom or other Obstruction upon the Navigation of either of the said Rivers by any Inhabitant of South or North Carolina, or their free Commerce and Trade with the *Indian* Nations either within or to the Southward of the *Margravate*, Sir *Robert* consenting that the same Duty shall be charg'd on Skins within the Margravate which at this Time stands charg'd on such Skins in *South Carolina*, and appropriated to the Maintenance of the Clergy there, so long as that Duty is continued in *South Carolina*; but the said Duty shall not be encreas'd in *Azilia*, tho' the Assembly of *South Carolina* shou'd think fit to encrease it there; nor shall it longer continue to be paid than while it shall remain appropriated, as at present, to the Maintenance of the Clergy only. In Consideration of all

which Powers, Rights, Priviledges, Prerogatives and Franchises, Sir *Robert* shall Transport at his own Expence, a considerable Number of Families, with all Necessaries for making a new Settlement in the said Tract of Land; and in Case it be neglected for the Space of Three Years from the Date of this Grant, Then the Grant shall become void, anything herein contain'd to the contrary notwithstanding.

Dated *June* the Nineteenth, 1717.

Cartaret, Palatine.

JA. BERTIE, for the Duke of Beaufort,
M. ASHLEY,
JOHN COLLETON, &c.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.

IT lies about the 31st and 32d Degree of Northern Latitude, is bounded Eastward by the great Atlantick Sea, To the West by a Part of the *Apalachian* Mountains, and to the North and South by the two great *Rivers* mention'd in the Grant.

In the Maps of *North America* it may be taken Notice of, how well this Country lies for Trade with all our Colonies and in Regard to Every other Prospect which can make a Situation healthy, profitable, lovely and inviting. Florida, of which it is a Part, receiv'd that Name from its delightful, *florid* and agreeable Appearance.

It has been commonly observ'd that gay Descriptions of new Countries raise a Doubt of their Sincerity. Men are apt to think the *Picture* drawn beyond the *Life*, to serve the Interest of the Representer. To shun the Prejudice of this Opinion, whatever shall be said upon the Subject here is all extracted from our *English Writers*, who are very numerous, and universally agree that Carolina, and especially in its Southern Bounds, is the most amiable

Country of the Universe; that Nature has not bless'd the World with any Tract which can be preferable to it; that *Paradise*, with all her Virgin Beauties, may be modestly suppos'd at most but equal to its Native Excellencies.

It lies in the same Latitude with *Palestine* Herself, that prom-is'd *Canaan* which was pointed out by *God's* own Choice, to bless the Labours of a favorite People. It abounds with Rivers, Woods and Meadows. Its gentle Hills are full of Mines, Lead, Copper, Iron and Even some of *Silver*. 'Tis beautified with odoreferous Plants, green all the Year. Pine, Cedar, Cypress, Oak, Elm, Ash or Walnut, with innumerable other Sorts, both Fruit or Timber Trees grow everywhere so pleasantly that, tho' they meet at Top and shade the Traveller, they are at the same Time so distant in their Bodies and so free from Underwood or Bushes, that the Deer and other Game, which feed in Droves along these Forests, may be often seen near half a Mile between them.

The Air is healthy and the Soil in general fruitful, and of infinite Variety; Vines, naturally flourishing upon the Hills, bear Grapes in most luxuriant Plenty. They have every Growth which we possess in England, and almost every Thing that England wants besides. The *Orange* and the *Lemon* thrive in the same common Orchard with the Apple, and the *Pear-Tree*. Plumbs, Peaches, Apricots, and Nectarins bear from Stones in three Years' growing. The Planters raise large Orchards of these Fruits to feed their Hogs with; Wheat Ears have been measur'd there seven inches long, and they have Barly, Beans, Pease, Rice and all our Grains, Roots, Herbs and Flowers; not to speak of Numbers of their own, which we can find no Names for. Beef, Mutton, Pork, Tame Poultry, wild Fowl, Sea and River Fish, are all there plentiful, and most at lower Rates than in the cheapest parts of *Wales* or *Scotland*.

The many Lakes and pretty Rivulets throughout the Province breed a Multitude of Geese and other Water Fowl. The Air is found so temperate and the Seasons of the Year so very regular that there is no Excess of *Heat* or *Cold*, nor any sudden Alterations in the Weather. The River Banks are cover'd with a strange Variety of lovely Trees, which being always green, present a thousand Landskips to the Eye, so fine and so diversified that the Sight is entirely charm'd with them. The Ground lies sloping towards the Rivers, but at a Distance rises gradually, and intermingles little Hills of Wood with fruitful Plains, all cover'd over with wild Flowers, and not a Tree to interrupt the Prospect. Nor is this tempting Country yet inhabited, except those Parts in the Possession of the English, unless by here and there a Tribe of wandering *Indians*, wild and ignorant, all artless and uncultivated as the Soil which fosters them.

OF THE FORM PROPOS'D IN SETTLING.

OUR meaning here relates to what immediate Measures will be taken for Security against the Insults of the Natives, during the Infancy of our Affairs. To which End we shall not satisfie ourselves with building here and there a Fort, the fatal Practice of America, but so dispose the Habitations and Divisions of the Land, that not alone our Houses but whatever we possess, will be enclos'd by *Military Lines*, impregnable against the *Savages*, and which will make our whole Plantation one continued Fortress.

It need not be suppos'd that all the lands will thus be fortified *at once*. The first Lines drawn will be in just Proportion to the Number of Men they enclose. As the Inhabitants encrease New Lines will be made to enclose them also, so that all the People will be always safe within a well-defended Line of Circumvallation.

The Reader will allow it is not necessary that these Retrenchments be of Bulk, like those of *Europe*; small Defence is *strong* against the poor, unskilful Natives of *America*. They have accomplish'd all their bloody mischiefs by Surprizes and Incursions, but durst never think of a Defyance to Artillery.

The Massacres and frequent Ruins which have fallen upon some *English* Settlements for want of this one Caution, have sufficiently instructed us that *Strength*, producing Safety, is the Point which shou'd be chiefly weigh'd in such Attempts as these. Solon had Reason when he said to *Croesus*, looking on his Treasure—"*You are rich indeed, and so far you are mighty; but if any Man shou'd come with sharper steel than yours, how Easily will he be made the Master of your gold!*"

At the Arrival therefore of the first Men carried over, proper Officers shall mark and cause to be intrench'd a Square of Land in just Proportion to their Number; On the Outsides of this Square, within the little Bastions or Redoubts of the Entrenchment, they raise light Timber Dwellings, cutting down the Trees which everywhere encompass them. The Officers are quartered with the Men whom they command, and the Governour in Chief is plac'd exactly in the Center. By these means the labouring People (being so dispos'd as to be always watchfull of our Enemies' Approach) are themselves within the Eye of those set over them, and *All together* under the Inspection of their Principal.

The Redoubts may be near enough to defend Each other with Musquets, but Field-Pieces and Patareros will be planted upon Each, kept charged with Cartridge shot, and Pieces of old Iron. Within these Redoubts are the common Dwellings of the Men who must defend them. Between them runs a Palisadoe'd Bank, and a Ditch which will be Scour'd by the Artillery. One Man in Each Redoubt kept Night and Day upon the Guard, will give alarm upon Occasion to the others at their Work; So they cultivate their Lands,

secure their Cattle, and follow their Business with great Ease and Safety. Exactly in the Center of the inmost Square will be a *Fort*, defended by large Cannon pointing Everyway, and capable of making strong Resistance in Case some Quarter of the outward Lines shou'd chance to be surpriz'd by any sudden Accident, which yet with tolerable Care wou'd be impracticable.

The Nature of this Scheme, when weigh'd against the Ignorance and wildness of the Natives, will shew that Men thus settled may at once defend and cultivate a Territory with the utmost Satisfaction and Security, even in the *Heart* of an *Indian* Country. Then how much more rather in a Place considerably distant from the Savage Settlements.

As the Numbers shall encrease and they go on to clear more Space of Land, they are to regulate their Settlements with like Regard to Safety and Improvement, And indeed the Difference as to Time and Labour is not near so great as may be thought, betwixt enclosing Land this way, and following the dangerous common Method. But what is here already said will serve the End for which it has been written, which was only to give a general Notion of the Care and Caution we propose to act with.

It will not, however, be amiss, as you have seen the first rude Form of our *Azilia* in her Infancy, to view her also in the Fulness of her Beauty, And to that End we have affix'd a Plan of one whole *District*, clear'd, planted, and inhabited; for as the Country thrives, all future Townships will be form'd according to this Plan, and measur'd out as near Each other as the Rivers, Hills and other natural Impediments will any way admit of.

But lest it shou'd be fear'd from the Correctness of this Model, that 'twill be a Work of too great Difficulty, and require a mighty Length of Time to bring it to Perfection, we think it proper to declare that *Purchasers* will not be obliged to wait this Form of Settlement, but are entitled to the immediate Profits of peculiar

Lands, assigned them, from the very first Arrival of the Colony; which Lands, being set apart for that Purpose, will be strongly enclos'd, and defended by the Lines, or Entrenchments before mentioned.

Neither wou'd we have it thought a labour so tedious, as 'tis generally fancy'd, to establish in this manner a Colony, which may become not only an *advantage*, but a *glory* to the Nation: We have Prospects before us most attractive, and unprecedented, in the three tempting Points *wealth*, *safety*, and *liberty*: Benefits, like these, can never fail of drawing Numbers of Inhabitants from Every Corner: And, Men once got together, 'tis as easy to dispose them regularly, and with due Regard to Order, Beauty, and the Comforts of Society, as to leave them to the Folly of fixing at Random, and destroying their Interest by indulging their Humour; So that we have more than ordinary Cause to expect, that in a very short Time, we shall be able to present the solid *life its self*, as now we give the *shadow* only, in the following Explanation.

You must suppose a level, dry, and fruitful Tract of Land, in some fine Plain or Valley, containing a just Square of twenty Miles Each Way, or two hundred and fifty six thousand Acres, laid out, and settled, in the Form, presented, in the Cut annex'd.

The District is defended by sufficient Numbers of Men, who, dwelling in the fortified Angles of the Line, will be employ'd in cultivating Lands, which are kept in Hand for the particular advantage of the *Margrave;* These Lands surround the District just within the Lines, and every where contain in Breadth one Mile exactly.

The Men, thus employ'd, are such, as shall be hir'd in *Great Britain* or *Ireland*, well disciplin'd, arm'd, and carried over, on Condition to serve faithfully for such a Term of Years, as they before shall agree to; And, that no Man may be wretched in so happy a Country, at the Expiration of those Peoples Time; be-

sides some other considerable, and unusual Incouragements, all such, among them, who shall marry in the Country, or come married thither, shall have a Right of laying claim to a certain Fee-Farm, or Quantity of Land, ready clear'd, together with a House built upon it, and a stock sufficient to improve, and cultivate it, which they shall enjoy, Rent, and Tax free, during Life, as a Reward for their Services; By which Means two very great Advantages must naturally follow; Poor labouring Men, so secur'd of a fix'd future Settlement, will be thereby induced to go thither more willingly; and act, when there, with double Diligence, and Duty; And when their Time expires, possessing just Land enough to pass their Lives at Ease, and bring their Children up honestly, the Families they leave will prove a constant Seminary of sober Servants, of Both Sexes, for the Gentry of the Colony; whereby they will be under no necessity to use the Dangerous Help of *Blackamoors*, or *Indians*; The Lands set apart for this Purpose, are two miles in Breadth, quite round the District, and lie next within the *Margraves* own reserv'd Lands abovemention'd.

The 116 Squares, Each of which has a House in the Middle, are, Every one a Mile on Each Side, or 640 Acres in a Square, bating only for the High Ways, which divide them; These are the Estates, belonging to the Gentry *of the district*, who, being so confin'd to an Equality in *land*, will be profitably Emulous of out doing Each other in *improvement*, since that is the only way, left them to grow richer than their Neighbours; And when the Margravate is once become strong emough to form many Districts, the Estates will be all given gratis, together with many other benefits, to honest and qualified Gentlemen in *Great Britain*, or elsewhere, who having Numerous and well-educated Families, possess but little Fortunes, other than their Industry; and will therefore be chosen to enjoy these Advantages, which they shall pay no Rent, or other Consideration for; and yet the Undertaking will not fail to find its own Account in their Prosperity.

The four great Parks, or rather Forrests, are Each four Miles Square, that is 16 Miles round each Forrest, in which are propagated Herds of Cattle of all Sorts by themselves, not alone to serve the uses of the District, they belong to, but to store such *new ones*, as may from Time to Time be measur'd out, on Affluence of People.

The middle hollow Square, which is full of Streets, crossing each other, is the City, And the Bank, which runs about it, on the out-side surrounded with Trees, is a large void Space, which will be useful for a thousand Purposes, and, among the rest, as being airy, and affording a fine Prospect of the Town in Drawing near it.

In the Center of the City stands the *Margraves House*, which is to be his constant Residence, or the Residence of the Governour, and contains all sorts of publick Edifices for Dispatch of Business; and this again is separated from the City by a Space, like that, which, as above, divides the Town from the Country.

OF SOME DESIGNS IN VIEW FOR MAKING PROFIT

Our Prospects in this Point, are more extensive than we think it needful to discover; It were a Shame shou'd we confine the Fruitfulness of such a rich and lovely Country to some single Product, which *example* first makes common, and the *being common* robs of Benefit. Thus *sugar* in *Barbadoes*, *rice* in *Carolina*, and *tobacco* in *Virginia*, take up all the Labours of their People, overstock the Markets, stifle the Demand, and make their Industry their Ruin, merely through a Want of due Reflection on Diversity of other Products, equally adapted to their Soil and Climate.

Coffee, *tea*, *figs*, *raisins*, *currants*, *almonds*, *olives*, *silk*, *cochineal*, and great Variety of still more rich Commodities, which we are forc'd to buy at mighty Rates from Countries, lying inthe very Latitude of our Plantations: All these we certainly shall Propagate, tho' it may Perhaps be said, that they are yet distant Views; mean while, we shall confine our first Endeavors to such easy Bene-

fits, as will (without the smallest waiting for the Growth of Plants) be offer'd to our Industry, from the *spontaneous* Wealth, which overruns the Country.

The Reader may assure himself, our Undertakings upon all occasions, will be the plainest, and most ready Roads to Profit: not form'd from doubtful, and untried Conceits, nor hamper'd by a Train of Difficulties; none are more apt than we to disregard Chimerical, or rash Designs; but 'tis the Business of Men's Judgment to divide Things *plain* from things *unlikely*.

We cannot think it proper to be too particular upon this Subject, nor will it, we suppose, be expected from us: One Example, however, we will give, because we wou'd present a Proof, that much is *practicable* there, which has not yet been *put in practice*; we shall Pitch on *pot-ash*, a Commodity of great Consumption in the Trades of *dying*, *glass-making*, *soap-boiling* and some others; not that this is the only present Prospect which we build on, but as 'tis necessary we shou'd particularize *one* Benefit, that others may be credible.

And here it will not be amiss, if we describe what *pot-ash* is, and how they make it; since, 'tis likely, some may have attempted it already, in the Forests of *America*, and miscarried, by depending upon ignorant Undertakers.

It is not very *properly* indeed call'd *pot-ash*, not being any kind of *ashes*, but fix'd, and vegetable *salt of ashes*, which, if mix'd with Water, melts away, and turns to *lye*; For this Reason 'tis preferr'd to all other Lixiviate Ashes, Foreign or Domestick, which, not being perfect *salts*, but Ashes of Bean-Straw, and other Vegetables, made stronger by the Help of Lye, bear no Proportion, as to Price, with *pot-ash itself*, which is, as we said before, the pure *salt* without any of the *ashes*.

To procure this Salt, in *Russia*, and the Countries famous for it, they burn great Quantities of *oak*, *firr*, *birch*, and other Woods,

cut down, when flourishing, and full of Sap; The Ashes they throw into Boilers, or huge Caldrons full of Water, and extract a thick, sharp Lye by boiling; They let this Lye grow clear by settling, and then draw it off, and throw away the Ashes left at Bottom.

This Lye, so clarified, they boil again, and as the Watry Part evaporates apace, they supply the Waste thro' a small Pipe, from another Vessel of the same Sort of Lye, set higher than the Boiler; At last, by a continued Evaporation, the whole Vessel becomes full of a thick brownish Salt, which being dug out in Lumps, and afterwards calcin'd, compleats the Work, and gives a Colour to the *pot-ash*, like a whitish Blue, in which Condition it is barrell'd up, and fit for Merchants.

Nothing can be plainer, or more easy than this Practice in our intended Settlement; As to the *boilers*, which have ever been the great and terrifying Expence and Encumbrance of this Work, we shall extremely lessen, and reduce that Charge almost to nothing, by some *new methods*, being an experienc'd Invention, wherein we use neither Copper, Lead, Iron, nor other Mineral whatsoever, and (that excepted) there is no Material necessary, but *wood only;* For Wood cut down, and burnt upon the Ground, affords the *ashes;* The Rivers every where abounding in that Country furnish *water;* Ashes and Water boil'd together, yield the *lye;* The Lye evaporated, leaves behind the *salt*, and that very Salt calcin'd, becomes the *pot-ash*, and it is pack'd, and sent away in Barrels, made and hoop'd there also.

From due consideration of these Circumstances, it appears, that this must be a rich, and gainful Undertaking in a Country where the greatest Quantities of Timber, and the finest in the World, cost nothing but the Pains of cutting down, and burning, on the Banks of Navigable Rivers; where the enlivening influence of the Sun prepares the Trees much better for this Practice, than in colder Climates, and where stubbing up the Woods, which cover

all the Settlement, will give a sure, and double Benefit; for first they yield this valuable Traffick *potash* and afterwards leave *clear* the Ground, they grow on, for producing yearly Crops of such Commodities, as are most profitable, and fittest for the Country.

Thus, having faintly touch'd the outward Lines, and given some Prospect of our Purpose, we proceed to the Conditions, upon which we will admit of Purchasers.

THE PROPOSAL

Note that, for the Purchasers Security, and effectually making good their Claims, as well to the Land, which they shall buy, as to all the other Benefits propos'd in the following Articles, The whole Country, and its Improvements in all Times to come, is settled as a Mortgage and made liable in manner, as here under recited, in which such unusual, and equitable Regard has been had, for avoiding all Charge, or Delay, in Respect to the Distance of Countries, and the Difficulties, which might thence be suspected to arise, on obtaining Satisfaction by the ordinary Course of the Laws, that nothing of *form*, or *expence* will be necessary; but, on the first Breach of Covenant, an Easy and immediate Possession may be taken of the forfeited Province, and for ever maintain'd against all kind of Pleas or Pretences for the use of the *purchasers*. And, that perpetual and unobjectionable Testimony may remain, for the more absolute securing the Rights of the Purchasers, the following Deed, together with the Articles themselves, stands enrolled in the High Court of Chancery.

To All to whom these Presents shall come *I Robert Mountgomry* of *Skelmorley* in the *Sheridom* of *North Britain* Baronet send Greetings. Whereas His Excellency the Lord *Carteret Palatine*, and the Rest of the true and absolute Lords Proprietors of the Province of *Carolina* in *America* have by their Grant, bearing Date the Nineteenth Day of *June* last, bargain'd, sold, alien'd, releas'd,

enfeoff'd, and confirm'd to Me the abovemention'd Sir *Robert Mountgomry*, my Heirs, and Assigns, all that Tract of Land in their said Province, which lies between the Rivers *Allatamaha* and *Savanna*, and erected the said Tract into a distinct Province, with proper and independent Jurisdictions, under the Name and Tale of the *Margravate* of *Azilia*, to be held of them the Lords Proprietors of *Carolina* by me, my Heirs and Assigns for ever; and whereas for better carrying on my design of transporting People and making a new Settlement in the said *Margravate;* I have made and caused to be publish'd the Proposals hereunto annex'd, Now Therefore for securing the Advantages proposed in the said Articles to all, who shall or may Subscribe any Sum or Sums of Money for the Purchase of Lands and Profits in the *Margravate* of *Azilia* aforesaid, and shall on their parts, make good the Payments and Conditions mention'd in the Articles, I the abovenamed Sir *Robert Mountgomry* do, by these Presents to be enroll'd in the High Court of Chancery, in perpetual Proof and Testimony of the Security hereby design'd to be convey'd, engage, bind, mortgage, assign, and firmly make subject the said Grant, Lands and benefits for making Good the Uses in the said Articles expres'd in Manner, as at large herein under describ'd: And I do hereby declare and consent, that the Instruments sign'd by my Hand writing as recited in the seventh Article, shall be deem'd and they are by virtue of these Presents declar'd to be, a firm, and sufficient Proof of Title to the respective Claim therein mention'd to be convey'd by and upon the Security by these Presents provided; And I do hereby authorize and appoint *David Kennedy*, Esq., in my Absence to fill up, and deliver the said Instruments with all effectual Authority, and irrevocable Right of Representation, which by Letters of Attorney, or by any other Form or Means whatever, can or might be deputed to Him, And I declare myself obliged, as to the sufficiency of the Writings delivered by such Act of the said *David Kennedy*, Esq. as firmly as if I had in Person fill'd and deliver'd the said

Writings; And in Case that I Sir *Robert Mountgomry*, or my Heirs, or Assigns, or any claiming Right, or exercising Power by, from, or under me, shall at any time hereafter refuse to submit to the said annex'd Articles or to any of them, or shall under any unjust Pretence whatsoever forbear the Cultivation of the Purchasers Lands, or consign the annual Products, arising therefrom or any Part of the same, to any other Person, or Persons, than to the Factor, or Factors, who shall be appointed by the Purchasers, or to Persons approved by them, or shall refuse, or deny admission, Residence, or ocular satisfaction on the Spot to any Agent, whom the Purchaser may at any time think fit to send over for that Purpose; In any of these Cases the Purchasers shall, by virtue of these Presents (any Form of Law, Usage, Custom, or Pretence to the contrary notwithstanding) have a warrantable, and incontrovertible Right, and Authority, to procure, and obtain present Justice to themselves in Manner following, That is to say—Upon such Breach of Covenant the said Purchasers shall, or may meet upon the Summons of the Party injur'd, or of any other Person interested, and by a Majority of the Voices present elect a Committee of Three, which Committee shall draw up a State of the Case they complain of, And present it to me, or my Heirs or Assigns, or to any Agent acting for me, or them, or any of them in *London*, or elsewhere, and if within ten Days after such Presentation they receive not the Satisfaction from such Person, or Agent, they shall leave Notice in Writing at the Place of his dwelling, or publish it in the Gazette, or other Authentick News Letter, that on some day therein to be named, they design to lay the State of their Case before the *Kings Attorney General*, and *Solicitor General* in *London* for the Time being, in order to have their *opinion*, whether the Fact they complain of be, or be not a Breach of any Part of the Articles hereunto annex'd, that so the said Person, or Agent may attend if he shall have any thing to offer, in Defence of the Matter complain'd of, And if upon the Question, the *Attorney* and *Solicitor General* shall joyn in Opinion and give it under their Hands, that the

Cause of Complaint does plainly appear in their Judgments to be a Breach of the Articles subscribed to, and such Person, as above described, or some Agent acting for Him, shall not forthwith make due satisfaction, such Forbearance to do Justice in the Case, shall after Thirty Days next following the date of the said written Opinion, become an absolute Forfeiture of the Grant, and from thenceforth all Lands, Prerogatives, Privileges, Powers, and Benefits whatsoever held, claim'd ,or enjoy'd by virtue of the said Grant, shall be taken Possession of for the sole future Use of the Body of Purchasers, and shall be carry'd on to their general Advantage, and according to their Orders, and Direction, by any Person, or Persons whom they shall chuse by a Majority of their Voices, and send over to that Purpose; And that no possible Let, or Impediment, on my Part, or the Part of my Heirs, or Assigns, may in any sort incommode, or prevent the most strict and immediate Performance of this Covenant, I the said Sir *Robert* do hereby renounce for myself, and all claiming from me, all Pleas, Prerogatives, Priviledges and Pretences whatsoever, which I, or they, may by the said Grant, or by any Form, Custom, or Mode of Proceeding at Law be possess'd of, or entitled to; And I do consent and declare, that when the written Opinion abovemention'd of the *Attorney*, and *Solicitor General* in *London*, shall be produc'd to the Lords Proprietors of *Carolina*, and sent over to their Deputies at *Charles Town*, and be enter'd in their Journal, It shall stand as a determinate Judgment recorded against me, or them, after which no Appeal shall be lawful, and possession shall be given immediately, that is to say, no other Process shall be needful than twenty Days Notice from the Governor, and Council at *Charles Town* abovemention'd: From which Time for ever, if full Satisfaction be not made within the said twenty Days, as well in the Matter complain'd of, as by Payment of all Costs, and Damages sustained by the Complainants, the Purchasers shall in Right of themselves, and by Virtue of these Presents, possess, occupy, and enjoy all Manner of

Authorities, Territories, and Advantages of what kind soever' arising from the Grant abovesaid, and I the said Sir *Robert Mountgomry*, my Heirs, and Assigns shall effectually stand excluded, both in Law and in Equity, to all Intents and Purposes, as if the said Grant had never been made. In Witness whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand and seal this Fifteenth Day of July, in the Third Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord *George*, by the Grace of God, of *Great Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. Annoq: Domini, 1717.

R. MOUNTGOMRY

Art. I. The first fifty thousand Acres, which shall be run out, settled, or planted, shall be always kept, as a distinct Division, separate from the rest of the Margravate, and shall all be clear'd and improv'd before any other Settlement is made, or suffer'd in any Part of the Margravate, and a Right will be sold by Virtue of the propos'd Subscription, to all the Profits arising from twenty five Thousand of those Acres, when the fifty Thousand shall be clear'd; and in the mean time to half the yearly Amount of the whole Profit which shall be made by the Colony, which Sale will be made in Acres, (more or less at the Discretion of the Buyer, only nothing less than five Acres) at the Rate of forty Shillings *per* Acre: And tho' the whole shou'd not be purchased, yet the Books shall, notwithstanding, be shut up forthwith, that so no Time may be lost, and the then Number of Purchasers, be they never so few, shall compose the Body, and enjoy their Proportional Benefits, as fully as if the whole had been compleated.

Art. II. The Land thus bought, is not to be cultivated at the Charge of the Buyer; but the yearly Profits of it shall for ever be brought Home to the Purchasers, their Heirs or Assigns, in the Ships of the Margravate, and paid them in regular Dividends.

Art. III. The Purchase Money, that is to say, the forty Shillings *per* Acre abovemention'd, shall be paid one half down,

and the other half, not till the first Return of the Shipping, and after a Dividend of Profit made among the Purchasers, by Sale of such Goods or Products as the said Ships bring over with them.

Art. IV. This first Return, and the whole yearly Produce for ever, of the first settled fifty Thousand Acres, or so much thereof, as shall at any time be clear'd, and cultivated, shall always come consign'd to the Purchasers Factors, for the Time being, or their Agents, or to Persons of their Appointment or Approbation, and shall be sold by them, or by Brokers of their chusing, which Brokers shall account with them the said Factors or their Agents, for the Purchasers Half the Profits, and with the Agents of Sir *Robert Mountgomry*, or his Assigns, for the other Half. Provided always that a Preference be given to any Buyer nam'd by the said Sir *Robert*, or his Assigns, or his or their Agents, on Condition however that such Buyer shall give a better Price than has before been offer'd.

Art. V. That on the Death, or Surrender of the Factors, or upon dislike of their Management, it is always to be understood that a Majority of the Purchasers shall have Power to chuse new ones in their Places.

Art. VI. That on closing the Book of Subscription, due Notice shall be given, and the Purchasers shall meet, and chuse by Majority of Voices, (every twenty Acres entitling to a Vote) such Person or Persons as they think best qualified to act, as their Factors, in the Trust abovemention'd, and such Factor, or Factors, shall in Consideration of their Trouble, be allow'd over and above their necessary Charges in the Management, such gratuity as the Purchasers think reasonable out of the respective Dividends, which they from Time to Time, shall pay to the said Purchasers.

Art. VII. Ou Payment of the first Half the Purchase Money, the Purchasers shall severally receive an Instrument in Form following.

This witnesseth, that A. B. did on this———Day of 1717. Subscribe the Sum of ———Pounds, towards Establishment of a new Colony, in the Margravate of *Azilia* in *Carolina*, and paid down one half of the said Sum; in Consideration whereof, and of the remaining Half to be paid, as by the Articles provided, the said A. B. is for himself, his Heirs, or Assigns admitted as Proprietor of .. .. Acres of Land in the said Margravate. The whole Rents, Products, Profits, and Advantages of which .. .. Acres are absolutely vested in the said A. B. his Heirs, or Assigns for ever, as they shall arise, and accrue yearly, by virtue of a General Management, as by the Articles provided, at the Cost of Sir *Robert Mountgomry*, or his Assigns, without Charge, or Trouble to the said Proprietor under the Penalties express'd and covenanted in a Deed to that End executed and enroll'd in the High Court of Chancery, for perpetual Proof of the Security therein provided. In Witness whereof, I the abovemention'd Sir *Robert Mountgomry*, have hereunto set my Hand, the Day and Year first above-written.

R. MOUNTGOMRY

Art. VIII. And for Encouragement of those, who shall considerably Interest themselves in this Affair. Whoever shall Subscribe the Sum of Five Hundred Pounds, for Purchase of two hundred and fifty Acres, as abovemention'd, shall, over and above his yearly Profits from the said Two Hundred and Fifty Acres, be entitled to one of the Estates of a Mile Square, or 640 Acres, in the first District, which shall be settled, as in the Cut describ'd. And shall for himself, his Heirs, and Assigns for ever, be put in Possession of the said Estate of 640 Acres, together with a House built on it. and the Ground ready clear'd to his Hand, without any Charge to him, or his Assigns, as soon as such first District shall be measur'd out, and settled: The Estate to be cultivated at his Pleasure and for his Profit, by Himself, or his Agent, on Condition only, that if he shall not himself think fit to go over, and inhabit it, the Person

he sends over in his Stead, shall be no ordinary Overseer, but a Gentleman well qualified, of a liberal Education, who is married, and carries with him a genteel well-bred Family.

Art. IX. Over and above the Regard, which may naturally be expected to the Recommendation of Purchasers, in Disposal of Offices, and furnishing the various Supplies from Time to Time needful, it will be fit that some particular Encouragement be given to such, as shall be early Promoters of the Undertaking; because in this, as in all great Affairs, Expedition is the main Life of Business, and the necessary Preparations will require so much Time, that if the Subscription is suddenly Compleated, it will turn to the extraordinary Benefit of the Design, and all concern'd in it; It is therefore hereby made an Article, that the first hundred Subscribers (to be known by their Numbers on their Instruments) whether they Subscribe more, or less, shall have, and be firmly entitled in all Dividends, to an additional Share of Profit, after the Rate of one Acre over and above every ten Acres they buy, and so for more or less in Proportion; to be paid them out of the Undertaker's Part of every Dividend by their own Factors or Agents. As for Instance, a Purchaser of 100 Acres, if his Ticket of Purchase bears any Number from 1 to 100, shall not, at the Dividends, receive in Proportion to the 100 Acres he bought, but as if they were 110 Acres: by Virtue of the 10 Acres additionally annex'd to his Quota by Virtue of this Article. And so it shall be understood of any different Quantity purchas'd, from five Acres upwards.

A MORE PARTICULAR EXPLANATION OF THE BENEFITS OF THIS PROPOSAL

'Tis impossible to give a firmer Title, than is hereby made both to the Lands, and their Profits, since the whole Country, with all its Improvements, in all Times to come, is engag'd as a Mortgage, and will be forfeited into the Purchaser's Hands on Nonperformance of the Covenants, and as to the Rate of the Purchase,

'tis the cheapest that ever was heard of: For it must be observ'd, that the Forty Shillings *per* Acre is not a Consideration for the *land only*, to be cultivated afterwards at the Charge of the Buyer, but on the contrary, it is the first, and last Expence, not only of the Land, but its perpetual Profit; so that for what is once laid out, a Man has, every Year, brought Home to his Door, by other People's Care and Charge, and without the least Trouble to Himself, but That of receiving the Money, the Produce and Profit of so many Acres of the finest Land in the World, as he thus pays Forty Shillings a piece for; and this is to continue, not only during his own Life, but to Descend for ever to his Heirs, or those, to whom he shall assign his Interest. And, that the Benefits of this Proposal may as well reach those who are willing to spare but a *little*, as those who shall incline to Subscribe *large sums*, we have therefore fix'd the lowest Quantity at five Acres; By which Means People who cannot, or who care not to venture much, may become concern'd for only five Pound down, and five Pound more after the first Dividend of Profit, at Return of the Shipping; and this will we hope be of General Advantage, since the Benefit being made diffusive, will reach Numbers who had else been shut out; And with that View we have permitted it against the Opinions of a few: Since a Man who is able to spare but 10 or 20£ and does afterwards sell his Interest for two or three hundred, will much more feel the Benefit than one, who being able to subscribe larger Sums, makes a Profit in Equal Proportion.

And here, tho' we utterly disapprove all swelling and overrated Computations, it will be some satisfaction to give as rational a Guess, as Things to come admit of, after what proportion Purchasers may calculate their Profit, by the most modest Expectation; for tho' tis impossible exactly to state these Accounts, before they are put to the Trial, yet such Computations as are fairly, and impartially Drawn, are at least so far Useful, as to give some Idea to

the Reader, of what he may otherwise perhaps be utterly ignorant in the very Nature and Meaning of.

It will be allow'd without Argument, that Three working Men may be carried over, and maintain'd one whole Year round, for every Hundred Pound in the Stock; And so a purchaser, for every Hundred Pounds, he subscribes, will the first Year be entitled to Half what is gain'd by Three Men's constant Labour the whole Year about. The other Half remaining to the Undertakers, to supply Encrease of People, and the necessary Charges of their Maintenance, and Government.

The Practice of our Colonies all over *America*, has made it undeniable, that the Labour of a Man, for one Year, no otherway employ'd will clear, at least, four Acres; It must be observ'd that we do not suppose him to *cultivate* the four Acres, but only to cut, and burn down the *trees*, which grow there; By this Account such a Purchaser's first Year's Claim will be the Profit of Six Acres (Half Three Mens Labour for That Year) And his Second Year advancing in Proportion, after Allowance for all Kinds of Hazard, there arises a great, and uncommon Advantage. For not to urge that the Designs, we shall employ our Men in, are such, as may be fairly expected to produce far greater Profit, than the overstock'd and beaten Practices, in Use at Present, we will take as our Example, the most common, known Product of *South Carolina* Herself, and That is *rice*; This is, at least, one Crop with another worth Six Pounds *per* Acre; we will state it, however, but at four Pounds, and out of that allow Deduction of one Pound for Freight Home, and Duty; so the Purchaser receives but Three Pounds neat from each Acre.

Thus, all the Land clear'd, a Man, whose Purchase Money was a Hundred Pounds, for fifty Acres, must receive a Hundred and fifty Pound *per annum* for ever, as the Profit of it; but we are not desirous of laying more weight than the Reader, on the Exactness of

such Calculations; A Thousand Accidents, not easily foreseen, will still vary these Events, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the Worse; we leave People's Expectation to be determin'd by their Reason, tho' even Men of Diffidence will we think be asham'd to disallow a Computation so low, as *three pounds per acre*, from such Land in such a Climate.

But it may be objected that we compute on a Supposition of all the Land clear'd, and improv'd by Cultivation, whereas it may be some Years before the Woods, which over-run it, are Fell'd, and the Earth fit for Sowing; 'Tis true, to clear all the Land will require some Time, But while That is doing we make all our *potash* before-mention'd, of the waste Wood cut down, to clear the Land, and the Profit from an Acre that way, will be so much greater, than from any yearly Crop, that Purchasers may reasonably expect as large gain the very first Year, from a few Acres, as afterwards from all their Land, clear'd and cultivated.

A word or two, to explain this Assertion, which may look like a Mystery, and we shall draw to a Conclusion.

When Workmen have nothing to do, but fell Great Trees cross one another, and as soon as dry, set Fire to them, that they may be burnt to Ashes, tis demonstrable beyond all Dispute, that Three Men so employ'd, in Twelve Months constant Work, must cut down more Wood than can grow on Twelve Acres.

If therefore we state it but at Twelve Acres, it is a Rate of computing which can admit of no reasonable Contradiction; And to shew how much *potash* this will yield, it is plain from Experience and any Reader who doubts, may examine it at his Pleasure for the Charge of a Faggot. That the Weight of any good Wood Ashes amounts to about a Sixteenth of the Wood, they are burnt from; and the Weight of the *potash*, which will be produc'd from those Ashes, is from a Sixth, to an Eighth of the Weight of theAshes;

But allowing at large, for loss, waste, and accidents, call the Sixteenth a *twentieth*, and the Sixth a *tenth* only.

For Quantity of Wood, say there grows on an Acre, so cover'd with huge Timber Trees, but four Hundred Tun; we have often much more (Bark, Timber, and Brushwood) on an Acre in *England;* It is therefore an unexceptionable Computation for *America*, where the date of the Woods, instead of Years, must be reckoned by Ages. Then the Wood of an Acre yields two Tun of *potash*, and the whole Year's Labour of Three Men employ'd in Cutting down, and burning on Twelve Acres, and boiling and managing the Ashes, will produce 24 Tun of *potash*, which being a Commodity of Universal Consumption, cannot easily over stock Market, at least not from far greater Quantities of Wood Land, than we are here talking of.

The general Price of such *potash*, being the Richest, and Best, is from Forty to Sixty Pounds Sterling *per tun*, but we will reduce it to Twenty, for Arguments Sake, tho' such a Fall is improbable for such a Commodity, (Some of our own *English ashes*, which have not a 4th Part good *potash*, yielding that Price or more). The 24 Tun will then sell for Four Hundred and Eighty Pounds.. If out of this Sum we allow for payment of Freight, and Custom House Duties, &c. at the most extravagant Reckoning, we may deduct on that Score One Hundred and Eighty pounds, and then out of the remaining Three Hundred, *one hundred and fifty pounds* will be due to the Purchaser in *England*, as the first Year's clear *profit* of his *hundred pound venture*, and That Profit will be every Year growing greater and greater.,

We repeat here once again, that we wou'd not impose the punctual exactness of such Calculations, as a Matter of Infallibility; The utmost Man can do in these Cases, is fairly to lay down Probabilities, and That we have done undeniably, notwithstanding the Giant-like size of the Benefit, and we shou'd perhaps

far more Surprize, if we varied the Subject, and computed on some other of our Intentions: A man wou'd make but a very indifferent Use of his Caution, who shou'd neglect an uncommon Advantage, without some better Reason against it, than that the Prospect of Profit was *too great to be credited;* But be that as it will, Here is Room enough for Profit, let Men reduce it, as they please, nor indeed is Profit, how Great soever, the only Motive to Men of Noble Minds; There is in an Attempt of this Nature, something *more* to recommend it, to all those, who take a Pleasure in things publick Spirited, and Useful to Posterity.

If then what we *have said* is not sufficient Encouragement, whatever we *can say* will be said to no Purpose, so we only shall add our most earnest Entreaty, that every Reader would narrowly *scan* both the Facts, and the Reasonings here offer'd, and let it be done with the sharpest Attention, and Severity of his Judgment; for we are justly convinc'd, that They, who examine them most, will most firmly believe them.

POSTCRIPT

Tho' all, that I think can possible be expected by a reasonable Reader, has been said in the short Tract foregoing, I find myself advised to add a Word, or two by way of Postcript, for Satisfaction of Some, who may be apt to object, that *tho' the lands, which are bought, will be more than an equivalent for the money subscrib'd, when those lands shall be settled, and planted, yet as they are of no such value in their present condition, and as the subscribers should have all possible security, that the settlement shall really be made as propos'd, they may therefore expect, that over and above the assignment of the lands, the money they subscribe, shou'd, instead of being paid into my hands, be deposited in those of trustees, for the uses intended.*

Tho' I cannot but hope, that such kind of Suspicions will never disturb any Person, to whom I am known, yet I thought but reasonable to *state* the Objection, and *answer* it, for the Sakes of such Readers, who, being equally Strangers to my Person, and Character, may justly enough, entertain the Distrusts, which are common, and allowable in Matters of Money, and Bargainings.

It will be granted, that it signifies little into whose Hands the Money is paid, if it is but apply'd to the Purpose intended; and as I neither expect, nor Desire the Subscription of any, but such, who, by weighing the Design, are fully convinc'd that it is *well founded* and *profitable*, so it follows, as a necessary Consequence, that *all such* must think their Money best placed in his Hands, whose Profit, Honour, and Success must depend upon That of the Undertaking, and who may therefore be naturally suppos'd more careful, and diligent than others wou'd be, in the Application of the Money, *because always most interested in the effect of that application.*

This Reason is so good, that it might alone be sufficient, if there was not another as considerable, which arises from the following Reflection.

Where Trustees are to act in Matters of Care, Form, or Equity, it must be confess'd, they are not only useful, but necessary; But when they are trusted, as in our Case they would be, with a Deposit of Money, and a Power to see it apply'd to a Purpose, in which they are no otherwise concern'd, than as Adventurers among others, (to say nothing of the Impossibility to chuse such, as would be equally agreeable to all) the Temptations are many, and but too well known, which may make it their Interest to find means of Cavil under plausible Pretences for delaying the Business, and Detainment of the Money, as long as the Managers shall see it convenient for their private Advantages.

A wise man will therefore very easily discern, and approve of my Reasons for not dividing the Power of the *money*, from the Power

of the *management*, since on this only Rock might be split a more promising Adventure, than was ever undertaken.

If I did not believe, that every Body's Experience can furnish him with Instances enough, in the daily Destructions of Well-laid Designs, through the Idle Disputes and Disagreements of those, who are carrying them on, it were easy to illustrate the Fact by a thousand Examples.

But, as none, I presume, will deny a known Truth, I will Instance but *one*, which is the fitter for my Purpose, because it is taken, not only from a Parallel Case, but was acted in the very next Country to that, which is the Scene of our Settlement.

The first Attempts, which were made for the settling an *English* Plantation in *Virginia*, were carried on by the private Subscriptions of Gentlemen and others, who thought it their interest by Way of *security*, to entrust the Disposal of their Money, to certain Men of the best Publick Credit among them, who were chosen Trustees, and transacted all matters at Home in the Name of the Body. Meanwhile, the Command of their Colonies was committed to such Great, and Brave Men, as Sir *Walter Raleigh* and others, who went over, and settled the Country, with all the Appearance of a promising good Fortune; but just in the Crisis, when their Houses were Built, Lands prepar'd, and nothing was wanting, but the expected Arrival of Ships with the necessary Supplies of Ammunition and Provision, they were all *starv'd to death*, or cut off by the *Indians* with a shocking Barbarity. For the Gentlemen in England, while they shou'd have laid out the Money subscrib'd, and sent over the Supplies abovemention'd, were quarrelling with one another, who should make most Advantage, by furnishing such Goods, as where wanted, or helping others to do it: In which, and the like kind of Follies, they wasted sometimes two, three, or more Years, till their poor starving Colonies fell a Sacrifice to their Inhumanity and Avarice.

Nor was this Game play'd but once, and then mended; on the Contrary, from the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, to that of King *Charles* the First, they repeated the Extravagance in numberless Trials, and lost six, or seven different Colonies, not to mention the Money, they had so warily ventur'd, into the Bargain, by no other Error, or Miscarriage, than that the Disposal of their Stock did not lie in the same Hands, which had the Management of their *authority;* and this was so visible a Truth, that King *Charles* abovemention'd, as a Punishment of their Indiscretion, depriv'd them of their *charter*; and ever after that, the Purse, and the Power being join'd, as they ought, *Virginia* throve apace, till it grew the most flourishing, and mighty of all our Plantations in *America.*

This remarkable instance ought to serve, as a Warning to all, who embark in these noble Designs, not to *run into* Losses by Mistaken Endeavours, and ill-guided Cautions to *avoid* them; The Reader may Apply the Advice, as he pleases, But we would have none concern'd with us, whose establish'd Opinion of the Nature of this Undertaking does not set him above all mean and unnecessary Jealousies.

R. MOUNTGOMRY.

The Subscription Book will be open'd at the *Carolina* Coffee-House in *Birchin-Lane* near the *Royal-Exchange*, on *Thursday* the First Day of *August* next, and Attendance will be given from 9 to 12 and from 3 to 6 Daily.

FINIS

SKETCHES

OF THE

LIFE AND INDIAN ADVENTURES

OF

CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY

A NATIVE OF CUMBERLAND COUNTY,
BORN 1758, A FEW MILES ABOVE NORTHUMBERLAND, PA.

THESE SKETCHES WERE ORIGINALLY WRITTEN IN NUMBERS
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SKETCHES OF THE

LIFE OF CAPTAIN SAMUEL BRADY

SKETCH NO. 1

WHO has not heard of Brady—captain of the spies?—of his perilous adventures by field and flood—of his hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach—of his chivalrous courage—of his unmatched personal activity—Yet where do we read his history? It is to be learned only from the aged settlers of Western Pennsylvania, or peradventure from a time-worn Ranger;—for a few of Brady's warriors still survive.

Actuated by a desire to preserve from oblivion such portions of his life and actions as may yet be obtained, I have made several attempts to procure from individuals the most interesting events in his military career, but hitherto without success. At length an aged friend has kindly offered to furnish such details as an intimate acquaintance with Captain Brady enables him to give. We trust that the subject will be deemed of such interest that others will contribute their mite, and that an historian will yet be found to place Brady of the Rangers by the side of Wayne, Marion, Lee of the Legion, and other distinguished patriots whose memories are immortal.

He is emphatically the hero of Western Pennsylvania; and future bards of this region, when time shall have mellowed the facts of history, will find his name the personification of all that was fearless and fruitful of resources in the hour of danger. His the step that faltered not—the eye that quailed not, even in the terrific scenes of Indian warfare. Many a mother has quieted the fears and lulled to sleep her infant family, by the assurance that the broad Allegheny, the dividing line between the Indians and whites,

was watched by the gallant captain and his Rangers; and to their apprehensions of death or captivity by the Indians, has replied encouragingly,—"they dare not move on the river, for there lies Brady and the Rangers."

John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel Brady, was born in the state of Delaware, in 1733. Hugh Brady, the father of John, had emigrated from Ireland, and at a very early period settled within five miles of where Shippensburgh now stands. The country was then a wilderness, thinly settled by Irish emigrants, simple, sincere and religious. Many anecdotes are told, showing this, but they would be out of place here.

During the French and Indian war, that part of the country was much harassed by the Indians. John Brady and several other young men had been active against them, and as a mark and reward of merit he was appointed captain in the Provincial line, which at that time was no small distinction. He married Mary Quigley, and Samuel their first child, was born in the town of Shippensburg, 1758.

After the war, and a purchase had been made from the Indians in 1768, John Brady moved with his family to the West Branch of the Susquehanna, where Samuel resided with him till June, 1775. Captain John Lowden, a widower, raised a company of volunteer riflemen, seventy in number, and all unmarried, and marched to Boston. Samuel Brady was one of this band, and the captain intended that he should be an officer, but his father objected saying: "Let him first learn the duty of a soldier, and then he will know how to act as an officer."

While the riflemen lay before Boston, frequent skirmishes took place. On one occasion, Lowden was ordered to select some able-bodied men, and wade to an island, when the tide was out, and drive off some cattle belonging to the British. He considered

Brady too young for this service, and left him out of his selection; but to the Captain's astonishment Brady was the second man on the island and behaved most gallantly. On another occasion, he was sitting on a fence, with his captain, viewing the British works, when a cannon-ball struck the fence under them. Brady was first up, caught the Captain in his arms and raised him saying with great composure, "We are not hurt, captain." Many like instances of his coolness and courage happened while the army lay at Boston.

In 1776, Brady was appointed a first Lieutenant in Captain Thomas Doyle's company, raised in Lancaster county. He continued with the army, and was in all the principal engagements until after the battle of Monmouth, when he was promoted to a captaincy and ordered to the west under General Brodhead. On their march he had leave to visit his friends in Northumberland county. His father, in 1776, had accepted a captaincy in the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment, was badly wounded at the battle of Brandywine, and was then at home. Whilst there, he heard of his brother's death, who had been murdered by the Indians on August 9, 1778. He remained at his father's until the beginning of 1779, when he started for Pittsburgh and joined his regiment.

Shortly after he had arrived at Pittsburgh he heard the news of his father being murdered by the Indians, on the 11th day of April, 1779. He then vowed vengeance against *all Indians*, and he never altered his mind. Here commenced his western exploits, which must be the subject of another paper.

At the battle of Princeton he was under Col. Hand, of Lancaster, and had advanced too far;—they were nearly surrounded—Brady cut a horse out of a team, got his Colonel on, jumped on behind him, and made their escape.

At the massacre at Paoli, Brady had been on guard, and had laid down with his blanket buckled round him. The British were

nearly on them before the sentinel fired. Brady had to run; he tried to get clear of his blanket coat, but could not. As he jumped a post and rail fence, a British soldier struck at him with his bayonet and pinned the blanket to the rail, but so near the edge that it tore out. He dashed on,—a horseman overtook him and ordered him to stop. Brady wheeled, shot him down and ran on.

He got into a small swamp in a field. He knew of no person but one being in it beside himself; but in the morning there were fifty-five, one of whom was a Lieutenant. They compared commissions, Brady's was the oldest; he took the command and marched them to headquarters.

SKETCH NO. 2.

In 1780 a small fort within the present limits of Pittsburg was the headquarters of Gen. Brodhead,* who was charged with the defence of this quarter of the frontier. The country north and west of the Allegheny river was in possession of the Indians. General Washington, whose comprehensive sagacity foresaw and provided against all dangers that menaced the country, wrote to Brodhead to select a suitable officer and dispatch him to Sandusky, for the purpose of examining the place and ascertaining the force of British and Indians assembled there, with a view to measures of preparation and defence against the depredations and attacks to be expected from thence.

Gen. Brodhead had no hesitation in making the selection of an officer qualified for this difficult and dangerous duty. He sent for Brady, showed him Washington's letter, and a draft or map of the country he must traverse; very defective, as Brady afterwards discovered, but the best, no doubt, that could be obtained at that time.

*Daniel Brodhead (1736-1809) Colonel 8th Pennsylvania, and for many years surveyor-general of Pennsylvania.

Captain Brady was not insensible to the danger, or ignorant of the difficulty of the enterprize. But he saw the anxiety of the Father of his country to procure information that could only be obtained by this perilous mode, and knew its importance. His own danger was of inferior consideration. The appointment was accepted, and selecting a few soldiers, and four Chickasaw Indians as guides, he crossed the Allegheny river and was at once in the enemy's country.

It was in May, 1780, that he commenced his march. The season was uncommonly wet. Every considerable stream was swollen, neither road, bridge, nor house facilitated their march, or shielded their repose. Part of their provision was picked up by the way as they crept, rather than marched through the wilderness by night, and lay concealed in its brambles by day. The slightest trace of his movement, the print of a white man's foot on the sand of a river, might have occasioned the extermination of the party. Brady was versed in all the wiles of Indian stratagem and dressed in the full war dress of an Indian warrior, and well acquainted with their languages, he led his band in safety near to the Sandusky towns, without seeing a hostile Indian.

The night before he reached Sandusky he saw a fire, approached it and found two squaws reposing beside it. He passed on without molesting them. But his Chickasaws now deserted. This was alarming, for it was probable they had gone over to the enemy. However he determined to proceed. With a full knowledge of the horrible death that awaited him if taken prisoner, he passed on until he stood beside the town and on the bank of the river.

His first care was to provide a place of concealment for his men. When this was effected, having selected one man as the companion of his future adventures, he waded the river to an island partly covered with drift-wood, opposite the town, where he concealed himself and comrade for the night.

Leonidas was brave, and in obedience to the institutions of his country he courted death and found it in the pass of Thermopylæ. But he was surrounded by his three hundred Spartans, and cheered by the Spartan battle hymn, mingled in concert with the sweet tones of the flute.

Napoleon was brave, but his bravest acts were performed in the presence of embattled thousands; and when at the bridge of Lodi he snatched the tri-colour from its terrified bearer, and uttering the war cry of his enthusiastic soldiers, "Vive la Republique," he breasted the fire of thirty pieces of Austrian cannon, and planted it in the midst of its enemies, he was seen and followed by the gallant remains of the consular guard, and lauded with the cries and tears of his whole army.

In constancy of purpose, in cool, deliberate courage, the Captain of the Rangers will compare with the examples quoted, or any other. Neither banner nor pennon waved over him. He was hundreds of miles in the heart of an enemy's country; an enemy who, had they possessed it, would have given his weight in gold for the pleasure of burning him to death with a slow fire, adding to his torments, both mental and physical, every ingredient that savage ingenuity could supply.

Who that has poetry of feeling, or feeling of poetry, but must pause over such a scene, and in imagination contemplate its features?

The murmuring river; the Indian village wrapped in sleep; the sylvan landscape; as each was gazed upon by that lonely but dauntless warrior, in the still midnight hour.

The next morning a dense fog spread over hill and dale, town and river. All was hid from Brady's eyes, save the logs and brush around him. About 11 o'clock it cleared off, and afforded him a view of about three thousand Indians engaged in the amusements of the race ground.

They had just returned from Virginia and Kentucky with some very fine horses. One grey horse in particular attracted his notice. He won every race until near evening, when, as if envious of his speed, two riders were placed on him, and thus he was beaten. The starting post was only a few rods above where Brady lay, and he had a pretty fair chance of enjoying the amusement, without the risk of losing any thing by betting on the race.

He made such observation through the day as was in his power, waded out from the island at night, collected his men, went to the Indian camp he had seen as he came out; the squaws were still there, took them prisoners, and continued his march homeward.

The map furnished by Gen. Brodhead was found to be defective. The distance was represented to be much less than it really was. The provisions and ammunition of the men were exhausted by the time they had reached the Big Beaver, on their return. Brady shot an otter, but could not eat it. The last load was in his rifle. They arrived at an old encampment, and found plenty of strawberries, which they stopped to appease their hunger with. Having discovered a deer track Brady followed it, telling the men he would perhaps get a shot at it. He had gone but a few rods when he saw the deer standing broadside to him. He raised his rifle and attempted to fire, but it flashed in the pan; and he had not a priming of powder. He sat down, picked the touch hole, and then started on. After going a short distance the path made a bend, and he saw before him a large Indian on horseback, with a child before and its mother behind him on the horse, and a number of warriors marching in the rear. His first impulse was to shoot the Indian on horseback, but as he raised the rifle he observed the child's head to roll with the motion of the horse. It was fast asleep and tied to the Indian. He stepped behind the root of a tree and waited until he could shoot the Indian, without danger to the child or its mother.

SKETCH NO. 3.

When he considered the chance certain, he shot the Indian, who fell from the horse, and the child and its mother fell with him. Brady called to his men with a voice that made the forest ring, to surround the Indians and gave them a general fire. He sprang to the fallen Indian's powder horn, but could not pull it off. Being dressed like an Indian, the woman thought he was one, and said, "Why did you shoot your brother?" He caught up the child saying, "Jenny Stupes, I am Captain Brady; follow me and I will secure you and your child." He caught her hand in his, carrying the child under the other arm, and dashed into the brush. Many guns were fired at him by this time, but no ball harmed him, and the Indians, dreading an ambuscade, were glad to make off. The next day he arrived at Fort M'Intosh with the woman and her child. His men had got there before him. They had heard his war whoop and knew it was Indians he had encountered, but having no ammunition, they had taken to their heels and ran off. The squaws he had taken at Sandusky, availing themselves of the panic, had also made their escape.

In those days Indian fashions prevailed in some measure with the whites, at least with Rangers. Brady was desirous of seeing the Indian he had shot, and the officer in command of Fort M'Intosh gave him some men in addition to his own, and he returned to search for the body. The place where he had fallen was discovered, but nothing more. No pains were spared to search, but the body was not found. They were about to quit the place when the yell of a *pet* Indian that came with them from the fort, called them to a little glade, where the grave was discovered. The Indians had interred their dead brother there, carefully replacing the sod in the neatest manner. They had also cut bushes and stuck them into the ground; but the bushes had withered, and instead of concealing the grave they led to the discovery.

He was buried about two feet deep, with all his implements of war about him.

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his (powder-horn and pouch) about him."

All his savage jewelry, his arms and ammunition were taken from him and the scalp from his head, and then they left him thus stripped alone in his grave. It is painful to think of such things being done by American soldiers, but we cannot now know all the excusing circumstances that may have existed at the time. Perhaps the husband of this woman, the father of this child, was thus butchered before his wife and children; and the younger members of the family unable to bear the fatigues of travelling, had their brains dashed out on the threshold. Such things were common, and a spirit of revenge was deeply seated in the breasts of the people of the frontiers. Capt. Brady's own family had heavily felt the merciless tomahawk. His brave and honored father and a beloved brother had been treacherously slain by the Indians, and he had vowed vengeance.

After refreshing himself and men, they went up to Pittsburgh by water, where they were received with military honors. Minute guns were fired from the time Brady came in sight until he landed.

The Chickasaw Indians had returned to Pittsburgh and reported that the captain and his party had been cut off near Sandusky town by the Indians. When Gen. Brodhead heard this, he said Brady was an aspiring young man and had solicited the command. But on Brady's arrival at Pittsburgh, the General acknowledged that the Captain had accepted the command with much diffidence.

Thus far I have followed the information of one who, I apprehend, had the best means of acquiring it. I now introduce an incident related to me of this same expedition, by a relative of Capt. Brady, who had it from the Captain's own mouth. The

respectability of the person who mentioned it to me, assures me of its correctness.

A few days after Brady left Sandusky with his squaw prisoners, keeping a sharp look out in expectation of being pursued, and though taking every precaution to avoid pursuit, such as keeping on the driest ridges and walking on logs whenever they suited his course, he found he was followed by Indians. His practised eye would occasionally discover in the distance an Indian hopping to or from a tree, or other screen, and advancing on his trail. After being satisfied of the fact, he stated it to his men and told them no Indian could thus pursue him, after the precautions he had taken, without having a dog on his track. "I will stop" said Brady "and shoot the dog and then we can get along better."

He selected the root of a tall chestnut tree which had fallen westward, for his place of ambush. He walked from the west end of the tree or log to the east, and sat down in the pit made by the raising of the root. He had not been long there when a small slut mounted the log at the west end and with her nose to the trunk approached him. Close behind her followed a plumed warrior. Brady had his choice. He preferred shooting the slut, which he did, she rolled off the log stone dead, and the warrior, with a loud whoop, sprung into the woods and disappeared. He was followed no further.

SKETCH NO. 4.

Many of Captain Brady's adventures occurred at periods of which no certainty as to dates can now be had. The following is of that class.

His success as a partizan had acquired for him its usual results;—approbation with some, and envy with others. Some of his brother officers censured the Commandant for affording him such frequent opportunities for honorable distinction. At length

open complaint was made, accompanied by a request, in the nature of a demand, that others should be permitted to share with Brady the perils and honors of the service abroad from the fort. The General apprised Brady of what had passed, who readily acquiesced in the propriety of the proposed arrangement; and an opportunity was not long wanting for testing its efficiency.

The Indians made an inroad into the Sewickley settlement, committing the most barbarous murders of men, women and children; stealing such property as was portable, and destroying all else. The alarm was brought to Pittsburgh, and a party of soldiers under the command of the emulous officers, dispatched for the protection of the settlements and chastisement of the foe. From this expedition Brady was, of course, excluded; but the restraint was irksome to his feelings.

The day after the detachment had marched, he solicited permission from his commander to take a small party for the purpose of "catching the Indians;" but was refused. By dint of importunity, however, he at length wrung from him a reluctant consent, and the command of *five men*; to this he added his *pet* Indian, and made hasty preparation.

Instead of moving toward Sewickley, as the first detachment had done, he crossed the Allegheny at Pittsburgh and proceeded up the river. Conjecturing that the Indians had descended that stream in canoes, till near the settlement, he was careful to examine the mouths of all creeks coming into it, particularly from the southeast. At the mouth of Big Mahoning, about six miles above Kittanning, the canoes were seen drawn up to its western bank. He instantly retreated down the river, and waited for night. As soon as it was dark, he made a raft, and crossed to the Kittanning side. He then proceeded up to the creek, and found that the Indians had, in the meantime, crossed the creek, as their canoes were now drawn to its upper or northeastern bank.

The country on both sides of Mahoning, at its mouth, is rough and mountainous; and the stream, which was then high, very rapid. Several ineffectual attempts were made to wade it, which they at length succeeded in doing, three or four miles above the canoes. Next a fire was made, their clothing dried, and arms inspected; and the party moved toward the Indian camp, which was pitched on the second bank of the river. Brady placed his men at some distance, on the lower or first bank.

The Indians had brought from Sewickley a stallion, which they had fettered and turned to pasture on the lower bank. An Indian, probably the owner, under the *law of arms*, came frequently down to him, and occasioned the party no little trouble. The horse, too, seemed willing to keep their company, and it required considerable circumspection to avoid all intercourse with either. Brady became so provoked that he had a strong inclination to tomahawk the Indian, but his calmer judgment repudiated the act, as likely to put to hazard a more decisive and important achievement.

At length the Indians seemed quiet; and Brady returned to, and posted his men, and in the deepest silence all awaited the break of day. When it appeared the Indians arose and stood around their fires; exulting, doubtless, in the scalps they had taken, the plunder they had acquired, and the injury they had inflicted on their enemies. Precarious joy; short-lived triumph; the avenger of blood was beside them! At a signal given, seven rifles cracked, and five Indians were dead ere they fell. Brady's well known war cry was heard, his party was among them, and their guns (mostly empty) were all secured. The remaining Indians instantly fled and disappeared. One was pursued by the trace of his blood, which he seems to have succeeded in stanching. The *pet* Indian then imitated the cry of a young wolf, which was answered by the wounded man, and the pursuit again renewed. A second time

the wolf cry was given and answered, and the pursuit continued into a windfall. Here he must have espied his pursuers, for he answered no more. Brady found his remains three weeks afterwards, being led to the place by ravens that were preying on the carcass.

The horse was unfettered, the plunder gathered, and the party commenced their return to Pittsburgh, most of them descending in the Indian canoes.

Three days after their return, the first detachment came in. They reported that they had followed the Indians closely, but that the latter had got into their canoes and made their escape.

SKETCH NO. 5.

The incursions of the Indians had become so frequent and their outrages so alarming, that it was thought advisable to retaliate upon them the injuries of war, and carry into the country occupied by them the same system of destructive warfare with which they had visited the settlements. For this purpose an adequate force was provided, under the immediate command of General Brodhead, the command of the advance guard of which was confided to Captain Brady.

The troops proceeded up the Allegheny river, and had arrived at the flat of land near the mouth of Redbank creek, now known by the name of Brady's Bend, without encountering an enemy. Brady and his rangers were some distance in front of the main body, as their duty required, when they suddenly discovered a war party of Indians approaching them. Relying on the strength of the main body, and its ability to force the Indians to retreat, and anticipating, as Napoleon did in the battle with the Mamelukes, that when driven back they would return upon the same route they had advanced on, Brady permitted them to proceed without hindrance, and hastened to seize a narrow pass, higher up the river,

where the rocks, nearly perpendicular, approached the river, and where a few determined men might successfully combat superior numbers.

In a short time the Indians encountered the main body under Brodhead, and were driven back. In full and swift retreat they pressed on to gain the pass between the rocks and the river, but it was occupied by their daring and relentless foes, Brady and his rangers, who failed not to pour into their flying columns a most destructive fire.

"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the winds of heaven,
The (*Indians*) appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply—
And shriek, and shout, and battle cry
Are maddening in the rear."

Indeed I have been told by an officer of the American army who is no stranger to Indian battles, that Scott's description of the battle of "Beal An Dhuine," from which I have ventured to make the above extract, would suit very well for that of any battle with the Indians, by changing a few names, and substituting plumes for bonnets, bayonets for spears, &c.

Be that as it may, the Indians on this occasion were again broken, routed, and forced to jump into the river. Many were killed on the bank, and many more in the stream. Our aged friend Cornplanter, chief of the Senecas, then a young man, saved himself by swimming, as did several others of the party.

After they had crossed the river Brady was standing on the bank wiping his rifle,—an Indian, exasperated at the unexpected defeat, and disgraceful retreat of his party, and supposing himself now safe from the well known and abhorred enemy of his race,

commenced a species of conversation with him in broken English, which we call *blackguarding*—calling Brady and his men cowards, squaws, and the like;—and putting himself in such attitudes as he probably thought would be most expressive of his utter contempt of them. When the main army arrived a canoe was manned, and Brady and a few men crossed to where the Indian had been seen. They found blood on the ground, and had followed it but a short distance till the Indian jumped up, struck his breast and said, "I am a man." It was Brady's wish to take him prisoner, without doing him further harm. The Indian continuing to repeat, "I am a man,"—"Yes", said an Irishman who was along, "By —— you're a purty boy"—and before Brady could arrest the blow, sunk his tomahawk into the Indian's brain.

The army moved onward, and after destroying all the Indians' corn, and ravaging the Kenjua flats, returned to Pittsburgh.

In No. 1 of these sketches it has been stated that Captain John Brady, the father of Captain Samuel, had been wounded at the battle of Brandywine; that his son John (who was but a lad of sixteen at the time,) was also wounded there, and that in consequence of their wounds, both had permission to return to their home, which was on the west branch of the Susquehanna. It was farther stated that Captain John Brady and one of his sons were killed by the Indians, soon after Samuel had left home for Bedford or Pittsburgh.

Although not immediately connected with the personal adventures of Captain Samuel Brady, I propose giving a sketch of events on the Susquehanna, prior and up to the death of his father and brother.

Those who read these sketches may perceive, from their nature and antiquity, that they are compiled from the statements, oral and written, of persons acquainted with the facts disclosed, either personally or by hearsay. Allowance will be made, there-

fore, for the want of chronological order, observable throughout, seeing that I am dependent on different persons, residing in different parts of the country, for what I have been enabled to put forth. Some of these persons are old and infirm, and have particular facts more deeply registered in the memory than others of more seeming importance; and it requires inquiry and examination to elicit other facts to supply or correct the narrative; and that all these have been hastily thrown together and published without even an examination of the proof sheets.

The transactions on the Susquehanna have, it is true, this connection with the biography of Samuel Brady, that, on hearing of the murder of his youngest brother and that of his father, by the Indians there, he did, it is said, raise his hand on high and vow—"Aided by Him who formed yonder sun and heavens, I will revenge the murder of my father and brother; nor while I live will I ever be at peace with the Indians of any tribe." This exclamation, uttered in a moment of anguished feeling, the recital of his brother's sufferings being fresh in his mind, has been assigned as the principal cause of his daring and unparalleled courage and address in the various conflicts he had with the Indians afterwards.

This representation has rather obscured his character than otherwise. He has been considered a devoted man-killer, reckless of all sympathy, and destitute of all humanity towards the Indian race. This is by no means true. Brady, as I have been informed by one who became acquainted with him on the occasion of his being indicted for the murder of certain Indians in time of peace, was a gentlemanly, fine looking man, possessed of a noble heart, and intellect of a high order. His conduct on that occasion, when investigated, was found to be correct; and that he had used his influence, as far, probably, as was safe with an infuriated band, to protect the Indians with whose murder he was charged. But of this hereafter.

Another cause than blind revenge might be assigned for that heroic devotedness of courage—that eagerness to solicit dangerous commands—that contempt for all that is allied to fear, by which he was distinguished. But it is of little moment now, further than to authorize the assertion that it was honorable in its origin, though unpropitious in its termination.

After having perused our statement of the occurrences at Susquehanna, and retaining in his mind the intimation contained in the above lines, the reader will be satisfied that the excitement which prompted the vow, was not of that *savage* character it has generally been supposed to bear. But that it was the unpremeditated exclamation of one

> "Upon whose ear the signal word
> Of strife and death was hourly breaking,
> Who slept with head upon the sword
> His fevered hand must grasp in waking."

When Captain John Brady left Shippensburg, he located himself at the Standing Stone, a celebrated Indian town at the confluence of the Standing Stone creek and the Juniata river; the present town of Huntingdon, in Huntingdon county, stands in part on the site of the Standing Stone. From thence he moved to the west branch of the Susquehanna, opposite the spot on which Lewisburg or Derrstown, in Union county, stands. If I mistake not, the tract settled on by him now belongs to George Kremer Esq. Derr had a small mill on the run that empties into the river below the town, and a trading house, from whence the Indians were supplied with powder, lead, tobacco and rum. In the commencement of the strife between the colonies and the mother country, Brady discovered that the Indians were likely to be tampered with by the British. The Seneca and Muncy tribes were in considerable force, and Pine and Lycoming creeks were navigable almost to the State line for canoes. Fort Augusta had been built upon the east side of the north branch, immediately where it con-

nects with the west, about a mile above the present town of Sunbury. It was garrisoned by a "fearless few," and commanded by Captain, afterwards Major Hunter, a meritorious officer. He had under his command about fifty men. In the season for tillage some attention was paid to farming, but the women and children mostly resided in the fort, or were taken there on the slightest alarm. It was known that the Wyoming Flats were full of Indians, of the Delaware and Shamokin tribes. The latter, since extinct, was then a feeble people, and under the protection of the Delawares. In this state of affairs John Brady suggested to his neighbors and comrades, under arms at Fort Augusta, the propriety of making a treaty with the Seneca and Muncy tribes; knowing them to be at variance with the Delawares. This course was approved of, and petitions sent on to the proper authorities praying the appointment of commissioners for the purpose of holding a treaty. Commissioners were appointed, and Fort Augusta was designated as a place of conference; and notice of that, and of the time fixed for the arrival of the commissioners, was directed to be given to the two tribes. John Brady and two others were selected by the people in the fort to seek the Senecas and Muncies and communicate to them the proposal.

The Indians met the "ambassadors" of the settlers, to wit, Captain John Brady and his companions, in a very friendly manner: the chiefs listened with apparent pleasure to the proposal for a treaty, and after smoking the pipe of peace, and promising to attend at Fort Augusta on the appointed day, led our men out of their camp, and, shaking hands with them cordially, parted in seeming friendship.

Brady feared to trust the friendship so warmly expressed, and took a different route in returning with his company from that they had gone, and arrived safe at home.

On the day appointed for holding the treaty the Indians appeared, with their wives and children. There were about one hundred men, all warriors, and dressed in war costume. Care had been taken that the little fort should look as fierce as possible, and every man was on the alert.

In former treaties the Indians had received large presents, and were expecting them here: but finding the fort too poor to give any thing of value (and an Indian never trusts,) all efforts to form a treaty with them proved abortive. They left the fort, however, apparently in good humor, and well satisfied with their treatment, and taking to their canoes proceeded homeward. The remainder of the day was chiefly spent by the officers and people of the fort in devising means of protection against the anticipated attacks of the Indians. Late in the day, Brady thought of Derr's trading house, and foreboding evil from that point, mounted a small mare he had at the fort, and crossing the north branch he rode with all possible speed. On his way home he saw the canoes of the Indians on the bank of the river near Derr's. When near enough to observe the river, he saw the squaws exerting themselves to the utmost, at their paddles, to work canoes over to his side of the river; and that when they landed, they made for thickets of sumach, which grew in abundance on his land to the height of a man's head, and very thick upon the ground. He was not slow in conjecturing the cause. He rode on to where the squaws were landing and saw that they were conveying rifles, tomahawks and knives into the sumach thickets, and hiding them. He immediately jumped into a canoe and crossed to Derr's trading house, where he found the Indians brutally drunk. He saw a barrel of rum standing on end before Derr's door, with the head out. He instantly overset it, and spilled the rum, saying to Derr, "My God, Frederick, what have you done?" Derr replied, "Dey dells me you gif um no dreet down on de fort, so I dinks as I gif um one here, he als go home in bease."

One of the Indians, who saw the rum spilled, but was unable to prevent it, told Brady he would one day rue the spilling of that barrel. Being well acquainted with the Indian character, he knew death was the penalty of his offence, and was constantly on his guard for several years.

Next day the Indians started off. They did not soon attack the settlements, but carried arms for their allies, the English, in other parts. Meanwhile emigration to the west branch continued; the settlement extended, and Freelyng's or Freelan's Fort was built, near the mouth of Warrior Run, about eight miles above Derr's trading house.

Contrary to expectation, the tomahawk remained at rest for several years on the Susquehanna. Fort Freelyng was the rallying point in cases of alarm. Spies were out in the wilderness and margin of the settlements, and even ventured a great distance into the Indian country without discovering signs of hostility. The cloud that for awhile had threatened and then rolled away, was about to return, however, darker than before, and charged with destructive fury.

One evening a scouting party came in who had seen signs of Indians making their way toward the Susquehanna. The neighborhood was alarmed, and all fled for safety to the fort. A council of war was held, and a decision made that all the women and children should be sent down the river to Fort Augusta, immediately, and spies sent out to observe the approaching force. The spies soon returned with intelligence that the enemy were near two hundred strong, and that there were *white men* among them.

Fort Freelyng was commanded by Captain Dougherty, (than whom no braver man ever lived,) who had under his command about sixty men. After hearing the force of the enemy, the officers agreed upon evacuating that fort, and retiring to Fort Augus-

ta, where, on uniting the whole force of the country, it was their determination to make a last and desperate defence. The Indians had been seen skulking around the fort, and the men were preparing for a march, when an old Tory, who was in the fort, exclaimed —"Captain Dougherty, I always knew the Continental troops would not fight." Dougherty was a man of impetuous feeling; he instantly replied—"You d—d old rascal, we will show you that we *can* fight; and if the fort is betrayed, and I survive, I will sacrifice you."

The Indians attacked the fort early in the morning, on the upper side. On the lower was a kind of glade, covered over thickly with large bushes, from six to seven feet high, having a small path through to the river. The fire of the Indians was of no great account, as they chose to keep at a safe distance. The fire from the fort was well directed, by the best marksmen, and proved very galling. A British officer was seen busily engaged directing the Indians; but a lad in the fort, taking deliberate aim at him, fired, and he was seen to fall—supposed to be killed or badly wounded. The attack was suspended from a little before sunset till the next morning. The Indians during the night had hid themselves in the bushes in order to draw the men out of the fort, but finding the little band too circumspect for the snare, came again to the attack with a most tremendous yell. They finally succeeded in getting into the fort, when a dreadful massacre ensued. Captain Dougherty kept his eye upon the old Tory, and finding all was over, sent a bullet through him, with the imprecation—"Damn the traitor!"

Every man sold his life as dearly as possible; none escaped but Captain Dougherty and Samuel Brady, brother to Captain John Brady and uncle to Captain Samuel. They left the fort together, pursued by a host of Indians. The hazel bushes being so thick on the side of the fort at which they came out, it was impossible for the enemy to follow them. Captain Dougherty, who was an uncommonly active man, could load his rifle whilst under cover

of the brush, and when he heard the noise of an Indian he could leap high enough to see and fire upon him. Samuel Brady (known in his day as Uncle Sam), had made his way through the large thicket and came upon a plain below. He thought it best, as he was heard to say afterwards, to "*make his eternal escape.*"

He had already run a considerable distance, when on looking back he beheld two Indians in pursuit, one of them a large, dangerous-looking fellow, the other of small stature. He renewed his speed, and was getting along pretty well, when his foot slipped into a hole and he fell down. The large Indian was foremost and armed. But Brady had fallen with a loaded rifle in his hand, with which he shot the savage, who gave a wild yell and fell dead. The little warrior thinking, perhaps, there were more rifles about, wheeled and made for the fort. At the edge of the thicket it was his fortune to meet Dougherty, who split his skull with the butt of his rifle, and ran on. These two only, Dougherty and Brady, survived that day's massacre, and brought the news to Fort Augusta. It may be supposed that that night was one of gloom and sorrow in the little fortress. The reader can sketch the picture according to his own fancy.

SKETCH NO. 6

The massacre at Fort Freelyng cast a damper on the settlement at the West Branch, but the hardy settlers prepared for the worst, by such measures of precaution as their means afforded. The Indians, after committing some further depredations, and murdering some families in Buffalo Valley, retreated. The settlement progressed and had reached the Muncy Hills. A fort was built at the mouth of Muncy Creek, near where Pennsboro' now stands, the command of which was given to Captain John Brady.

Frequent skirmishes took place between the whites and Indians, who resumed their old practice of harassing the settlers by dividing themselves into small squads; taking some prisoners,

scalping others, and carrying away or destroying the cattle and movable property of their victims. Brady, it appears, left the fort for the regular service prior to the battle of Brandywine.

Shortly after the return from camp of Captain Brady and his son, a company of men formed for the purpose of aiding a friend to cut his oats, near the mouth of the Loyalsock Creek. James Brady, son of Captain John, and a younger brother of Captain Samuel of the Rangers, went along. According to a custom in those days, which was, that if no commissioned officer were present the company selected a leader, whom they styled "Captain," and readily obeyed as such, James was selected leader or Captain of this little band, of about twenty men. After arriving on the ground, they placed two sentinels at opposite sides of the field; the other sides having clear land all around, were not thought to require any. The guns were all placed together at one side of the field, and the order was, that, in case of alarm, all were to run to the rifles.

The first day, which was spent in cradling the oats, nothing remarkable happened; during the night a strict watch was kept. The next day, in the evening, one of the sentinels fired, and cried "Indians," The young Captain, without looking around for his men, ran for his rifle. When near the guns he was fired upon by a *white man*, with a pistol. Happening to stumble over a sheaf of oats, he fell, and the ball missed him. The Indians, supposing him dead, ran to secure his scalp. He fell within reach of the guns, and seizing one, he shot the first Indian who approached him. He now discovered that his men had fled and left him to contend with the savages alone. Despair rendered him but the more determined to die gallantly. He caught another gun, and brought down the second Indian. They then rushed in upon him in numbers; he was a stout, active man, and struggled with them for some time. At length one of them struck his tomahawk into his

head. He was stunned with the blow, and for a time remained altogether powerless, yet, strange as it may seem, he retained his senses. They tore the scalp from his head as he lay in apparent death, and it was quite a trophy to them; for he had long red hair.

After they had scalped him, as he related afterwards, a little Indian was called and made to strike the tomahawk into his head in four separate places; then leaving him for dead, they took the guns and fled to the woods.

After coming to himself he attempted, between walking and creeping, to reach a little cabin, where was an old man who had been employed to cook for the working party. On hearing the report of the guns the old man had hid himself, but when he saw Brady return, he came to him. James begged the old man to fly to the fort, saying, "The Indians will soon be back and will kill you." The old man refused to leave him. Brady then requested to be taken down to the river, where he drank large quantities of water. He still begged the old man to leave him, and save himself, but he would not. He next directed his old friend to load the gun that was in the cabin, which was done, and put into his hands; he then lay down and appeared to sleep. A noise was suddenly heard on the bank above them; he jumped to his feet and cocked the gun. It was soon discovered that the noise was made by some troops who had come from the fort on horseback in pursuit of the Indians. They carried the brave young "Captain" to the fort, where he lived for five days. The first four days he was delirious; on the fifth his reason returned, and he described the whole scène he had passed through, with great minuteness. He said the Indians were of the Seneca tribe, and amongst them were two chiefs: that one of those two chiefs was a very large man, and by the description he was supposed to be "Cornplanter;" the other he personally knew to be the celebrated chief "Bald Eagle," from whom certain creeks, and the Ridge so called, in Centre and Huntingdon counties, have

their name. "The Bald Eagle's Nest" as his camp was called, was for part of the year at the mouth of the creek called "Bald Eagle," which empties into the Susquehanna near the Great Island, and about thirty miles by water from the scene of action.

On the evening of the fifth day the young captain died, deeply regretted by all within the fort. Vengeance, "not loud but deep," was breathed against the Bald Eagle; but he laughed it to scorn till the fatal day at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny.

War with the Indians again broke out all along the frontiers, and men of activity and courage were sent to the forts on the West Branch, and every precaution taken for the security of the settlements. It became necessary to go up the river some distance to procure supplies for the fort, and Captain John Brady, taking with him a wagon team and guard, went himself and procured what could be had; on his return, in the afternoon, riding a fine mare, and within a short distance of the fort, where the road forked, and being some distance behind the team and guard, and in conversation with a man named Peter Smith, he recommended Smith not to take the road the wagon had done, but the other, as it was shorter. They travelled on together till they came near a run where the same road joined. Brady observed "this would be a good place for Indians to secrete themselves."—Smith said, "Yes." That instant three rifles cracked and Brady fell; the mare ran past Smith, who threw himself on her, and was carried in a few seconds to the fort. The people in the fort had heard the rifles, and seeing Smith on the mare coming at full speed, all ran to ask for Captain Brady, his wife along, or rather before the rest. To their question, where is Captain Brady? Smith replied, "In Heaven or Hell, or on his way to Tioga,"—meaning, he was either dead or a prisoner to the Indians.

The men in the fort ran to the spot; the wagon and guard had also been attracted by the firing. They found the Captain lying

on the road, his scalp taken off, his rifle gone, but the Indians were in such haste they had not taken either his watch or his shot-pouch.

Samuel Brady, Captain of the Rangers, or Spies, for the people called him by both names, was in Pittsburgh when he heard of his father's death, as mentioned above.

It chanced that the party of Indians, one hundred strong, he encountered at Brady's Bend, on the Allegheny,—mentioned in No. 5,—several years after the death of his father and his brother James, was a war party of Senecas, under the command of Cornplanter, on their march to the Bald Eagle's Nest; and that the Bald Eagle himself was in company with them.

Captain Samuel Brady recognized the Bald Eagle on that day in the pass, and fired at him, but with what effect he knew not till afterwards. When the battle was over he searched for the Eagle's body and found it: a ball had pierced his heart; and the blood of the young "Captain" at Loyalsock was found to have been fatally avenged by the hand of his brother, on the bank of the Allegheny.

SKETCH NO. 7.

Captain Brady had returned from Sandusky perhaps a week, when he was observed one evening by a man of the name of Phouts, sitting in a solitary part of the fort, apparently absorbed in thought. Phouts approached him unregarded, and was pained to the bottom of his honest heart to perceive that the countenance of this honored Captain bore traces of deep care, and even melancholy. He accosted him, however, in the best English he had, and soothingly said: "Gabtain, was ails you." Brady looked at him for a short time without speaking; then resuming his usual equanimity, replied, "I have been thinking about the redskins, and it is my opinion there are some above us on the river. I have a mind to

pay them a visit. Now if I get permission from the General to do so, will you go along?" Phouts was a stout thick Dutchman of uncommon strength and activity. He was also well acquainted with the woods. When Brady had ceased speaking, Phouts raised himself on tiptoe, and bringing his heels hard down on the ground, by way of emphasis, his eyes full of fire, said, "By dunder und lightnin, I would rader go mit you, Gabtain, as to any of te finest weddins in dis guntry." Brady told him to keep quiet and say nothing about it, as no man in the fort must know anything of the expedition except General Brodhead—bidding Phouts call at his tent in an hour. He then went to the General's quarters, whom he found reading. After the usual topics were discussed, Brady proposed for consideration, his project of ascending the Allegheny, with but one man in company; stating his reasons for apprehending a descent from that quarter by the Indians. The General gave his consent, at parting took him by the hand in a friendly manner, advising him how to proceed, and charging him particularly to be careful of his own life, and that of the men or man whom he might select to accompany him; so affectionate were the General's admonitions, and so great the emotion he displayed, that Brady left him with tears in his eyes, and repaired to his tent, where he found Phouts in deep conversation with one of his *pet* Indians.

He told Phouts of his success with the General, and that, as it was early in the light of the moon, they must get ready and be off betimes.

They immediately set about cleaning their guns and preparing their ammunition, and having secured a small quantity of salt, they lay down together and slept soundly until about two hours before day-break. Brady awoke first, and stirring Phouts, each took down the deadly rifle, and whilst all but the sentinels were wrapt in sleep they left the little fort, and in a short time found

themselves deep buried in the forest. That day they marched through woods never traversed by either of them before; following the general course of the river they reached a small creek* that put in from the Pittsburgh side; it was near night when they got there, and having no provision, they concluded to remain there all night.

Phouts struck fire, and after having kindled a little, they covered it up with leaves and brush, to keep it in. They then proceeded up the creek to look for game. About a mile from the mouth of the creek a run comes into it, upon this run was a lick apparently much frequented by deer. They placed themselves in readiness, and in a short time two deer came in; Phouts shot one, which they skinned and carried over to the fire, and during the night *jerked* a great part of it. In the morning they took what they could carry of *jerk*, and hung the remainder on a small tree, in the skin, intending, if they were spared to return, to call for it on their way homeward.

Next morning they started early and travelled hard all day; near evening they espied a number of crows hovering over the tops of the trees, near the bank of the river. Brady told Phouts that there were Indians in the neighborhood, or else the men who were expected from Susquehanna at Pittsburgh were there encamped, or had been some time before.

Phouts was anxious to go down and see, but Brady forbade him; telling him at the same time, "We must secrete ourselves till after night, when fires will be made by them, be they whom they may." Accordingly they hid themselves amongst fallen timber, and remained so till about ten o'clock at night. But even then they could still see no fire. Brady concluded there must be a hill or thick woods between him and where the crows were seen, and decided on leaving his hiding place to ascertain the fact; Phouts

*Probably Puckety Creek, which empties into the Allegheny at Logan's Ferry.

accompanied him. They walked with the utmost caution down towards the river bank, and had went about two hundred yards, when they observed the twinkling of a fire, at some distance on their right. They at first thought the river made a very short bend, but on proceeding further they discovered that it was a fork or branch of the river, probably the Kiskeminetas. Brady desired Phouts to stay where he was, intending to go himself to the fire, and see who was there; but Phouts refused, saying, "no, by George, I vill see too." They approached the fire together, but with the utmost care; and from appearances judged it to be an Indian encampment, much too large to be attacked by them.

Having resolved to ascertain the number of the enemy, the Captain of the Spies and his brave comrade went close up to the fire, and discovered an old Indian sitting beside a tree near the fire, either mending or making a pair of moccasins.

SKETCH NO. 8.

Phouts, who never thought of danger, was for shooting the Indian immediately; but Brady prevented him. After examining carefully around the camp, he was of opinion that the number by which it was made had been large, but that they were principally absent. He determined on knowing more in the morning; and forcing Phouts away with him, who was bent on killing the old Indian, he retired a short distance into the woods to await the approach of day. As soon as it appeared they returned to the camp again, but saw no living thing, except the old Indian, a dog and a horse.

Brady wished to see the country around the camp, and understand its features better; for this purpose he kept at some distance from it, and examined about, till he got on the river above it. Here he found a large *trail* of Indians, who had gone up the Allegheny; to his judgment it appeared to have been made one or two

days before. Upon seeing this he concluded on going back to the camp, and taking the old Indian prisoner.

Supposing the old savage to have arms about him, and not wishing to run the risk of the alarm the report of a rifle might create if Indians were in the neighborhood, Brady determined to seize the old fellow single-handed, without doing him further injury, and carry him off to Pittsburgh. With this view both crept toward the camp again very cautiously. When they came so near as to perceive him, the Indian was lying on his back, with his head towards them.

Brady ordered Phouts to remain where he was, and not to fire at all unless the dog should attempt to assist his master. In that case he was to shoot the dog, but by no means to hurt the Indian. The plan being arranged, Brady dropped his rifle, and, tomahawk in hand, silently crept towards the old man till within a few feet, then raising himself up, he made a spring like a panther, and with a yell that awakened the echoes round, seized the Indian hard and fast by the throat. The old man struggled a little at first, but Brady's was the grip of a lion; holding his tomahawk over the head of his prisoner he bade him surrender, as he valued his life. The dog behaved very civilly; he merely growled a little. Phouts came up and they tied their prisoner. On examining the camp they found nothing of value except some powder and lead, which they threw into the river. When the Indian learned that he was to be taken to Pittsburgh and would be kindly treated, he showed them a canoe, which they stepped into with their prisoner and his dog, and were soon afloat on the smooth bosom of the Allegheny.

They paddled swiftly along for the purpose of reaching the mouth of the run on which they had encamped coming up; for Brady had left his wiping rod there. It was late when they got to the creek's mouth. They landed, made a fire, and all laid down to sleep.

As soon as day light appeared, the Captain started to where their *jerk* was hanging, leaving Phouts in charge of the prisoner and his canoe. He had not left the camp long before the Indian complained to Phouts that the cords upon his wrist hurt him. He had probably discovered that in Phouts' composition there was a much larger proportion of *kindness* than of *fear*. The Dutchman at once took off the cords, and the Indian was, or pretended to be, very grateful.

Phouts was busied with something else in a minute, and had left his gun standing by a tree. The moment the Indian saw that the eye of the other was not upon him, he sprung to the tree, seized the gun, and the first Phouts knew was that it was cocked and at his breast, whereupon he let out a most magnificent *roar* and jumped at the Indian. But the trigger was pulled, and the bullet whistled past him, taking with it a part of his shot-pouch belt. One stroke of the Dutchman's tomahawk settled the Indian forever, and nearly severed the head from his body.

Brady heard the report of the rifle and the yell of Phouts; and knowing all was not right, ran instantly to the spot, where he found the latter sitting on the body of the Indian, examining the rent in his shot-pouch belt. "In the name of Heaven," said Brady, "what have you done!"—"Yust look, Gabtain," said the fearless Dutchman, "vas dis d——d black ——vas apout;"—holding up to view the hole in his belt. He then related what has been stated with respect to his untying the Indian, and the attempt of the latter to kill him. They then took off the scalp of the Indian, got their canoe, took in the Indian's dog, and returned to Pittsburgh, the fourth day after their departure.

The Captain related to the General what he had seen, and gave it as his opinion, that the Indians whose camp he had discovered, were about making an attack upon the Susquehanna settlement.—The General was of the same opinion, and was much

affected by the information; for he had just made a requisition upon that country for men, and had been expecting them on every day. He now feared that the Indians would either draw them into an ambuscade and cut them off, or fall upon their families, rendered defenseless by their absence.

The injuries inflicted on the Indians by the troops under General Brodhead quieted the country for some time; he kept spies out, however, for the purpose of watching their motions, and guarding against sudden attacks on the settlements. One of these parties, under the command of Captain Brady, had the French Creek country assigned as their field of duty.

The Captain had reached the waters of Slippery Rock, a branch of Beaver, without seeing any signs of Indians; here, however, he came on an Indian trail in the evening, which he followed till dark without overtaking the Indians. The next morning he renewed the pursuit and overtook them while they were engaged at their morning meal.

Unfortunately for him, another party of Indians were in his rear; they had fallen upon his trail, and pursued him doubtless with as much ardour as characterized his pursuit, and at the moment he fired upon the Indians in his front, he was, in turn, fired upon by those in his rear. He was now between two fires, and vastly outnumbered. Two of his men fell, his tomahawk was shot from his side, and the battle yell was given by the party in his rear, and loudly returned and repeated by those in his front.

There was no time for hesitation, no safety in delay, no chance of successful defence in their present position; the brave Captain and his Rangers had to flee before their enemies, who pressed on their flying footsteps with no lagging speed.

Brady ran towards the creek. He was known by many, if not all of them, and many and deep were the scores to be settled

between him and them. They knew the country well; he did not; and from his running towards the creek they were certain of taking him prisoner. The creek was, for a long distance above and below the point he was approaching, washed in its channel to a great depth. In the certain expectation of catching him there, the private soldiers of his party were disregarded, and throwing down their guns, and drawing their tomahawks, all pressed forward to seize their victim.

Quick of eye, fearless of heart, and determined never to be a captive to the Indians, Brady comprehended their object and his only chance of escape the moment he saw the creek; and by one mighty effort of courage and activity defeated the one and effected the other. He sprang across the abyss of waters, and stood rifle in hand, on the opposite bank, in safety. "As quick as lightning," says my informant, "his rifle was primed, for it was his invariable practice to prime first; the next minute the powder-horn was at the gun's muzzle, when, as he was in this act, a large Indian who had been foremost in pursuit, came to the opposite bank, and with the manliness of a generous foe, who scorns to undervalue the qualities of an enemy, said in a loud voice and tolerable English, 'Blady make good jump.'"

It may indeed be doubted whether the compliment was uttered in derision, for the moment he had said so he took to his heels, and as if fearful of the return it might merit, ran as crooked as a worm fence: sometimes leaping high, at others suddenly squatting down, he appeared no way certain that Brady would not answer from the mouth of his rifle, but the rifle was not yet loaded.

The Captain was at the place afterwards, and ascertained that his leap was about twenty-three feet, and that the water was twenty feet deep.

Brady's next effort was to gather up his men; they had a place designated at which to meet in case they should happen to

be separated; and thither he went and found the other three. They immediately commenced their homeward march, and returned to Pittsburgh about half defeated. Three Indians had been seen to fall from the fire they gave them at breakfast.

SKETCH NO. 10.

The Indians did not return that season to do any injury to the whites, and early that fall moved off to their friends the British, who had to keep them all winter, their corn having been destroyed by Brodhead.

When the General found the Indians were gone, at the suggestion of Brady three companies were ordered out, with a sufficient number of pack-horses, to kill game for the supply of the garrison. These companies were respectively commanded by Captains Harrison, Springer and Brady. Game was very plenty, for neither whites nor Indians ventured to hunt and great quantities were put up.

In putting up his tent, Captain Brady's tomahawk had slipped and cut his knee, by which he was lamed for some time. This occasioned him to remain at the tents until he got well, which afforded him the opportunity of witnessing some of the peculiar superstitions of his Indian allies, for he had his Indians and their families along.

One of these Indians had assumed the name of Wilson. The Captain was lying in his tent one afternoon, and observed his man Wilson coming home in a great hurry, and that as he met his squaw he gave her a kick, without saying a word, and began to unbreech his gun. The squaw went away, and returned soon after, with some roots which she had gathered; which, after washing them clean, she put into a kettle to boil. While boiling, Wilson corked

up the muzzle of his gun and stuck the breech into the kettle, and continued it there until the plug flew out of the muzzle. He then took it out and put it into the stock. Brady knowing the Indians were very superstitious as we call it, did not speak to him until he saw him wiping his gun. He then called to him, and asked what was the matter. Wilson came up to the Captain and said in reply, that his gun had been very sick, that she could not shoot; he had been just giving her a "vomit," and she was now well. Whether the "vomit" helped the gun or only strengthened Wilson's nerves, the Captain could not tell, but he averred that Wilson killed ten deer the next day.

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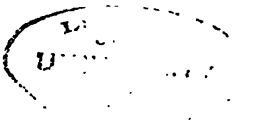
RARE LINCOLNIANA—No. 6



COMPRISING

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT (Play) - - *S. D. Carpenter*

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN *Captain John T. Bolton*

"IN MEMORIAM" - - - - - - - - *F. B. Carpenter*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN - - - - - - - - - - *Anon*

MR. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM, AND ITS AUTHOR (*The late*) *Gen. James Grant Wilson*

WILLIAM ABBATT

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RARE LINCOLNIANA—No. 6

COMPRISING

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT (Play) - - *S. D. Carpenter*

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN *Captain John T. Bolton*

"IN MEMORIAM" - - - - - - - - *F. B. Carpenter*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN - - - - - - - - - *Anon*

MR. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM, AND ITS AUTHOR (*The late*) *Gen. James Grant Wilson*

NEW YORK

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Being Extra No. 34 of THE MAGAZINE OF HISTORY WITH NOTES AND QUERIES

RES ARDUA VETUSTIS NOVITATEM DARE; NOVIS AUCTORITATEM; OBSOLETIS, NITOREM; OBSCURIS, LUCEM; FASTIDITIS, GRATICUM; DUBIIS, FIDEM; OMNIBUS VERO NATURAM, ET NATURAL SUA OMNIA.

ITAQUE ETIAM NON ASSECUTIS, VOLUISSE ABUNDE PULCHRUM UTQUE MAGNIFICUM EST.

(It is a difficult thing to give newness to old things, authority to new things, beauty to things out of use, fame to the obscure, favor to the hateful (or ugly), credit to the doubtful, nature to all and all to nature. To such, nevertheless as cannot attain to all these, it is greatly commendable and magnificial to have attempted the same.

PLINY,—preface to his *Natural History*.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT

BY

S. D. CARPENTER.

MADISON, WIS.

1862

JUDD STEWART
NEW YORK
1914

NOTE

This play is printed just as it was originally issued (errors of all sorts being retained). Only the notes are added.

PREFACE

DURING the last three evenings of 1862 Mr. S. D. Carpenter, then Editor of the *Wisconsin Patriot*, of Madison, Wisconsin, prepared for the "New Year's Message" of the carriers of that paper "THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT," herein reproduced.

Since the death of President Lincoln a number of plays have been written which have dealt principally with the assassination and the conspirators, but this production of Mr. Carpenter seems to be one of the earliest efforts to dramatize the character of President Lincoln; and since the original issue of 1863 has entirely disappeared, it seems to me proper to reproduce it.

In my collection of Lincolniana are the following additional dramas regarding President Lincoln:

The Administrative Telegraph, or How It Is Done. (A three act play contained in "The Washington Despotism Dissected" in articles from the *Metropolitan Record*. New York, 1863).

Lincoln's Anfang, Glück und Ende, a drama in twelve acts by Edward Renlöm, Coburg, Germany, 1865.

The Play of Destiny as played by actors from the Kingdom of the dead, etc.—By Stephen W. Downey, New Creek, West Va., 1867.

A National Drama (in *The Beautiful World* for July, 1872).

The Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln, in five acts, by an American Artist—Glasgow, Scotland, 1876.

Madame Surratt, A Drama in five acts by J. W. Rogers—Washington, D. C. 1879.

J. Wilkes Booth, or the National Tragedy, in five acts by William A. Luby; Kalamazoo, Mich. 1880.

The Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln, or the Rise and Fall of the Confederate States, in five acts, S. Whitaker Grove—1881.

Abraham Lincoln, Historical Tragedy in five acts, by Col. J. W. Bryant, Copyright 1886.

Abraham Lincoln, Drama in five acts by "F. S. Heresford" (Schnaacke) Omaha, Neb. First act in print; balance in manuscript.

Abraham Lincoln—An Historical Drama, by McKee Rankin, (and Archibald Forbes) in four acts. In manuscript.

OCTOBER, 1914 JUDD STEWART

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT,

(BEGINNING OF THE END)

OR

THE RISE, PROGRESS AND DECLINE OF "ONE IDEA,"

INCLUDING THE PRINCIPAL ACTS IN THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM THE FIRST

IN ELEVEN ACTS

PROLOGUE

The laugh comes in *here*—things now
Doth wear a weighty and a serious brow!
Sad, foul and bloody—full of crime and woe—
Such mournful scenes as cause the eye to flow,
I'll anon present. Those with hearts, may here,
If they feel that way inclined, let drop a tear!
My subject will deserve it. Such as give
Me money, out of hope that they may live
To see the end of war and tragedy's alarm—
Rejoice in Peace—fearing naught of harm;
And read my "drama," how soon they'll see
That might and folly hunt in pairs for misery!
And if you can be "merry" then I fear,
A son may dance upon his mother's bier!

ACT I.

SCENE—*In the Chicago Wigwam.*

[*Enter Politicians, Cormorants and others.*

1*st Pol.*— *Hoc considerationi tuæ est*, my Lords,
We this day convene for most holy purpose,
To name a ruler that shall much improve

On the sorry ill-haps of King James, the Fourth.
Our choice must be an hermafrodite;
Who hath a mealey mouth for utterance
Of sweet things, concerning sable Knights
Of yam, hoe cake and cruel cat-o'-nine-tails!
The leader of our tribe must have no taint
Of ill omen, or Fuss and Feathers 'bout him!
With all the points of most honorable ignorance,
He must be fit for any point of compass—
And for treason, stratagem and spoils;
One that in town and ranche conservative,
May 'list the rabble, with no ill precedent
To 'pear in judgment 'gainst his sure success!
And who, in districts radical, at once,
May carry all before him, as the embodiment
Of the most rabid, redundant dogmas!
We must the deepest current follow,
For that doth the proper channel indicate,
To the sea, where fishes do most school,
And where our nets, if cast within aright,
May, in fruition, become our *fin*ished hopes.
We must our flaunting banners fitly garnish
With emblems and mottoes the public nerves to tickle,
Such as *Retrenchment, Freedom* and *Reform!*
These will careless eyes amuse, and then,
The public ear to charm, send out our Ciceroes,
To mount the rostrum, and this catch-vote trinity
Expound, and condemn with hortor's holy unction,
The rascally counterparts that doth afflict us,
Under King James, the Fourth![1]
Such, my Lords,
Is in short, my plan, success to master;
What say you to't?

1 James Buchanan, then President—the other Jameses being Madison, Monroe and Polk.

2d Pol. For one,
I'm most charmingly delighted, faith,
With all the noble Lord hath uttered!
My only fault-finding in this doth lie:—
That sundry details hath His Grace omitted
Which alone can vouchsafe success!
'Tis known to all, the Western Little Giant[2]
Stands at this time, like a wall of fire
Betwixt us and our goal of hope.

A Voice—(*Interruptingly*)—We must dispatch him.
2d Pol.—(*Continuing*)— Yea, that we must!
But how? That's the most important question.
[*Scratches his head, exclaiming:*]

I have it, by Jupiter!—at last I have it.
The Democratic Sachems are in quarrel!
I would encourage their Charleston split
By a lever and entering wedge, at Baltimore.
The enemies of the famous Little Giant
Are bent on revolt—yea, secession,
And if we give but one grain of 'couragement
They will secede, and thus so weaken
The Democratic hosts, that we'll be sure
To win—not by our strength, but their weakness!
I've had a word with their great Benjamin,[3]
The Senatorial Jew from Molasses town.
He hath a most ferocious speech agreed
To utter in the forum of the "Pantheon,"
Which, in return, did I stipulate,
To print and circulate two million copies,
As seed for Northern fallow fields.
Thus, may we use our foeman's steel

2 Stephen A. Douglas.
3 Judah P. Benjamin then senator, "Molasses Town" is probably New Orleans.

To conquer, though dragons follow after.

Office Seeker— Bravo! bravo!!
The plan will office and the spoils secure us—
A most welcome dish to stomachs long in fast!
For, outside the crib so long we've anxious stood,
Like the fifth calf, our turn still waiting,
That any means to reach the pap, I welcome!
And mock all fear of consequences!

Compunction.— Be cautious, friends, I chide,
There may in this tub lie concealed, a cat,
Or acid, that may cramp us with the bellyache!
Honesty may, e'en in politics be virtue;
And as Harry Clay did on occasion utter,
"I would rather be right than President!"
Therefore, mock I these villainous propositions.

Voices in the Pit.— Hustle him out!
He's got a conscience, a quite conclusive fact,
That he to our tribe belongeth not!

Voices from the Rostrum.—Away with him!
[*Exit Comp. in a shower of hisses.*

Delegate.— Come, come my Lords, to business.
With the platform, and campaign *rôle* I'm pleas'd.
But who shall be the Patriarch to lead
Our forces thro' the gloomy valley 'fore us?
Our aching bones do need a goodly med'cine!
We hate the south, and the south hate us!
No shock of earth shall sunder our two hates!
The question is, who'll so lead us o'er Charybdis,
That we may 'scape dark, yawning Scilla?
As a fit beginning, will I name
ABRAHAM, the tall, and jocose Sucker Barrister;
Who, though a lion in a Western bar-room,
Will a juvenile sheep become—at court!

So docile, as to mould like Burgundy wax,
And as King Henry to Exeter remarked,
True, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
Give me a flexible prince—mules I 'bominate.

New Yorker— Most noble Lords,
If I am permitted here my mouth to ope,
I will suggest the noble Duke of York,[4]
Who hath too oft been shelv'd by expediency.
If we his claims now do overlook,
We dry the fount from which the sea of thought
Sucks its everlasting fill.
Give us brains,
And less expediency, in alopathic doses—
A mind that greatness blends with actions—
An intellect above rail or hair-splitting quacks—
A something better than mere nose of wax.
Above all others, 'tis my oft expressed belief
That William, the Conqueror, is the man
To lead our conquering hosts.

Contractor.—I agree, in part, with the noble wight
Who hath regaled our ears with brains and sense,
And that so urgently the Duke of York doth press.
I too, like him, am a devotee of brains!
But I confess, my faith is somewhat shattered
In the insinuation that all the brains extant
Are by the Duke of York monopolized.
All admit that where graces challenge grace
And brains oppress the skulls that hold them,
That our Simon[5] hath no proud party peer!

4 William H. Seward.
5 Simon Cameron.

Brains and money are his strongest holt!
These are graces, that when once combined
Will sweep the board, and let us into clover!
I therefore propose that Simon be
Our candidate and nominee!
He would lead us to the vast public larder,
Where, we'd fill our pinch'd and billious stomachs!

New Yorker,—(Aside.)— [Provided always,
That Simon himself, had *first* been gorged!]
[*Laughter and hissses in the pit.*

Sir Puke.— Since thus your favorites are urg'd
I offer Edward,[6] the noble Barron *von* St. Louis;
He will great Border strength conciliate,
And our platform fringe would soil the least.
I warn you, slight not his stronger claims.

Sucker.— Talk not of Edward's "claims!"
Bear to the slaughter-house his mangled corpse!
Away with such bloody-bones pretenders; for,
Honest Abraham shall, of our victorious tribe,
Become the Patriarch, *de jure.*
I move the previous question!
Put out the lights—each one take care of self—
Clear the pit, and let the vote be quickly taken!
The motion's carried—now to honest ballot!
One—twice—yea to twenty rounds, at least—
All hail to honest Abe, our gallant chief!
[*Exit omnes, after a short "collection."*

6 Edward Bates

ACT II.

SCENE . . . *After Election . . . Springfield Hermitage.*

A MEDLEY:

DESCRIPTIVE . . . PATHETIC . . . POETIC—PROPHETIC AND NATURAL

[*Enter numerous Cormorants.*

1st Cor. . . . How now, my liege Lord,
The returns do indicate thou art chosen King.
Egad, I knew the Wide Awakes would save you!
'Twas *my* influence that carried things in our parts!
In fact, no one did e'er such forces muster!
At great expense, did I sweat and work for thee,
And of all the jokes thou hast e'er perpetrated,
The joke of thy success doth the climax cap,
And, as your Grace is mighty fond of jokes,
'Tis safe to guess you *this* do extra relish!
By the way, your Grace, how about the offices!
Is my sight good for the Tumbuctoo Charge?
I see you hesitate. I'll not o'erpress my suit
Now, since I fear the news hath o'ercome you.
What, your Grace, are you ill. . . displeased, . . .
Or, what's the matter? I ne'er did see you
Put on so solemn airs, 'pon honor . . . never!

Abraham . . . Nay, away, good bore,
I'm neither ill nor sore displeased, withall.
'Tis only a modest fear that I may meet
With troubles worse than Liliput encountered!
I'm no Jackson, as the world will see anon!
Troubles are thick'ning in the southern zone,
Like unto steaming mush o'er the peasant's fire!
Our late allies who did assist to kill off "Dug,"
And thus to the Imperial Throne lift me,
Hath at my success snuff'd great offence

And now do threaten dissolution, which if it come,
Will force me to sue for Democratic succor!
For, our Wide Awakes, I fear, tho' good to burn
Their midnight *ile*, and to vocalize the streets
With nocturnal music, harsh to ears polite,
Will hardly prove efficient in the tug of war!

[*Enter the Dauphin (Bob*[7]*) with the latest newspaper.*]

Dauphin... Good sire, from the post am I come, amain,
To signify that the rebels' backs are up,
Who, many loyal victims do put to sword!
Send succor quick, and stop the rage, betime,
Before the wounds do grow incurable,
For, being fresh, there is yet much hope of help.

Abraham... As I feared, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be bro't to feed and fan it!
But, Dauphin, I'm neither King or Regent yet,
And if I were, I might well question
Whether I could roll back the flaming tide,
With more success than hath King James.
Tho' rather than jeopard all, as he hath,
Would I have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonor home,
For as Julius Cæsar, am I chivalric,
But, like the ostrich, that in Sahara's sands
Doth hide its head, and thinks nobody sees
Its form, because it sees nobody,
I must, from vulgar eyes conceal my purpose!
'Twill be time enough for secondary matters,
When I've toss'd to friends the bones of office.

2d Cor.... Most noble Sucker,
Thou dost wisdom almost divine betray!
The loaves and fishes! Ah, most gracious Sire!

7 Robert T. Lincoln

Them's of our edifice the corner-stone...
The *alpha* and *omega* of our Chicago Platform!
I do most freely applaud your Grace's views,
And I trust your Grace will, in due time,
Heed my claims for the mission to St. Cloud!
Here's my papers, which my faith will prove,
In the irrepressible conflict, I love.

3d Cor.... Aye, yes, my friend hath fitly spoken;
Thou art the hero for these dreadful times!
I pray your Grace, *my* claims to also note.
But little do *I* care, your Grace, for pelf and place,
But then *my friends* do urge with grave concern
That as 'Charge to Quito I'm most fit to serve.
What says your Grace? Can I count upon
The gratification of my most urgent friends?

Abraham... Most valued friends,
You presume much and do squeeze my honor,
As old Mrs. Battles said when being hugged
By the ungallant bear, in wanton mood!
I fain would to you all, serve pottage,
Yea, as ye have served myself, of late;
But, yet, 'tis meet young eagles should not feed
Outside the natal crib.
Therefore, wait I pray,
Until my advent to the Fed'ral Mecca,
And when ensconced within the palace kitchen,
I may cogitate upon your several "claims,"
Until then, my friends....*adieu!*
[*Exit Abraham and the Dauphin.*]

4th Cor.... Well, my waiting friends,
In the language of our old joker *ice*-gerent,
I think this devilish cool! Yes, and I may add,

The North Pole is a monster red-hot poker,
Compared with this frigid, gruff "Adieu!"
Why, his Grace dismissed us so curtly,
That my recommendations lie congealed
To the nether end of my untouch'd pocket!
The great altitude his Grace hath reached,
Reminds me of the monkey up the pole!

5th Cor. . . . Ha! ha! So! so!
Must we not take such as our betters give,
And ask no questions? Our Honest Abraham
Will soon become *the* Government...all-in-all,
And who that lispeth aught 'gainst *him*
Will against the *Government* inveigh...
That will be treason.

6th Cor. . . . True...it may be true.
But then what 'comes of the great corner-stone
Of our most solemn litany...*freedom?*

7th Cor. . . . O, ye worse than geese,
To be thus hissing out complaints.
Let's return and wait events!
[*Exeunt Omnes, meeting at the door another swarm of Cormorants.*]

ACT III.

SCENE...*On the Road to Washington.*
[*Enter (the cars) Abraham, Q. Margaret, the Dauphin and Suit.*]
Abraham...(*in a soliloquizing and musing mood*)...[*Aside.*
[Ah, who'd have tho't some thirty years ago,
When on the turbid, roaring Wabash
I did a sea-worthy flat boat command,
Or, when among the Hoosiers, mauling rails,...

Or jokes in some country grocery cracking,
That I, alone, of all this mighty people,
Should thus have been found most worthy
To rule as monarch.
Verily,
How little man doth know his mental powers,
Until by circumstance they luminate!
From small beginnings to lofty heights
Have I ascended by the ladder Douglas made,
Until I'm the observed of all observers!
And my name upon all tongues is hing'd.
I'm to that Mecca on my winding way,
Where politicians most do congregate!
With garlands hither my path is garnish'd,
And at each station will I meet acclaims
Of curiosity-seeking multitudes.
Yet,
Alas! I fear, that in the sequel of that path,
There lies concealed, a bed of thorns,
And envenomed dragon's teeth, by acres.]
The air feels chilly . . . the ague threatens!
Dauphin, pass the bottle!

[*Here the train arrives at I——s Station....Multitudes flock around and clamor for a speech.*]

Abraham— My generous friends,
I am rejoiced to see you, and should judge that you
Are right smart glad to welcome me.

[*Loud huzzas and cries of "Tell us what you're going to do."*]

Abraham— Well, my friends, my mood is none too amiable,
Yet, since you ask it, I've not the least objection
To 'quaint you that to yonder Mecca do I haste,
And what I there do, depends upon the fates,
And what the good Duke of York may urge.

The horizon with vast events o'erhangs,
And womanish minds with fear are wrung.
But, as "nobody's hurt," I'll pass—adieu!
[*Tremendous cheering—as the train starts.*]

SCENE 2d—*Hotel at Harrisburg—Midnight.*[
[*Enter Messenger in great haste.*]

Mess... How, now sir Boniface,
Is Father Abraham thy guest? I would see him.
I am son[8] of the Duke of York, and
Have I business of the most pressing moment
With His Highness, our beloved Abraham.
I would see him instanter. The occasion presses.

Boniface... Abraham is now my honor'd guest;
Some two hours past did he and suit retire,
To woo Nature's sweet restorer, for
He's journey'd long, and needs repose.
He bad me to his slumbering presence
Admit no mortal wight.
Thou must disturb him not,
For on his health depends the nation's life.

Mess... I must, and will disturb him,
For on his instant knowledge of my mission
Depends his own most precious life!
I ask an instant audience... yea, *demand* it,
With His Highness, for I possess a fearful secret,
Sent by the Duke of York, in lightning haste!
On which may'st depend our weal or woe.
Come, this instant, point out the way
To Abraham's apartments, or by St. George,
I'll grind your bones to fertilizing plaster.
Betwixt yon ceiling and my sledge hammer fists.

8 Frederick W. Seward

Boniface... (*Aside*)... [By hokey!
This fellow's either crazy, drunk or earnest.
There's something in his eye that tokens resolution
I'll to the chamber of my guest announce him,
But should he prove to be a fiendish regicide,
And should His Highness slay while he's my guest,
I'm busted as a Boniface, forever.]
Well, stranger, since your demand doth seem
So urgent, honest, and of so vast concern,
I will at once comply; but mind you, sir,
The least attempt at harm will 'rouse
All slumbering Harrisburg, and 'pon my word,
The Susquehanna fishes shall sate their greed,
And dine upon your carcass.
Come, sir, as I lead the way, follow thou,
With steps as light as unwrought cotton.
[*Boniface and Messenger depart for No.* 1, *bearing each a flambeau.*]

SCENE 3d... *They arrive at No.* 1, *and give heavy raps.*
Abraham (*within, half waking.*) What's up, my spouse?
Heard you not that racket? Strike a light!
The Dauphin out of bed hath fallen!
[*The visitors rap again.*]
The Dauphin hath his neck quite broken—and
There goes the j—n. Fire! Thieves!
[*More and louder rapping.*
Who's at my chamber this late hour o'night?
Speak without, or my Derringer I'll level;
And wo be to him that my nocturnal sanctum
Doth invade at this unseasonable hour!

Boniface... (*without.*) Fear not, your Highness,
No enemy doth thee confront! 'Tis thy friends!
I am pressed by no common necessity
To thus arouse thee. 'Pon the sacred honor
Of thy most honored, loyal guest,
I do assure thee, it pains me sorely,
To thus disturb thy soothing slumber:
But a Messenger from the noble Duke of York
Doth await your Highness, instant pleasure.
He entreats thee, as thou life doth value,
To grant him instant audience.

Abraham... (*soto voce,*) [Some office seeker,
I dare say, who plays this clever ruse
To press his selfish suit. However,
As there may be danger of some fell garrote,
I'll grant him ingress, and probe the 'larum.]
[*Unlocks the door.*]
Walk in, *knight* errants,
And be quiet, while I the gas do luminate.
[*Lights the gas.*]

Mess... I beg your Highness' gracious pardon,
For this most unseasonable interruption, but,
My noble sire, and thy friend, the Duke of York,
Having great concern for your Highness' life,
Hath me despatched to warn you of a plot,
The most diabolical, and....

Abraham... (*interrupting.*) What plot, pray?
Mean you to say some arch fiend is plotting
Harm against my person? Speak!

Mess... Yea, that do I, your Highness.
List, and ye shall learn the upshot on't.
My noble Sire, who awaits your Highness,
At the palace gate, hath, like a dashing rocket,

Sent me to warn you of the fatal danger;
That the vile Plugs of the Monumental City
Hath a hatching for your swift destruction.
A trusty friend, who had the secret gained,
Did, on the wings of extra pressure steam, fly
To 'quaint my father of the plot and plotters.
By the information, the story runneth thus:.....
To-morrow, as the Programme's gazetted,
You are through seething Baltimore to pass,
The Rebels hath their machinations well arranged
To give yourself and suit a fitting welcome,
And as you the leading thoroughfare do pass,
The Plugs, in dissembling curiosity,
Will in vast array press upon you;
And at the concerted signal from their chief,
A row and tumult will commence, amain,
And waxing hotter 'till it doth culminate
Into a riot of fearful motive power!
Bowie knives, rifles and revolving shooters,
In that *melée* are all to play their purpose;
And, when the seed of this infernal plot be ripe,,
A "chance shot"...perhaps a dozen...will pierce you.
And yet, no one aimed it...'twas random "accident,"
And *accidents*, you know, are seldom honored
By compunctions that at the death go weeping.
Such, your Highness, is the full programme,
And such your danger, most imminent.
Here is a note from the Duke's own hand,
With particulars full. Read, and at once fly
Hence, by other routes, *incog*.

[*Abraham takes letter and tremblingly reads.*]

Abraham... But what, pray, *can* I do?
This note doth post me of your father's fears,

That on all the highways to the Palace
There may assassins lie concealed.

Mess... For such contingency
Have we made provision, ample!
I have raised the *Curtin*[9] from his couch,
The noble ruler of this Commonwealth,
Who hath arranged to cut the wires,
So they give no tongue that's contraband;
And thus announce, as *à la Mahomed*,
Your flight by night to Mecca.
The track is clear, and a special train
Awaits your Highness at the depot.

[*Presents a large bundle to Abraham.*]

Take this Scotch cap and monkish cloak,
And, when disguised therein, you've naught to fear,
For, by my soul, you'll cut such grostesque figure,
That e'en your spouse won't know you.

Abraham... Alas, I feel the pressure
Of your most kind regards. My inward fear
Doth move me your lead to follow;
But what of the morrow? What fresh excuse
Can our friends invent, to reconcile the crowd,
That will by thousands, flock to see me?
What will say the press, when in the wind
Of such a dodge....so very ludicrous?
Will they not post me as an arrant coward,
When as brave as Cæsar I should appear?
I must summon counsel, e'er I start
On such a steeple chase, *incognito*.
Hail the Gov'nor and his trusty friends,

9 Governor A.G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania.

That I may with him and them divide
This vast responsibility.
[*Rings the bell.*
[*Enter Boniface in great concern.*]
Boniface... I am your most obsequious servant...
What will'st your Highness?
Abraham... I would you the Gov'nor summon.
I would confer with His Excellency, instantly.
Boniface... Aye, your Highness!
His Excellency is e'en now in waiting, just below.
I will announce him at once.
[*Enter Governor and friends.*]
Abraham... Welcome to my perturbed chamber,
Most excellent Gov'nor. I did thee summon
For counsel in this perplexing throe of fear!
Hast thou learned the story? If yea, at once
Proffer me advice, most just and honorable.
Gov... That I will, your Highness.
I know it all, and have contrived a mode
Which, though it will provoke much criticism,
Will save you, harmless as a suckling dove!
By all means, depart at once, in this disguise...
Yea, before your route with prying eyes
Shall be astir.
I will explain
Your absence on the morrow; so now depart...
Yea, go at once, for time is precious
Abraham... As you will; but O,
That I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
Upon those Baltimorean, abject "Uglies!"
Small things make base men proud. Those villains
Being captains of a gang, threaten more
Than Bargulus, the dread Illyrian Pirate!

But they shall yet pay interest on their folly!
  Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bees!
It seems, indeed, impossible that I should die
By such dastard vassals as these Plug Uglies,
Whose vice move rage, but not remorse, in me;
I go, of message from the Duke of York, but
I charge ye, take me swiftly to the Palace!
  By vile Bezonians great men have died.
It was a Roman sworder and bandito slave
That great Tully murdered. Brutus' bastard hand
Stabbed Julius Cæsar,... savage Islanders
Pompey the Great, and Suffolk died by pirates...
But Abraham the First shall never fall
By Baltimore Plug assassins!
                So, don my guise
And hence I post, a monkish refugee.
[*Exeunt omnes, in great haste and secrecy.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE... *4th of March.*

[Abraham chooseth his counsellors, consisting of the Duke of York, Simon, the Leper, Gideon, the Fogy, Edward, the Barrister, Salmon, the Foxey, Caleb, of the family of Smiths, and Montgomery, the paragon.[10]

The time arrives for Abraham to doff the Scotch cap, &c., and put on the robes of power, and at 12 o'clock he, with his counsellors and soothsayers, leads a dashing pageantry for the Capitol to do some "tall swearing." The East portico, surrounded by thousands bayonets and civilians.]

[*Enter King James,*[11] *sundry Lords, Nobles, &c.*]

10 Seward, Cameron, Welles, Bates, Chase, Smith, Blair.
11 Buchanan.

Abraham . . . [*Holding up his right hand and fixing his eyes on the nude Statuary before him.*]
I now before this vast array
Of soldiers and civilians, am about to swear
To protect and preserve the nation's *Magna Charta.*
Witness, O, people and my God, that solemn oath.

Judge Taney . . . Most elevated Abraham!
Thou chosen ruler of the Jews and Gentiles
Of this great, dissevered commonwealth!
Know thou that I am the distinguished author
Of that little-understood and misquoted tale, Dred Scott,
And that by our great charter, am I empowered
To exact of thee, before God, an oath,
That thou, abjuring all other potentates,
Powers, platforms, creeds and principalities,
Will faithfully execute the statutes,
Uphold the Constitution as I expound it,
And place in trust or office, none except
The faithful of your creed and party,
So help you, Simon and the "Balance."

Abraham . . . Most learn'd and ven'rable expounder
Of the law's delays and constitutional perplexities,
With profound delight have I heard thy speech,
And in the presence of thy August Self,
God and the people, do I offer solemn oath,
To abjure all other Potentates and Powers,
(Except Powers' Greek Slave and other Slaves,)
And that I will most faithfully execute the laws,
(And the rebels, if I can catch them,)
The Constitution in all things will I obey,
(Providing with my wish it interfereth not,)
And to office not a soul will I appoint,

Except the purely "loyal" of my own party,
So help me Simon and the "Balance."

Gen. Scott (as Nestor) The deed is done,
Abraham is now monarch of all he surveys!
Soldiers, break ranks, and to your rations...
To your tents, O, Israel!
And thou, King James,
Farewell. As Dupe of Lancaster, do I 'point thee,
And may the evil of thy latter days
By no means survive thy issue!

King James... Thank God!
I no longer bear upon my galled back,
The saddle of most perplexing office,
And that politicians, spurred and booted,
Shall no longer ride me legitimately,
By the grace of God!
Adieu, adieu,
My late terror-stricken subjects... Adieu.
[*Exit King James, while Abraham seeks repose in the Palace,*]

ACT V.

SCENE... *Cabinet meeting—War and Rumors of War.*
[*Enter Abraham, Simon, Duke of York, and the Balance.*]

Arbaham... Well, my faithful Dukes,
To this solemn counsel I have you summoned,
That I may draw your opinions
Of our duty in this alarming crisis.
The Seseshers have their ugly backs up,
And are bent on early mischief;
The Palmetto state hath taken leave,
And the Everglades are on the move;

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Georgia, Alabama and Texas threaten...
The Mississippians are becoming huffy...
The Old Dominion wavers, and I fear
The whole caboodle will give us slip!
What shall be done, is now the question...
What *can* be done, is still a harder one.

Simon... I pray your Highness
Take little heed of these flying rumors.
Rest at ease 'till the offices be fill'd!
Our *friends* should be waited on
Before we pay attention to our foes!
Charity, your Highness, begins at home!

Gideon... Simon hath most fitly spoken.
'Tis clear that charity should *at home* begin:
And what greater charity than to give the spoils
To our most needy (yea, and seedy) friends,
Who hath swarmed around your Highness,
As a protecting armor, in your late peril,
And at the polls were most servicable?

Salmon... From such a *rôle* I must dissent;
Our country first, and afterwards the spoils,
Would be my motto at such time as this.

Simon... "Country" be d—d!
I've too many friends awaiting army contracts,
To trifle 'bout the "country," yet awhile!

[*Enter Messenger.*]

Mess.... Most mighty sovereign,
On our Eastern coast, the puissant rebels
Have attack'd and battered down Fort Sumter,
And they seem bent on more despr'ate mischief.
'Tis said that Beauregard commands them!
I assure your most Excellent Highness,
The very air is full of rumors. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Abraham... Some light foot friend
Post to old Nestor Scott, instanter.
Simon, thyself, or Catesby, where is he

Caleb... Catesby? He's among the rebel galleys!

Simon... I prithee, be calm!
'Twill be but an hour's bubble, then all is quiet;
To-morrow will I post a platoon of wide Awakes,
Who'll Charleston reduce to shreds... yea,
In six hours, by the watch!
Egad!
I'll make short work of these coward rebels!

Gideon... I pray your Highness, leave all to Simon,
He'll punish these recu.ant subjects!
[*Enter 2d Messenger, in haste.*]

Abraham... How, now, dolt!
What news? Why com'st thou in such haste?

2d Mess... Why, my Lord! The rebels are in arms!
Jeff. Davis is proclaimed vicegerent ruler
Of one half your Highness' realms!
He calls your Highness usurper, openly!
He vows to crown himself in Washington!
His army is a vast, ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, nude and merciless!
Old Hickory's death and your success
Hath given them heart and courage to proceed!
All Republicans, Abolitionists and gentlemen
They call false catterpillars, and intend their death!

Abraham... O, graceless Rebels...!
Fire-eating serfs....they know not what they do!

Nestor... My gracious Lord,
Retire to Chicago, 'till I a force do raise
To put them down.

Queen Margaret... Ah, were the Little Giant King,
These fiendish Rebels would be soon appeased!
[*Enter another Messenger*]
3d Mess... Sad news, my Lords!
Stonewall's varlets hath near reached Long Bridge!
The citizens fly and forsake their homes!
The rascally people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitors, and they jointly swear
To spoil this City and your loyal court.
Our legions that did yesternight go forth
Into the Bull Run gorge to meeet the Rebels,
Hath been repulsed in most disastrous slaughter,
And panic-struck, are flying hither;
And your highness,
Each soldiers wears a look of o'er-exhaustion;
While curses long and loud do rend the air!
All talk of treachery, and most affirm
That Patterson[12] is a knave or fool!

Abraham... Merciful Heavens!
Is it come to this? My very palace gates
By a mob of ragged rebels threatened,
Whom we could beat by ballots, but not by swords!
I'll go the oysters, there's treachery in camp!

Simon... Then linger not, my Lord! Away! take horse!

Abraham... Come, my Queen, Scott and our platform
Will, in this trying hour, succor us.

Q. Mar... My hope is gone, now Douglas is deceased.

Abraham... Farewell, my Lords,
Beware the Kentish rebels. To my palace
Will I retire, and note events.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

12 General Robert Patterson.

ACT VI.

SCENE—*Cabinet Convention.*

Abraham... How now, my Lords,
Have you pondered well the fearful "situation?"
The ill mishaps on Manassas' gory plains
Have wrought my mind to most nervous pitch.
What think you of a change in commander
Of our grand Potomac Army!
There's Achilles,[13]
The chivalrous West Virginia hero,
Who can from Stonewall bring those honors off,
Which alone can rid us of Jeff Davis,
The centrifugal Hector of the South!
What say you to Achilles, the young Napoleon?
Yet, in the trial, much opinion dwells—
For now, our party taste our dear repute,
With their finest palates. They trust to me,
And yet, *they* choose, and only ask my sanction—
Using me as a manikin, merely.
It is supposed,
That he who goes forth to meet the Southern Hector,
Issues from our own well studied choice,
And should disaster follow, wo betide us.

Simon... Give pardon to my speech;
Therefore, 'tis meet that Achilles meet not Hector!
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, they'll sell, if not
The luster of the better shall exceed,
By showing the baser lot at first!
Consent not that Achilles and Hector meet,
For both our honor and our party interest
Are dogg'd by two strange followers—

13 Mc Clellan.

I mean the radical and conservative *pressure.*—
Achilles is a chieftain of Democratic stock,
He's valiant, and may win too many laurels!
We must to our party interest have an eye!

Abraham... In that light, I don't exactly see it.

Simon... What glory Achilles wins from Hector,
Were he of our party, we should all share,
But success would make his party insolent,
And we had better parch in Afric's sun,
Than in the pride of Achilles' glory!
No, let us make a lottery,
And by device, let blockhead Ajax draw
The man to fight with Hector. Among *ourselves*,
Give him allowances for the better man,
For that will physic most, the proud Democracy,
Who rail in loud applause, and make them fall
Their crests, that prouder than blue iris bends!
If the dull, brainless Ajax comes safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices! Should he fail,
Yet, go we under our good opinion still,
That we have *better* men. But, hit or miss,
Our plan one good shape of sense assumes—
Ajax employed, plucks down Achilles' plumes!

D. of Y... My Lord Simon
Hath woven a most ingenious web, which
Might, and then it might not catch
The silly summer flies that buzz around
The purlieus of our royal palace. But I,
More foxey, would web for gallinippers—
They do bite and sting.
No, we must not
Our brave Achilles jump by any noodle;
For should aught of ill betide our arms,

'Twill be to party scheming charged!
The public is a tiger, which, when by degrees,
Tamed and docillated to one's own will,
Can by silken strings of sophistry be led:
But when fresh from jungles of the native herd,
'Tis no common plaything, and might, anon
Prove dangerous. We must be cautious!
[*Enter Page.*]

Page... Please your Highness,
I am press'd by a seedy courtier, just arrived,
With pale and livered face, and greasy wardrobe,
To ask him audience with your Lordships.
Shall I announce him?

Abraham... Who is he, and what his purpose?

Page... Please your Highness,
I know him not, and can but from his exterior jib
Describe him.

Simon... Well, well, what looks he like?

Page... And by the Powers that made me,,
I should be puzzled to daguerreotype him.
He's crowned with a slouched hat, *à la Mose*—
Coat and jacket drab as pale charity—
Pants of the same fabric, closely pack'd
Inside his monstrous stogas.
Such, your Lordship,
Are his quaint externals, which to other eyes,
More vulgar, 'pear as though once were clean,
Tho' now with grease and ink befuddled!
The sheepish looking stranger did flat refuse
To send his card, and I would you caution,
Scan him well, lest some cannibal spy
Shall for supper take your measure.

Abraham (*aside.*) . . . [Greeley, by thunder!
There's no mistaking that quaint description.
Wonder what the cuss desires of me?
Perhaps some contract, or foreign mission—
Or, to bore me about the duties of my oath,
Or, in the contraband *rôle* impress me!
Well, a few sugar plums must quiet him.]
Admit the stranger, I know him well.

Page . . . Your Highness,
I haste to do your bidding.
[*Aside.*]
[His Highness "knows him well," egad!
He seems familiar with all the greasy fellers!
However, I'll keep a vigil eye on the gold spoons
And silver plate, while that rustic stays.]
[*Exunt Page, and enter Gen. Greeley.*]

Abraham . . . Welcome, to our palace,
Thou most proficient mental engineer!
Wait, betimes, while I do call the lacquey,
To spunge thy dusty wardrobe.

Gen. Greeley . . . O, trouble not, sweet Abraham,
About my wardrobe, for on July 4th,
One year ago, it was quite renovated.
But, good Abraham, I'm come not, I'll swear,
All the way from York, to shake my dust
Into your royal court. I am come, commission'd
To plead before your august Lordships,
The bleeding cause of contrabands, in general!
I do demand, that ignoring all other acts,
The Confiscation Act you follow, to the letter.
Issue the Proclamation, and "on to Richmond!"
Then, by St. Paul, the rebels soon must yield,
For I have nine hundred thousand warriors

That to arms will spring, the very moment
You sound the Proclamation trump.

D. of Y. (*aside.*)... [As I have oft prognosticated,
That Greeley will yet ruin the House of Abraham.
I would he were ten leagues in Dixie.]
Well, my honest friend,
It, doth me honor to thus greet thee!
I pray thee be thou quite at home.
But, with aught valuable, meddle not—
Touch nothing here, and I'll give the "pass"
To enjoy the liberty of the palace yard!
Adieu, kind General—adieu!

Gen. Greeley (*aside.*)... Umph! Since these snobs
Are dressed in a little brief authority,
They put on airs, that cast the Bowery Thugs
Quite in the shade. Faith I'll tickle 'em
With my trusty goose quill.]
[*Exit Gen. Greeley.*]

D. of Y.... Thank God for that good riddance!
[*Enter Page.*]

Page... May it please your gracious Highness
A delegation in the ante-room doth wait
An audience with your Highness.

Abraham... Admit them not.
These interruptions doth spoil our purpose.
Salmon... Tell them we are not at home to-day.
Page... But, my Lords they did me press
Most urgent, and besides, they are your allies,
Most potent in this crisis.

Gideon... Speak, rat,
What their wish? Come, make short tongue!

Page... My Lord, I can but say,
They're black as ace o'spades, and only talk
About "Freedom" and His Highness' "policy."
Simon... Ah, I smell the rat
These are our party *protegés*. I vow,
We must not these turn off in grief.
All voices... Admit them! Admit them!
[*Enter Delegation of Contrabands.*]
Abraham... Welcome, welcome!
Most sable allies in freedom's cause!
D. of Y.... Welcome, thou motive power
Of the conflict, irrepressible.
Gideon... What can we do to serve thee!
1*st Contraband*... We hab come, Massa Abraham.
In behalf ob de gemmen ob de purest blood,
To enquire 'bout de collyzashun question.
Abraham... Aye, aye, ye do flatter me,
To thus take notice o' that important point,
Which is the Alpha and Omega of my reign.
[*Enter Messenger.*]
Simon... Why this interruption, bastard?
Mess... Pardon, your Lordships,
But Achilles; failing of ample reinforcements,
By Ajax, as he would, hath, by vast numbers,
Been quite repulsed, by Hector's Rebel Chiefs,
And hence, to Yorktown is retreating.
Achilles did chide me,
As I lov'd our country, to fly with speed
That should distance the fleetest stag,
To reach the palace, and beg your Lordships
The send him succor, instantly, or
As he bade me say, all may be lost.
[*Enter Edwin, Simon having withdrawn.*]

Edwin . . . Begone, ye lousey interloper,
And tell Achilles to give o'er Richmond—
That Ajax to guard our royal palace
Hath been directed. Tell Achilles to flee
Or fight, for no succor shall he have from me.
Salmon . . . Avaunt! Avaunt!
We've more important business now!
Our colored cousins await our pleasure!
[*Exit Messenger in grief.*]
1*st Con* . . . As I war sayin', Massa—
Abraham . . . O,—aye, I do remember,
Thou wouldst learn my arch device
To make you equals of the famed Aztecs.
2*d Con*.... No, Massa, no,
You won't 'mong dem alligators send us!
We am told you make dis war on our 'count—
Dat you promise to make us "free" and "equal,"
Just as de Declarashun 'spresses it.
But, Massa, if you send us off from friends,
Agin our wish and our free inclinashuns,
What 'comes of de "freedom" and de "quality?"
We ax you to carry out de one great principle,
Dat Massa Greeley and Sumner 'splain so much!
Abraham . . . Ah, most illiterate ignoramuses!
Thou dost ill-comprehend our party teachings.
We by no means assert you free and equal
As ourselves, among our noble selves.
Such admission would most preposterous be.
2*d Con* . . . Well, Massa, den what you mean!
Abraham . . . We mean that you are "free" to emigrate,
And "equal" to my plan of gradual extradition,
If I but give your brethren all free passes,
And my subjects foot the bills, in "freedom's" name,

That's what we mean. We all do know
That you are much inferior to our noble race,
And so long as we all remain together,
The inferior must be slaves.

1st Con... Massa, dem's most 'culiar sent'ments.
You can't dese chiles fool by any such a stuff.

2d Con... We won't go to Quito or Liberia.

3d Con... No, dat we won't.
We'll wid de white folks be free and equal,
Just as you say Massa Jefferson foretold us.

4th Con... If de darkies all dis land do leab,
What will the bobolishioners do for votes?

5th Con... Da can't do widout us,
And, Massa Abraham, we all see you d—d
Afore we go wa to hunt up "freedom!"
Good da, Massa- -good da.

[*Exeunt Contrabands.*]

Abraham (*to the Duke of York*)... I say, good Duke,
This contraband question is a double knot,
That more and more puzzles, as we make effort
To untie it. I'd rather beat the jungle,
And seize the hyena's snarling whelps,
In presence of their exasperated dam,
Than meddle with this contraband wolf.

D. of Y.... I see the troubles thicken, and irrepressible
Are becoming.

Edwin[14]... This was the fatal rock,
On which my late master, (or, rather, dupe,)
King James, did split. His affliction
Was of the Lecompton type.

14 Stanton.

Gideon... We too late find it an *ignus fatuus*,
And our party its Frankenstien creator,
Deliver us from the monster of our own creation.
Caleb... And may we 'scape Acteon's fate,
Who by his own dogs was eaten up.
Montgomery[15]... Long have I known
It was a phantom, which, for our classic party
'Twere death to hug, and no less fatal
To disembrace.
[*Enter Page.*]
Page... Please, your Highness,
The Lord Chancellor of the new Exchequer,
Doth urge your instant presence 'fore him.
Monster frauds have been discovered!
He fears that not less than five hundred millions
Hath thro' sundry agents taken wings!—
Parliament is all a-rage, and Van Wyck
Hath his portfolio filled with proofs!—
The press is loud—sedition stalks abroad?
The people are becoming restive!
Edwin... This sedition must be stopped.
Abraham... But how?
Edwin... Leave that to me.
If your Highness will sign a proclamation
Against "disloyal practices," egad, I'll warrant
To gag these malcontent editors, who
Because our favorites may appropriate
A few paltry millions, do stir up sedition!
A few exampled victims in Ft. Lafayette
Will affright the rest to silence.
Abraham... I will do anything your Lordship urges,
Tho' Proclamations are not my best holt!

15 Blair.

Caleb... Come, let's adjourn,
And con the matter o'er betimes.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT VII.

SCENE—*The Irrepressible Conflict—Storm in the Cabinet.*

Salmon... Good morrow, your Highness,
May I hope your health's par excellent?
You seldom 'pear in more rosy plight.
Abraham... Alas, your Lordship,
Appearances do oft, e'en the elect, deceive.
My physical, perhaps, wern't never better,
But in spirit am I most sorely troubled!
Yet, for that, good Lord, no matter!
I would enquire the state of our Exchequer.
The Wall St. barometer bodes storms, I fear!
The tempest swiftly comes. We must take in sail,
For by a private telegram it is announced
That our Legal Tenders won't stand the metal test,
And 'tis feared our plethoric batch of Green Backs
May sink to that old Continental standard,
When a solid cord of picture currency
Would hardly purchase one good brandy sling,
Such as I, for a levy, did once to Suckers sell!
Now, what can be done to save our credit?
Salmon... Good Father Abraham
I pray you on that score rest quite at ease,
For my ample "system" will ere long restore
The equilibrium 'twixt mint drops and our rags.
But that's neither here nor there—it's small concern,
Compared with the other matter pressing.
Abraham... What "other matter" mean your Lordship?

Salmon... Why, 'tis that peerless one,
Your counsellors have so often urged,
(Save Montgomery, Caleb and the Duke of York.)
I mean the *Proclamation.* It will at one fell swoop,
Crush the rebels and liberate the contrabands.
'Tis *cheaper* warfare than maintaining armies.

Abraham... No, no, I'll die,
E'er I'll so foul offense commit—
I cannot—will not listen to't—
So long as my spinal nerve holds out.
'Twould let loose a thousand vilest passions,
That breed in savage breasts, and loathing maggots
Would pray upon the fœtid, decomposing stench,
Until a servile rising should in butchery end.
When our jealous neighbors across the sea,
Would seize the first occasion, as it ripened,
And add to rebel strength their own vast power!
And in such event, 'tis clear, we'd lose our throne,
And our contraband rabbit i' the bargain.
We'd be like the greedy sow, seeing the moon's disc
Reflected in the well, her corn did drop,
To seize upon the new-made cheese,
And by her greed lost all her supper.

[*Enter Religious Delegation from Chicago.*]

1*st Divine*... We are come, your Highness,
To present from our great Western Synod,
A petition, urgent—that you will, at once
The Proclamation issue, and thus to Freedom
Lend the bent of your almighty power!
Say, shall we despond, or hope?

Abraham... If thou'lt convince me
That Ethiopes are of more due concernment
Than thirty millions of the Anglo Saxon race,

And that all our treasure, time and blood,
Should on black "extractions" be exhausted,
Then might I listen to your importunities.
But what can I do—of what avail
Would be my proclamation, in those parts
Where I have not the power to send an agent
To collect a shekel of our revenue?
Such a proclamation would do no more good,
Than the "Pope's Bull against the Comet!"
Or Crocket's swear against the earthquake.
[*Exeunt Delegation, in a huff.*]

D. of Y. ... Bravo! Bravo!

Edwin ... I echo bravo, (in a horn.)

Salmon (*aside, to the balance.*) ... [My Lords, go steady
We must these foibles humor, yet awhile, until
We can, by strategy, more *pressure* bring!
His Highness and the Duke of York doth fear
Too much the puissant Democracy,
And the conservatives of our own household.
But never mind—I've most cheering news
Of events, which, when ripe, will bring
His Highness down, as Scott did cooney.]

Gideon, (*aside, in reply.*) ... Ah, indeed, my Lord,
And to what new *rôle* do you refer, I pray,
That e'en in hope looks cheering?]

Salmon (*aside—responsive*) ... [I will explain:—
You must know that our most faithful friends,
The Royal Gov'nors of all New England,
Have convened at Providence, of late—
A plan of *moral coercion* to devise; and
By secret correspondence, am I advised,
That they, with sundry others, at Altoona,
Soon will meet, for more decisive action:

Then, we'll have their ultimatum—*no more troops!*
Unless the proclamation be forthcoming.
Thus you see, His Highness must succumb.]
Pardon, your highness,
My *tête à tête* with Gideon. 'Tis only
A private affair of honor!

Abraham... With all my heart, my Lord;
I observed you not. No inconvenience.
[*Aside.*]
[But I've heard enough to *settle* me
In the firm conviction that foul treachery
Doth in my very court go stalking!
I must probe this matter, and if 'tis thus,
I must yield per force of mad circumstance,
For I'll not abdicate—'twere too much
To yield up power—salary—glory—all—
Barely to show the mettle of my vertebræ,
No, no;
I'll make the most on't, and before the vile traitors
Meet, will I the Proclamation issue,
Tho' it blow the realm to atoms.]
But come, my Lords, the clock's advancing;
'Tis time to sup. Full bellies stimulate good nature.
Page, draw the curtain.

D. of Y.... And we the corks will draw.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT VIII.

SCENE—*Altoona in the foreground.*
[*Enter twelve Royal Governors.*]

Cardinal Andrew[16]... Welcome to our conclave, noble Dukes!

16 Governor John A. Andrew, Massachusetts.

This convocation is most opportune, indeed,
Since the main purpose on't is gained!
Read you not the Proclamation, just o'er the wires?
Egad! His Highness hath been bro't to milk!
Tho' I confess, he's fired 'twixt wind and water!
The Proclamation is as much a vain abortion,
As the choice we made of ruler at the polls!
However, we must *seem* to applaud it,
Or else the radical votes we lose.

Duke of Hampshire[17]... Thou hast spoken wisely,
Most gracious Cardinal. We must the potion swallow,
And feign convalescence, tho' the fell disease
In time becomes incurable!

Barron de Accident[18]... Ich weis nicht was sie sagen wollen,
Hoffe es aber bald auszufinden.

Buckeye Pasha[19]... Away with all other questions,
And let us serve the notice on Hi Highness,
That unless Achilles be deposed, at once,
And Ajax raised to favor, no more troops
Shall e'er go forth by our commands.
What say you all?

Bishop Curtin... To consent
To displacement of the brave Achilles,
Since he hath my Commonwealth defended.
With so much strategy and good omen,
Would most foul ingratitude betray,
And, besides, I know, the rebel Hector
Would glory in the change, since all else
Our Chieftains, Hector feareth not
More than the sportive winds.

17 Governor Ichabod T. Goodwin, of New Hampshire.

18 Governor (?) apparently meant for Edward Bates, but Claiborne F. Jackson was Governor of Missouri.

19 Governor William Dennison, of Ohio.

Sucker[20] . . . Well, since of his removal
The valiant Bishop doth not agree
With the greatest number of us all,
Let us take our satchels and haste to meet
His Highness at the Central Palace,
That we may His Highness congratulate
On the great wisdom of his Proclamation,
And then we may such other measures urge
That will dismiss Achilles, and Ajax favor.
Come, the cars are waiting—All aboard.
[*Exeunt twelve Royal Governors.*]

ACT IX.

SCENE.—*In the Green Room.*

[*Enter Abraham, Councillors and Politicians, Nov.*—]

Edwin . . . Well, your Highness'
How think you the elections are decided? I fear
From the blue complexion of the October fashions,
That we may suffer still greater losses.
I e'en do fear New York deserting.

Salmon . . . Poh! Impossible!

Edwin . . . I Sey-mour than perhaps you think I do,
And I begin to distrust, most seriously,
The policy of our *lettres de catchet.* That, I fear,
Hath played the d——l with our purpose.
The people, instead of being cowed, as 'twas intended,
Have been stung to madness. Look out,
I warn ye, for November gales!

Caleb . . . If we are beaten, then the jig is up,
And we must the Dic'atorship abandon,
Until the people, in more mellow mood,
Shall off their guard be napping.

20 Governor Richard Yates, Illinois.

Abraham... Thy prognostications, my Lords,
Remind me of a story, about the jackass
And the kid, which I'll relate—

Edwin... (*interrupting.*) O, d— —n the stories.
I'm sick of stories, and besides, here comes the Page
With a telegram. Now look out for thunder!
[*Enter Page.*]

Edwin... How, now—any news from York?

Page... Aye, yes, my Lord, sad news, indeed.
Seymour, the "tory,' and all his confederates,
Art chosen by most fearful odds,
And Wadsworth, alas, is *hors du combat!*

Salmon... Great Moses! Can this be so!
Then I have lost the oysters!

D. of Y.... I knew it aforetime, and thus my wager sav'd;
Your radical measures hath overturn'd our porridge.
As I have oft predicted.

Gideon... Well, Page, what news from other quarters?

Page... Ah, your Lordships, most doleful.
The Badger State hath topsy-turvy turned,
And the Suckers—right at the very door sill
Of His Highness' hermitage, have "played h—ll,"
While the Wolverines, no more grateful,
Have nearly kicked the beam!

Abraham... Alas, a fit response
To the bitter cup of my Proclamation.
O, foul conspirators! Thou hast ruined Rome,
Thou hast Cæsar stabbed. *Et tu Edwin!*
Et tu Salmon! O, Tempore! O, Mores!
Bring me no more news to night!
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT X.

SCENE—*Cabinet Meeting.*

Abraham... Alas, my Lords,
What an unkind hour is this to me!
For scarcely from delirious slumber did I wake,
On this bright, yet ill-boding morn,
E'er a courier, drunk, with dread affright,
Did call me from my couch, to pour
Into my unwilling ears, results, astounding,
Of the Proclamation in Kentucky, where,
As his story runs, the exasperated masses
Do join the rebels by scores and grand divisions!
The Border States are said to be in uproar!
The Contrabands don't "rise" as first you urg'd!
But such as have no power or will to work,
Are pressing on our lines in such vast numbers,
That loyal men do stagger 'neath the weight
That's eating out their substance. I fear,
My Lords, that we've too well succeeded
In uniting the heretofore diverse feuds
That cooled and tempered Southern rage,
And that the loyal North we have divided!
While I did the middle course conserve,
While I did Ajax o'erthrow, and did "modify"
Simon, and Brave Hunter, and while I did
Our Simon from my counsel banish,
All things went merry as a marriage bell!
The North was then a unit of power!
She did freely bleed her many millions;
And from her hill sides, plains and valleys,
Came forth her sturdy and brave legions—
Mighty and terrible as the hosts of Xerxes!
In the West—my own proud West—

The car of our triumphs was moving on!
Into our hands fell Henry and Donelson,
By the valor of troops that never quailed—
The prestige of my victorious army was felt
At Shiloh, Pea Ridge and Island Ten,
While Memphis and Mississippi's Queen,
Fell easy preys to my chivalrous legions!
  And, no less mark'd were achievements
On our Eastern coast, where to attack,
Was victory, and victory us deserted not,
Until Parliament and Cabinet essayed
To lead, and dictate plans beyond their ken,
Or power to execute. Politicians took the field—
Not in person—for they were chivalric bastards!
  Instead of trusting to our war chieftains,
They chalk'd campaigns in the caucus room,
And did them execute in the civil forum!
Heroes they made of cornstalks, alas!
To be riven by the first ill-omened blast!
Military science they whistled down the wind,
And mock'd at "spades" and "strategy!"
They've press'd me night and day—"on to Richmond,"
By measures, routes, and geometric curves,
Of which they, themselves, as the unborn babe,
Were ignorant. *Cause*, they seldom study,
But jump at theories, to reach *effect!*
When our prosperity was at its highest flow,
Did they howl like packs of arrant wolves!
To stop enlistments, and to the Proclamation
Leave the job of crushing treason.
Well,
To please the malcontents, I the Bull did issue.
Behold what followed!—the forthwith call

For six hundred thousand victims, new hecatombs
To fill, and mines to blow up more treasure!
And behold disaster on disaster, since,
Without a parallel, excuse, or palliation:
And all to please the whim of party hucksters!
Thrice hath our Grand Army—Potomac's pride!
Been repulsed and flayed by Hector's ragged serfs,
And now I find me in that dread dilemma
Where to "modify," my new *rôle*—under pressure chosen,
Would my reputation forever compromise,
And I be styled fool—dastard—nose of wax!
And yet, to persevere, on the chart ill drafted,
Would destroy my country, and dethrone my power.
So much for Buckingham! [*Aside.*]
[O, fell disasters!—ripe fruits of giving o'er
To clamors of a rabble mob, insatiate.
O, Heaven's vengeance, swift as lightning's bolt,
Resign my Cabinet—make room for Holt!]
[*Faints, and subsides into an easy chair.*]

D. of Y.— See, His Highness swoons!
His griefs do overcome him. Call the Page,
And summon quick the Knight of Physic.

Edwin.—Ho! there, without! Help!
[*Enter Citizen.*]

Cit... Pray, my Lord, what's the matter?

Edwin... O, nothing, save His Highness hath a fit;
That's what's the matter.

Abraham (*recovering*)... Cease for me, your pother,
For, in body am I quite well, indeed!
'Tis my country's cause that hath o'ercome
My agitated spirit... and *thou* the cause!

Edwin (*agitated*)—*Me* the cause!

Abraham... *You*... aye, and the whole pack of Radicals,
Who hath forc'd me to this unlucky blunder.
[*Enter Messenger.*]
Mess... Your most worshipful Highness,
I am come, by order of your chieftain Ambrose,
To' quaint you of reverses diabolical,
That your Grand Army hath just befel,
At Fredericksburg, on the fatal Rappahannock;
Your faithful legions are badly cut to pieces,
And Ambrose[21] hath across the stream retired,
Shorn of warriors, near fifteen thousand!
As brave as e'er did charge a bayonet!
Abraham... What needs Ambrose... succor?
Mess... Nay, your Highness;
He did chide me, that of troops and ammunition
He had abundance, but, less rash orders
Would better suit his, and the nation's purpose!
Edwin... That Ambrose is an arrant fool,
To thus cast suspicion on my orders!
I bade him take Fredericksburg at any cost,
And then "on to Richmond," by the shortest cut,
As pre-arranged in our party caucus;
And if he's failed, the blame be on his skirts!
Abraham.... Enough, enough!
My heart doth within me freeze to zero,
And more than ever am I now convinc'd
That party caucus can ne'er take Richmond!
The Proclamation have I uttered....fatal blunder!
And deposed Achilles... thrice fatal error!
Alas! I feel like one
Whom the vile intrigues of petty politicians
Have so incensed, that I am reckless

21 Burnside.

What I do to spite ill-fortune.
Alas, alas!
I am so weary of these sad disasters
That on any chance would I set my life
To mend it, or to be rid on't.
So cowards fight when they can fly no longer...
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons...
So desp'rate soldiers, hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers!
Dreadful is the fate whom despair hath forced
To censure Fate... and pious hope forego!
All hope is lost... welcome any fate!
Save hope deferred, to be destroyed.
My Court's dismissed, and to my sad pillow
Will I pour out my silent grief.

Exeunt omnes.]

ACT XI.

SCENE... *Senatorial Caucus in the Capitol.*

[*Enter thirty-one Senators.*]

Fessenden... Most noble Senators,
We are to this solemn purpose call'd
To take action on the late disaster!
Unless something shall be quickly done,
To rescue our army, from oblivion,
The feast of fatal blunders, we might
As well all at once resign.

Wade... But what can we do?
Will the noble Sen'tor some "Maine" end state
That we can by this caucus 'complish?

Fes... We must revolutionize
The Cabinet. Abraham, we cannot stir,

But we must demand a change at once,
Among his effete counsellors.
At least, the Duke of York
Must walk the plank! So should Edward,
In fact, the more the better, for then,
We all do stand a better chance!

Trum... That's what's the matter.

Fes... I do affirm the Duke of York
To be the cause of our sad reverses.
He is the Jonah of the Cabinet, and then,
He doth denounce the proclamation
As an idle bagatelle.

Sumner... He must go out, or else no peace
Will Abraham enjoy, Mark that.
I move that we His Highness do address
A firm, yet most decisive protest
Against the further party toleration
Of the imbecile clogs around him.
The motion's carried, and five of our number
Shall bear to Abraham our potent wishes.
Our purposes done, I declare this caucus
Dissolved till further orders.[22]

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

SCENE 2d—*Cabinet Meeting.*

[*Enter Committee of five Senators.*]

Abraham... Good morrow, your honors;
What's now agog in Parliament?

Fes... We are come, your Highness,
As select men from last evening's caucus,
To favor your Highness with this Protest.

[*Hands out a paper, which Abraham reads.*]

22 William P. Fessenden, Maine, Benjamin F. Wade, Ohio, Lyman Trumbull, Ill., Charles Sumner, Mass.

Abraham... And is this your *rôle?*
My Court will understand the purpose:
Those doughty Senators do of me demand
A modification of my Cabinet.. faith;
And the Duke of York, most faithful,
At least shall go. What say my Court?
D. of Y.... I say, your Highness,
Here's my portfolio... take it back.
I can't be useful unless I'm wholly black.
Salmon... And here's my portfolio, full of checks;
Take it, and I'll run my chance for Senator.
Montgomery... And, your Highness,
I, too am ready for the slaughter.
Edwin... I'll see 'em d... d e'er I
Will yield an Inch. I'd rather die.
Abraham... Take back your folios, all;
We're all upon ill fortune's track,
And together we will sink or swim.
Go back, ye intermeddling Solons,
Do your worst, but unless your'e the stronger,
I'll stand *this* "pressure" a little longer.
[*Exeunt Committee, exasperated.*]
Edwin... A pretty bold attempt, your Highness
For little boys to *Wade* beyond their depths,
Without bladders 'neath their arms.
[*Enter Halleck.*]
Edwin... Here comes the fatal cause
Of all our most malicious ills.
Halleck... Such epithets address you sir, to me?
I'll not brook such contemptuous slurs.
Sir, you are a coward, and never fought for spurs.
Edwin... *Me* a coward... then you're a lying whelp.
And dare not resent, without procuring help.

Halleck... (Slaps his face.) Take that, poltroon, my
legal tender,
And show how brave you play your own defender.
[*They clinch and have a savage set-to.*]
Abraham... My rabid Lords,
It grieves me sore to see this cruel sport,
Strewing blood and hair about my virtuous court.
D. of Y.... Most vicious mastiffs,
I pray you both, preserve your strength;
You'll need it all on ropes, at length.
Chandler... Let them fight.
I admire the pluck they're now begetting;
It so pleaseth me to see blood-letting.
See the claret; good Lord, how Stanton reels,
And Halleck chucks him out... head, neck and heels.
[*Exeunt, actors, drama and all.*]

MORAL.

Sad is the moral... brother shouldn't war with brother,
Nor in the Cabinet sho'd they maul each other.
May God in future forbid such exhibitions,
And rid the country of *such* vile politicians,
Lest they our rights and liberties destroy,
Is the ardent prayer of the Carrier Boy.

FINIS

THE ASSASSINATION

OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN

AS TOLD BY

CAPTAIN JOHN T. BOLTON,

THEN A LIEUTENANT OF THE PROVOST GUARD

IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

AS TOLD BY CAPTAIN JOHN T. BOLTON, THEN A LIEUTENANT OF THE PROVOST GUARD IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

WHILE in Washington, D. C. last year (1910), attending the banquet given by the Loyal Legion, I visited the house in which President Lincoln died. This was the first time I had been there since the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, when his lifeless body was brought out and placed in the hearse. There is now at this house the "Oldroyd Lincoln Memorial Collection", gathered and owned by Mr. Osborn H. Oldroyd, who is in charge of the building and shows to the numerous visitors the relics and mementos connected with the last days of the great President, and points out the objects and places of interest in the old house made historical by his death.

I was in company with a friend, and while pointing out to him the death-chamber, the position of the bed and how the President lay, Mr. Oldroyd came in behind us, and hearing my remarks to my friends, said to me: "You appear to be pretty well informed." I turned to him with the remark, "I ought to be, I had charge of the dying President the night he was assassinated, and had him brought over to this house." He seemed incredulous, and stated that a number of people had claimed to have taken a prominent part that night. I then told him of my connection with this tragedy and convinced him of the truth of my statements, and he asked me to write for him an account of the assassination as witnessed by me, and the duties I had to perform that night, stating that what I told him supplied missing links in the different accounts which he had been able to gather. Heretofore I had been unwilling

to go into public print about this occurrence, but Mr. Oldroyd has persuaded me to put in writing for him a record of events as I saw and participated in them, which account he is going to place with other data collected by him on this subject.

I felt that it would be well to have someone substantiate my story and vouch for my character. I had remained in the service a year after the close of the Civil War; the officers of my command had all scattered, and I did not know the address of a single one. I decided to write to Mr Asa Bird Gardiner, of New York, who was Adjutant of my regiment. This was successful, and the correspondence that passed between us (personal references omitted) is here given for the purpose of identifying me and corroborating the story which follows:

Norfolk, Va. February 7, 1910

Mr. Asa Bird Gardiner, New York, N. Y.

My Dear Old Friend and Adjutant of the 7th V. R. C.

No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me at this late day. It has been my desire to call on you during some of my trips to New York, and I would have availed myself of this pleasure, but for the fact that I did not know your address.

On the first of this month I attended a banquet in Washington, of the Loyal Legion, of which I am a member, and while there visited, for the first time since 1865, the house where I carried President Lincoln the night he was assassinated at Ford's Theatre. At that time I was a Lieutenant of the Provost Guard, and on duty at that place.

The house is now a kind of museum, where an enterprising citizen has gathered facts and relics bearing upon the tragedy. He was very much surprised when I showed a friend who accompanied me the position of the room and bed and how the President lay the

night he died, and on hearing of my connection with events he was anxious that I should write an account of same, stating that it would furnish a number of missing links which he had been unable to gather for a book which he has written on the subject.

You are no doubt aware that from time to time numerous articles have appeared in the press and in magazines in regard to President Lincoln's death—some true, some partly true and some erroneous. I have several times been tempted to reply to some of them, but on advice of friends have simply kept quiet. But in an instance like this, after an interval of so many years, it would not be right for me to withhold the facts after they have been asked for. To identify me and to verify my statements as far as your knowledge and recollection goes, I am writing to ask that you will be kind enough to write me a letter stating that you were Adjutant of the 7th Regiment, V. R. C., stationed in Washington, D. C. that I was a Lieutenant in this regiment; that I was detailed as Lieutenant of the Provost Guard and was on duty at Ford's Theatre the night President Lincoln was assassinated. Thanking you in advance I am, with best regards,

Yours very cordially,
JOHN T. BOLTON

Mr. Gardiner replied to this with a very warm personal letter and enclosed with it the following certificate:

February 11th, 1910.

My old and respected friend, John T. Bolton, of 170 Botetourt St., Norfolk, Va. having requested a certificate from me bearing upon his knowledge of the circumstances connected with the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln in 1865, I have to certify that at that time he was Lieutenant of the Seventh Regiment, United States Veteran Reserve Corps, and stationed at War Department Barracks in the rear of the War and Navy Departments,

Washington, D. C. He was very frequently detailed as Lieutenatn of the Provost Guard for the city of Washington, and in my capacity as Adjutant of that Corps, it was my duty to make such detail. While we were stationed at the Barracks, I recall very distinctly the story he told me in May 1865, of how he carried President Lincoln after his assassination at Ford's Theatre to the house where he died, which is now a sort of museum.

ASA BIRD GARDINER
Lieut-Col. U. S. Army, Ret'd.

7th Regt. U. S. Veteran Reserve Corps
Formerly 1st Lieutenant and Adjutant.

In 1864, I was stationed in Washington, commissioned as Lieutenant in the 7th Regiment, U. S. Veteran Reserve Corps, and detailed as Lieutenant of the Provost Guard for the city. In this service there were three Lieutenants, who among other duties had to visit the different theatres and examine the passes of all officers and soldiers attending. From the fact that a large part of the audiences of theatres was composed of army men and Washington was under military law, the Provost Guard was kept in charge of the law and order, the police having no authority to arrest soldiers. On the night that a lieutenant was on duty at Grover's theatre he had to leave there about half past eight; after most all the audience had come in, put a sergeant in charge with a detail of guards and meet a reinforcement of his patrol at 7th street and Pennsylvania Avenue. From there he went to a place of amusement called the "Canterbury," then to 9th street, to the "Varieties," and to other resorts, examining passes. It took him until two or three o'clock in the morning to complete the route. But on the next night when he went on duty at Ford's Theatre, after examining the passes, by placing a sergeant in charge of the guard he could consider himself off duty, if he so desired.

It happened that on the night of April 14th, 1865, I was on duty at Ford's Theatre and remained to see the performance, taking

a seat in the orchestra about thirty-five feet from the stage. The play "Our American Cousin" was being presented by Laura Keene. It had been announced in a newspaper that President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, General and Mrs. Grant would attend the performance there that evening. General Grant left Washington that afternoon; it was reported among the officers that a dispatch had called him to Baltimore. The President and his wife arrived accompanied by a major and a young lady, I have since been told that they were Major Rathbone and Miss Harris, a daughter of Senator Harris. They occupied an upper box on the left-hand side of the stage, and as they entered the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief," the audience all rose to their feet and applauded the President.

I was well acquainted with John Wilkes Booth, as I was with many other actors, my duties frequently throwing me in their company. While I was standing at the door that night examining passes, he passed in and out several times. I noticed nothing peculiar about his countenance or actions. As he was a very amiliar figure there and had access to the theatre at all times, his being there was taken as a matter of course.

A few minutes after ten o'clock, during the third act of the play, the report of a pistol-shot rang out through the building; immediately a man emerged from the President's box, lowered himself by his left hand from the plush cushion on the railing in front of the box and dropped to the stage, coming down on one knee and hand. He sprang to his feet at once and limped across the stage shouting "Sic Semper Tyrannis." I thought that all of this was a surprise in the play, and so did everyone there that I conversed with about it afterward. Not another sound was heard nor any outcry made. The first intimation we had was after Booth had crossed the stage, when "Bill" Ferguson, who kept a saloon next door to the theatre, rose from his seat in the orchestra near the stage and pointing to the President's box, cried out: "My God—

The President's shot." The whole audience was on their feet in an instant and the aisles were immediately filled with a bewildered and excited throng. I rushed over the empty orchestra seats, got on the stage and made for the entrance. I was told there that the assassin had escaped on horseback.

My duty was then with the President. There was no way of reaching his box by the entrance, on account of the crowd that blocked the way, and running across the stage just under the box a number of citizens lifted me until I could reach the railing of the box, which was nine feet above the stage. I climbed in and found the President lying at full length on his back; his right eye was black and swollen and he was breathing heavily. Three or four persons had already come into the box from the dress circle entrance, and we immediately stripped his clothing to find where he was wounded. Mrs. Lincoln was not in the box when I entered it; she came back while we were searching for the wound, and grasping my elbow, exclaimed, "My husband, my husband." I led her to the adjoining box and returned to the President. In turning him over on his side, we located the wound. He was shot in the back of his head, a little to the left and about two and one half inches from his ear, the bullet—as was found later—lodging just behind his right eye.

At this point I went to the front of the box and ordered the house cleared. This was practically a waste of breath. The women as well as the men made no attempt to leave, but held their ground in their anxiety to learn whether it were a reality that such foul murder had been done. A few of my guard had reached the box by this time, and calling upon a few citizens to help them, I ordered the President carried out of the theatre so that he could be taken to some place where he could receive medical attention. This was accomplished with great difficulty; those in front of us were willing to give way, but those in the rear under the terrible

excitement were pressing forward, and I had to threaten them and actually use the flat of my sword before a passage way was opened. We finally succeeded in getting him out of the building, and as we reached the sidewalk a young man coming from across the street called out; "Bring him over here." There was no other place that we knew of to take him, so we accepted the invitation and carried him across the street into this young man's room, which was on the floor above the basement and at the end of the hall. The bed was pulled out from the corner and placed near the center of the room, and we laid the President upon it. Some surgeons had come in with us, and leaving him in their charge I returned to the street and made an effort to clear the block. While I was so engaged, a vidette approached on horseback, exclaiming; "A plot, a plot! Secretary Seward's throat is cut from ear to ear; Secretary Stanton is killed at his residence; General Grant is shot at Baltimore and Vice-President Johnson is killed at the Kirkwood House." The excitement then was intense; words fail to describe it. I have in mind now an army captain in the street who lost his reason, becoming raving mad, and I was compelled to place him in charge of two of my guards and send him to the central guard house. Finding it an impossible task to clear the street with the small force under my command, I asked the vidette just referred to, to ride with all speed to the "Circle" and tell them there to send a squadron of cavalry. These soon arrived and the block was cleared and guards stationed across the street above and below Mr. Peterson's house, where the President lay.

Soon after the guards were established with orders to let no one pass, Secretary Stanton made his appearance and I escorted him to the bedside of the President. I afterward took orders from and reported to him at intervals during the night. His orders were "Admit only general surgeons." No one knew how far the plot extended or who was involved in it, and as an extra precaution I placed a guard at the rear of the house, not knowing but that an

attempt might be made on the lives of some of those present. From time to time I was called by the guard, to find different people who wanted admittance, claiming to be Senators, Congressmen, friends of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln &c. I told them of my orders from Secretary Stanton, and some of them asked to have their names mentioned to him. In some instances he would say "Admit him quietly." In others he would make no reply. A few minutes after seven o'clock on the morning of April 15th, Mr. Lincoln breathed his last. Mrs. Lincoln was summoned from the front parlor, where she had been waiting all night, to the death chamber. At this time I was in the hall and I recall very vividly the words she said as she passed me; they were; "Oh; why didn't you have me to him." (*sic*) After he died, Colonel Vincent—since promoted to General—asked me if I could get him a silver half-dollar; one of the officers had one and he wanted another to place over the President's eyes, to keep them closed after death. I obtained one from the landlady of the Falstaff House next door, giving her a dollar greenback for it, which was then the value of silver as compared with paper currency. This coin is still in my possession.

Forming my guard in line, we presented arms to the body of the President as it was carried past us to the hearse, after which I was relieved from duty.

From the *Norfolk, Va. Ledger*, 1914

(Captain Bolton served in the United States Army until a year after the close of the war, when he was retired with the rank of Captain).

"IN MEMORIAM."

I LEAVE to other and abler pens the proper eulogy of Mr. Lincoln, as a ruler, and a statesman, and the estimate of his work and place in history. Favored during the past year with six months' familiar intercourse with him under the same roof, be it my pleasant task to recall and record for the gratification of those who never came into personal contact with the great and good man, some incidents, of interest now as illustrations of his character and daily life, mostly the result of my own observation.

There is a very natural and proper desire, at this time, to know something of the religious experience of the late President. Statements are in circulation in this connection, which, to those who knew him intimately, seem so *unlike* him, that for one I venture to enter my protest, and to assert that I believe such stories, either to be wholly untrue, or the facts in the case to have been unwarrantably embellished. Of all men in the world, Mr. Lincoln was the most unaffected and truthful. He rarely or never used language loosely or carelessly, or for the sake of compliment. He was the most utterly indifferent to, and unconscious of, the effect he was producing, either upon dignitaries or the common people, of any man ever in public position.

Mr. Lincoln could scarcely be called a *religious* man, in the common acceptation of the term, and yet a sincerer *Christian* I believe never lived. A constitutional tendency to dwell upon sacred things; an emotional nature which finds ready expression in religious conversation and revival-meetings; the culture and development of the religious element till the expression of religious thought and experience becomes almost habitual, were not among his characteristics. Doubtless he felt as deeply upon the great questions of the soul and eternity as any other thoughtful man, but the

very tenderness and humility of his nature would not permit the exposure of his inmost convictions, except upon the rarest occasions, and to his most intimate friends. And yet, aside from emotional expression, I believe no man had a more abiding sense of his dependence upon God, or faith in the Divine government, and in the power and ultimate triumph of Truth and Right in the world. In the language of an eminent clergyman of this city, who lately delivered an eloquent discourse upon the life and character of the departed President, "It is not necessary to appeal to apocryphal stories, in circulation in the newspapers—which illustrate as much the assurance of his visitors as the depth of his own sensibility—for proof of Mr. Lincoln's Christian character." If his daily life, and various public addresses and writings, do not show this, surely nothing can demonstrate it.

But while impelled to disbelieve some of the assertions upon this subject, much commented upon in public as well as private, I feel at liberty to relate an incident in this connection, which I have not seen published, and which bears upon its face unmistakable evidence of truthfulness. A lady interested in the work of the Christian Commission, had occasion, in the prosecution of her duties, to have several interviews with the President, of a business nature. He was much impressed with the devotion and earnestness of purpose she manifested, and on one occasion, after she had discharged the object of her visit, he leaned back in his chair and said to her; "Mrs.——, I have formed a very high opinion of your Christian character, and now as we are alone, I have a mind to ask you to give me, in brief, your idea of what constitutes a true religious experience." The lady replied at some length, stating that, in her judgment, it consisted of a conviction of one's own sinfulness and weakness, and personal need of the Saviour for strength and support; that views of mere doctrine might and would differ, but when one was really brought to feel his need of Divine help, and to seek the aid of the Holy Spirit for strength and guidance, it was satis-

factory evidence of his having been born again. This was the substance of her reply. When she had concluded, Mr. Lincoln was very thoughtful for a few moments. He at length said very earnestly, "If what you have told me is really a correct view of this great subject, I think I can say with sincerity, that I hope I am a Christian. I had lived," he continued, "until my boy Willie died, without realizing fully these things. That blow overwhelmed me. It showed me my weakness as I had never felt it before, and if I can take what you have stated as a *test*, I think I can safely say that I know something of that *change* of which you speak, and I will further add, that it has been my intention for some time, at a suitable opportunity, to make a public religious profession!"

The desire to know of the *inner* experience of one whose *outward* life had so impressed him, and his own frank and simple utterance thereupon, are so characteristic as to render this account, which was given me by a friend, extremely probable. He was not what I would call a *demonstrative* man. He would listen to the opinions of others on these subjects with great deference, even if he was not able to perceive their force, but would never express what he did not feel in response. I recollect his once saying, in a half soliloquy, when we were alone, just after he had been waited upon by a committee or delegation, with reference to securing his coöperation in having the name of God inserted in the Constitution: "Some people seem a great deal more concerned about the *letter* of a thing, than about its *spirit*," or words to this effect.

Too much has not been said of his uniform meekness and kindness of heart, but there would sometimes be afforded evidence, that one grain of sand too much would break even *this* camel's back. Among the callers at the White House one day, there was an officer who had been cashiered from the service. He had prepared an elaborate defence of himself which he consumed much time in reading to the President. When he had finished, Mr. Lincoln replied

that even upon his own statement of the case the facts would not warrant executive interference. Disappointed, and considerably crest-fallen the man withdrew. A few days afterward, he made a second attempt to alter the President's convictions, going over substantially the same ground, and occupying about the same space of time, but without accomplishing his end. The *third* time he succeeded in forcing himself into Mr. Lincoln's presence, who with great forbearance listened to another repetition of the case, to its conclusion, but made no reply. Waiting for a moment, the man gathered from the expression of his countenance that his mind was unconvinced. Turning very abruptly, he said, "Well Mr. President, I see that you are fully determined not to do me justice!" This was too aggravating even for Mr. Lincoln. Manifesting, however, no more feeling than that indicated by a slight compression of the lips, he very quietly arose, laid down a package of papers he held in his hand, and then suddenly seizing the defiant officer by the coat collar, he marched him forcibly to the door, saying as he ejected him into the passage, "Sir, I give you fair warning never to show yourself in this room again. I can bear censure, but not insult!" In a whining tone the man begged for his papers which he had dropped. "Begone, sir," said the President, "Your papers will be sent to you. I never wish to see your face again!"

Late one afternoon a lady with two gentlemen were admitted. She had come to ask that her husband, who was a prisoner of war, might be permitted to take the oath and be released from confinement. To secure a degree of interest on the part of the President, one of the gentlemen claimed to be an acquaintance of Mrs. Lincoln; this however received but little attention, and the President proceeded to ask what position the lady's husband held in the rebel service. "Oh," said she, "he was a captain." "*A captain,*" rejoined Mr. Lincoln, "indeed, rather too big a fish to set free simply upon his taking the oath! If he was an officer, it is proof positive that he has been a zealous rebel; I can not release him." Here the

lady's friend reiterated the assertion of his acquaintance with Mrs. Lincoln. Instantly the President's hand was upon the bell-rope. The usher in attendance answered the summons. "Cornelius, take this man's name to Mrs. Lincoln, and ask her what she knows of him." The boy presently returned with the reply that "*the Madam*" (as she was called by the servants) knew nothing of him whatever. "It is just as I suspected," said the President. The party made one more attempt to enlist his sympathy, but without effect. "It is of no use," was the reply. "I can not release him!" and the trio withdrew in high displeasure.

One day the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens called with an elderly lady, in great trouble, whose son had been in the army, but for some offence had been court-martialed, and sentenced either to death or imprisonment at hard labor for a long term, I do not recollect which. There were some extenuating circumstances, and after a full hearing the President turned to the representative and said: "Mr. Stevens, do you think this is a case which will warrant my interference?" "With my knowledge of the facts and the parties," was the reply, "I should have no hesitation in granting a pardon." "Then," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I will pardon him" and he proceeded forthwith to execute the paper. The gratitude of the mother was too deep for expression, save by her tears, and not a word was said between her and Mr. Stevens until they were half way down the stairs on their passage out, when she suddenly broke forth in an excited manner with the words, "I knew it was a copperhead lie!" "What do you refer to, madam?" asked Mr. Stevens. "Why, they told me he was an *ugly* looking man," she replied with vehemence. "He is the *handsomest* man I ever saw in my life!" And surely for that mother, and for many another, throughout the land, no carved statue of ancient or modern art, in all its symmetry, ever can have the charm which will forevermore encircle that care-worn but gentle face, expressing as was never expressed before, "MALICE TOWARD NONE—CHARITY FOR ALL."

Never shall I forget the scene early one morning, when, with the help of some of the workmen and special police at the capitol, the large painting upon which I was engaged during the six months I was with Mr. Lincoln, representing the President and cabinet in council on the Emancipation Proclamation, was first lifted to a place, temporarily, in the Rotunda. Shortly after it was fixed in its position over the northern door leading to the Senate, a ray of sunshine came struggling in from the upper part of the great dome, and fell directly upon the face and head of the beloved President, leaving all the rest of the picture in shadow. "Look!" exclaimed one of the policemen, pointing to the canvas, in a burst of enthusiasm, "that is as it should be, God bless him; may the sun shine upon his head for ever!"

My attention has been two or three times called to a paragraph now going the rounds of the newspapers concerning a singular apparition of himself in a looking glass, which Mr. Lincoln is stated to have seen on the day he was first nominated at Chicago. The story as told is quite incorrect, and is made to appear very mysterious, and believing that the taste for the supernatural is sufficiently ministered unto, without perverting the facts, I will tell the story as the President told it to John Hay, the assistant private secretary, and myself. We were in his room together about dark the evening of the Baltimore Convention. The gas had just been lighted, and he had been telling us how he had that afternoon received the news of the nomination of Andrew Johnson, for Vice President before he heard of his own.

It seemed that the dispatch announcing his re-nomination had been sent to his office from the War department, while he was at lunch. Directly afterward, without going back to the official chamber, he proceeded to the War department. While there the telegram came, announcing the nomination of Johnson. "What," said he to the operator, "do they nominate a Vice President before

they do a President?" "Why," replied the astonished official, have you not heard of your own nomination? It was sent to the White House two hours ago." "It is all right," replied the President, "I shall probably find it on my return."

Laughing pleasantly over this incident, he said, soon afterward, "A very singular occurrence took place the day I was nominated at Chicago four years ago, which I am reminded of to-night. In the afternoon of the day, returning home from down town, I went up stairs to Mrs. Lincoln's sitting room. Feeling somewhat tired I laid down upon a couch in the room directly opposite a bureau upon which was a looking glass. As I reclined, my eye fell upon the glass and I saw distinctly *two* images of myself, exactly alike, except that one was a little paler than the other. I arose, and laid down again with the same result. It made me quite uncomfortable for a few moments, but some friends coming in, the matter passed out of my mind. The next day while walking in the street, I was suddenly reminded of the circumstance, and the disagreeable sensation produced by it returned. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and did not know what to make of it. I determined to go home and place myself in the same position, and if the same effect was produced, I would make up my mind that it was the natural result of some principle of refraction or optics, which I did not understand, and dismiss it. I tried the experiment with the same result, and as I had said to myself, accounting for it on some principle unknown to me, it ceased to trouble me." "But," said he, "sometime ago, I tried to produce the same effect *here*, by arranging a glass and couch in the same position, without success." He did not say, as is asserted in the story as printed, that either he or Mrs. Lincoln attached any omen to it whatever. Neither did he say that the double reflection was seen while he was walking about the room. On the contrary it was only visible in a certain position and at a certain angle, and therefore he thought could be accounted for upon scientific principles. I have mentioned this

story only to show upon what a slender foundation a marvelous account may be built!

At one of the "levees," a year ago last winter, during a lull in the hand-shaking, he was addressed by two familiar lady friends, one of whom is now the wife of a member of the cabinet. Turning to them with a weary air, he remarked that it was a relief to have now and then those to talk to, who had no favors to ask. The lady referred to is a strong radical—a New Yorker by birth—but for many years a resident with her husband at the West. She replied, playfully, "Mr. President, I *have* one request to make." "Ah!" said he at once, looking grave; "well, what is it?" "That you suppress the infamous—— ——" (Chicago Times) was the rejoinder. After a brief pause, Mr. Lincoln asked her if she had ever tried to imagine how she would have felt, in some former administration to which she was opposed, if her favorite newspaper had been seized by the government and suppressed. The lady replied that it was not a parallel case, that in circumstances like those then existing, when the nation was struggling for its very life, such utterances as were daily put forth in that journal should be suppressed by the strong hand of authority; that the cause of loyalty and good government demanded it. "I fear you do not fully comprehend," returned the President, "the danger of abridging the *liberties* of the people. Nothing but the very sternest necessity can ever justify it. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration, than to do aught that could be construed into an interference with, or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of its citizens."

One more example of the exercise of the pardoning power, will conclude this brief sketch. It may excite a smile, as well as a tear; but it may be relied upon as a veritable relation of what actually transpired. A distinguished citizen of Ohio had an appointment with the President one evening at six o'clock. As he entered the

vestibule of the White House, his attention was attracted by a poorly-clad young woman who was violently sobbing. He asked her the cause of her distress. She said that she had been ordered away by the servants, after vainly waiting many hours to see the President about her only brother, who had been condemned to death. Her story was this: She and her brother were foreigners, and orphans. They had been in this country several years. Her brother enlisted in the army, but, through bad nfluences, was induced to desert. He was captured, tried and sentenced to be shot—the old story. The poor girl had obtained the signatures of some persons who had formerly known him, to a petition for a pardon, and, alone, had come to Washington to lay the case before the President. Thronged as the waiting rooms always were, she had passed the long hours of two days trying in vain to get an audience, and had at length been ordered away.

The gentleman's feelings were touched. He said to her that he had come to see the President, but did not know as *he* should succeed. He told her, however, to follow him up stairs and he would see what could be done for her. Just before reaching the door Mr. Lincoln came out, and meeting his friend said good humoredly, "Are you not ahead of time?" The gentlemen showed him his watch with the hand upon the hour of six. "Well," returned Mr. Lincoln, I have been so busy to-day that I have not had time to get a lunch. Go in, and sit down, I will be back directly."

The gentleman made the young woman accompany him into the office, and when they were seated, said to her, "Now my good girl, I want you to muster all the courage you have in the world. When the President comes back he will sit down in that arm-chair. I shall get up to speak to him, and as I do so, you must force yourself between us, and insist upon his examination of your papers, telling him it is a case of life and death, and admits of no delay." These instructions were carried out to the letter. Mr. Lincoln

was at first somewhat surprised at the apparent forwardness of the young woman, but observing her distressed appearance, he ceased conversation with his friend and commenced an examination of the document she had placed in his hands. Glancing from it to the face of the petitioner, whose tears had broken forth afresh, he studied its expression for a moment and then his eye fell upon her scanty, but neat dress. Instantly his face lighted up. "My poor girl," said he, "you have come here with no governor, or senator or member of congress, to plead your cause. You seem honest and truthful; *and you don't wear hoops*—and Iwill be whipped but I will pardon your brother!"

F. B. CARPENTER.

(From *Hours at Home*, N. Y., June, 1865)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

"THE Union must and shall be preserved," said Andrew "Jackson; "Free trade and sailors' rights," said Madison; "Millions for defence, but not a cent for tribute," was the stirring apothegm of Randolph; "We are all Federalists, we are all Republicans," was the famous declaration of Thomas Jefferson. All these speeches have been greatly admired, and regarded as unmistakable evidences of greatness in those who uttered them. They all roused the popular feeling, or, as the saying is, "fired the national heart." We need not say, how utterly hollow the fourth of them proved to be. The first was undoubtedly made with all sincerity of feeling, with all earnestness of purpose at the time. General Jackson meant to preserve the Union, doubtless; his patriotism was unquestioned, and yet we all know how South Carolina triumphed in that business. Clay compromised, Jackson was willing to have it so, and then the rebellious State withdrew her ordinance of nullification; but it was not until the Tariff had been destroyed to please her. The Union was diplomatically preserved, but with a wound that has made its later preservation cost 3,000,000,000 dollars and 1,000,000 men. Still it was a grand saying. It has become a part of our national speech; it has brought great glory to him who made it. It has been used to the reproach of one who was supposed to fall behind Jackson in spirit and energy. O, if we only had at the helm the Hero of New Orleans! How often was this said in the beginning, and almost to the close, of our great conflict! Friends of Lincoln sometimes said it as well as his enemies: "Why don't the man talk like Jackson?" The writer confesses to his having had, at times, no small share of the same feeling. Over and over again, during these terrible years, has he been tempted to say: O why is he so slow? Why does he not rise to the greatness of the occasion? Why all this timid cautiousness, this looking before and after, this watching the symptoms of

the times, and the spirit of the nation, until that spirit is paralyzed and destroyed? Why does he not "go ahead?" Why does he not lead the people, instead of seeming to lean upon them, and all but imploring their support? Why could he not say, like Andrew Jackson, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved," or something like it to fire the national heart? We read of times when Mr. Lincoln was called out, as the saying is. Some delegation address him—it may be of foes or friends —or some crowd gathers beneath his windows. We are disappointed in his oratory. He does not fire them. He only argues with them in his homely* Illinois style. His only object is to *convince*. He seems to think, plain-trust ng soul, that he can surely place in other minds the truth so loved and clear, that lies within his own; and that that is all which is needed. And so he labors with them by fact and argument, by anecdote and reason. O what a time, we say, to have made a speech—a taking speech—to have played the Roman! It might have been done, too, with all sincerity; for *sincerity* is a very cheap and shallow virtue, a mere surface effervescence that may create itself by its own words and imaginings, whilst far below lies that calm spiritual *truthfulness* which formed the deep basis of Mr. Lincoln's character.

Again and again has there been in the writer's mind this feeling of disappointment, only to be followed as often by the same experience and the same confession—Lincoln was right, after all. And then, when the event has justified his words, the thought has come up: what higher than human wisdom, or any human heroism, is so steadily guiding and nerving this man to make his way through wilds and thickets when the highest earthly counsel could only say—Rush madly on, and the very boldness of the action, as it may possibly ruin all, so may it, peradventure, ensure success.

*This word "homely" has often been applied to Mr. Lincoln's speeches. Taken rightly, it is just the thing. *Homely* is *home-like*. They are of very different etymologies, but in some of its applications, *homely* is not far from *comely*.

That Abraham Lincoln could use language well and most effectively, we want no better evidence than his well-known discussion with Mr. Douglas in 1857. And yet he was not distinguished for what is generally styled eloquence. He must have some question of deep interest to discuss. He must have somebody (be it an audience large or small, or even some single individual) to *convince*—to make to feel, calmly, as he ever felt, and to understand clearly as he ever understood. His truthful soul acknowledged no other aim of speech or eloquence than such conviction, as true and clear, and, therefore, as deep and lasting as his own. All else was worthless; all else would be blown away by the next *ad captandum* speech addressed to their likings or their prejudices, their heroic or their unheroic impulses, their higher or their more vulgar emotions.

Mr. Lincoln could have talked like Andrew Jackson He could not have been as lofty as Webster, or as polished as Everett, but he could have spoken as well as they to the national impulses. Why did he not, then, have more to say about the national flag and the soaring eagle, about "Liberty and Union one and indivisible," and the "manifest destiny" of the American people, and "the Union must and shall be preserved," until he had lifted himself and his hearers into greatness through our sheer American love of saying or hearing great things? The simple answer is that Mr. Lincoln was, in the truest sense, too great to do this—at least in the trying circumstances in which he was placed. It might have done at other times, but now all such *acting* must be put away, for the veritable ACTION, the veritable drama, had come. The stern reality was here. The greatness of Mr. Lincoln's character—and every succeeding age will bring it more to light—was its unsullied truthfulness. He could not say things merely "*for effect.*" There is no use in caviling about this term, and saying, what is speech good for at all, if it is not to produce some *effect?* We well understand what is meant by the phrase as thus used. Mr. Lin-

coln could not do it. He could not well do so at any time, much less in the awfully searching ordeal through which he and the nation were called to pass: the ship upon a lee shore, the crew amazed or treacherous, the billows breaking over her in every direction, the storm thunder rolling above, and the "hell of waters" yawning below. There was but one question, how to escape the

Αδην πόντιον

the "abysmal Hades" of conspiracy of secession and of anarchy, into which we were plunging. It was no time for heroics, no time we say, for *acting*, but for *action*, patient, strong unwearied. All had been said that could be said. Work and watching were the business of the hour—the eye in every direction, the foot placed firmly for every move, the hand steady for every grasp, that might be required—words, not to be thrown away in vain hurrahs, but reserved for that steady counsel, that well adapted order which the exigencies of each moment might demand for the crew, and which any display of the theatrical, at such a time, might, lead them to neglect. No language was to be used, that might, in any mind, substitute the ideal for the actual, or turn, for an instant, away from truth and duty.

Abraham Lincoln was a most *truthful* man, and this, we say again, was the essential element of his greatness. We have not chosen the word carelessly, as though it denoted merely a good degree of some quite ordinary quality. It is a rare thing—quite rare, among men. *Honesty* is common, *sincerity* is still more common, almost universal we might say, but *truthfulness*, the pure harmony of the inward and the outward man, is a thing not often found on earth, and must, when it occurs, be prized in Heaven. Lincoln has been widely called *honest*. We would not disparage the epithet. Could it rise again to the ancient sense of the Latin *honestas*, it might approach the idea we endeavor to present in the other term; but, as now used, it means but very little. *Sincerity*

means still less. A great many men, it may be said, are honest, but we are, almost all of us, sincere—very sincere—in some way. Men are, sometimes, most sincere when most greatly wicked. Petty crimes are consistent with a wanton hypocrisy that seeks no veil, even from itself; but seldom has there been a great crime committed on the earth without the parties being, in some stages, very sincere, yea, sometimes, very religious in it. Something of both these elements seem almost necessary to what may be called a very great or uncommon sin. We have read history in vain not to see that the amount of sincerity, and even of enthusiasm, that men may have worked themselves into, is often precisely the measure of the evil that is in their hearts; and of the evil they are committing. It is in proportion to the absence of that other quality of deep spiritual truthfulness that might have kept them from the self-deception on which such sincerity is grounded. Who was ever more sincere than Robespierre? Who was ever more sincere than the filibuster Walker? Who had more of this quality than Jefferson Davis? It is the very presence of sincerity without truthfulness that made him, in all these respects, the very opposite of Abraham Lincoln.

"Lord who shall abide in thy tabernacle; who shall dwell in thy holy hill? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, he that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth *in his heart.*" Here we have the character divinely limned in the xvth and xxivth Psalms. "That speaketh the truth IN HIS HEART"—speaks it to himself—allows of no lie even in his imagining or his thinking, suffers no shadow of self-deception to darken the light within his own soul, has no ideal with which his actual (though falling below it may well be) is not in perfect serial harmony. O how rare is this, and how sublime! Much as we may try to maintain outward truth in our worldly relations, and easy as we may think it thus to do—for what can be easier, one might say than to be honest, if a man chooses to be it—still this character of being

true to one's self amid all the falsities that crowd into our inner as well as our outward being—true in the spirit— "speaking the truth *in the heart,*" and *to* the heart—*ἀλη θεύων ἐν ἀ γάπη** "truthful in love"—"truth in the inward parts," that truth which God "desireth."† O this is rare, very rare in the world, rare even in the church. This guilessness of the spirit makes no show outwardly, for it is a light that reflects itself within, but it shines far up in heaven, as one of the rare and precious things of earth, even as the *Urim* and *Thummim*, the "Light and the Truth," that symbolize this state of soul, sent up their clear lustre from the breast-plate of Aaron as "he bore the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually."

If there can be such a thing as human merit in the divine sight, it is this perfect truthfulness of soul that loves the truth whenever found, and yet seeks to *appear*, before God and man, no other than what it really *is*. But we are not disposed to magnify any mere human righteousness. Nothing but that heavenly thing we call grace could have produced such a character, as we conceive it to be, none the less divine though so purely human in its exercise and manifestation. And it *was* grace, we may believe, that formed so true, so truthful, this unpretending, unprofessing man—grace working silently in aid of a pious mother during his early life of hardship and obedience—grace supporting him in the trying circumstances in which God had placed him for the salvation of all that was most precious in our American institutions. Mr. Lincoln has been called a self-made man. We do not like the phrase, but are willing to concede that such he might be said to be intellectually, or in respect to the acquisition of mere outward knowledge. We can hardly think it of this his higher spiritual state, so true and so unearthly. And here again the two men, before compared, may be said to be in signal contrast. It was rich outward culture that formed Davis intellectually. *Morally* HE was the

*Ephesians iv. 15. †Psalm li, 6.

self-made man, the product of his own unholy selfishness. It was nothing else but his own dark ambition, connected with an utter want of self-revealing truthfulness, that gave him that intense sincerity in wrong—that wholly evil sincerity which deluged a peaceful continent in blood.

It has sometimes seemed to the writer that among the surprises that will meet the disrobed spirit in its first transition to another sphere of life, the greatest of all will be an overpowering feeling of reality, such as it never experienced, however honest and sincere it had aimed to be, among the abounding, ever surrounding, outward and inward falsities of the present earthly existence. No concealment now, no disguises, no deceiving others, no hiding from one's self. The very conception has become an impossibility. All things "stand naked and open" before the burning eye of truth; or as the Psalmist says it, "Thou dost set our secret sins in the light of thy countenance." All real; everything appearing just as it is, whether vile or holy, beautiful or deformed. Malignity there may be there, evils beyond any present powers of conception, sins of the spirit greater than any sins of the flesh, surpassing any measure now found on earth; but lies forever banished. No word or spiritual utterance can ever go beyond the exact scale of its meaning, either for the soul that hears, or the soul that speaks it. No sentimentalisms, no heroics, no talking "for effect" that does not immediately betray its unmeaningness or its falsehood—it may be to the startling surprise even of him that gives it utterance. No more putting evil for good, or darkness for light. No more confounding the love of opinions with the love of truth. No more misapprehending that oft times intensest form of selfishness, a furious platform zeal, for true philanthropy. No more mistaking our words for our thoughts, our thinking for our becoming, our imaginings for our very being. No more putting an abstract ideal we have *admired* for the low actual we have *chosen*. No more cheating ourselves by substituting specious *reasons* for vile *motives*—

the justifying pleas of the intellect, that are ever at hand, for the real moving powers of sense and selfishness that have reigned in our hearts. All this has ceased forever. All deception, whether of ourselves or others, has become a simple impossibility. The shadows are gone, truth has come. In such a spiritual atmosphere the best of men we have known on earth may experience an unwonted chill, a strange awe of the real and the true, they have never so felt before. Our lamented President has gone to that land of reality. We would speak cautiously and reverently here. Doubtless hath he learned more of himself than he ever knew before. Doubtless in the presence of that higher law hath he seen more of his own deficiencies than his humble spirit, though always so truthfully acknowledging them, ever saw on earth. Still would we express the belief that in the throng of souls that are ever passing from this world of falsehood, few there are, even of the professedly religious, that will find themselves more in harmony with that unclouded sphere, more serenely at rest in that "divine tabernacle," that "holy hill" of truth, than the loved shade for whose departure we have all so lately and so deeply mourned. "Blessed are the meek. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

But this may seem like trespassing on things too holy. Let us return to Abraham Lincoln's earthly life, to that earthly truthfulness of speech and character on which we love to dwell. He would not, or he could not, say things for mere effect, however much the foe may have sneered at him for his supposed incompetency, or the friend have lamented that he did not popularize his influence by playing the sage or the hero. We could have wished him more, in some respects, like Jefferson and Jackson; but he was neither, and it was a part of his substantial greatness that he would never appear, or wish to appear, that which he was not. Nothing, however, could be more false than to deny him the power of truly effective speaking. How well he could retort when the right occasion

arose, and pure truth demanded it, is well known. The men who undertook to lecture him about Vallandigham's arrest will not forget, or, if they are obtuse enough to do so, the nation will long remember, how perfect the reply, how keen the sarcasm—we would call it if its perfect truthfulness, which was its power, did not demand a higher and purer epithet.

It must be confessed however, that there were times when he was not happy in this business of public speaking. It was rather coarsely said by one who had not been a political friend, that "to save his life Mr. Lincoln could never make a good impromptu speech." There was some truth in this. At times when there was really little to be said—on mere occasions of political ceremony, or of party etiquette—he really made very poor work in expressing himself. Mr. Lincoln could not talk *to* nothing, or *about* nothing. It is astonishing what a gift, or rather what a knack, some men have for this sort of thing; how glibly they can talk and write, how many words they can use—all pretty fair, grammatical English, too —and yet mean nothing—actually say nothing. The "inexpressibility of their feelings," the "purity of their motives"—this is ever the rondo with variations, carried through every key of the musical scale. Mr. Lincoln could not do this; he had little or nothing to say of the purity of his motives, and seldom alluded at all to his inward feelings. We remember but one occasion of his ever indulging in such a course, but that was memorable for the deep evidence it presented of truth and heartiness. A crowd had gathered to congratulate him on his re-election. He did not, as he could not, suppress the pure gratification which that event afforded; but another thing was struggling in his thoughts, and he must give it utterance. It was the remembrance of his competitor—of the man who had bravely striven with him against the common foe, and who had as earnestly striven against him in the political contest. He thought of his defeat, and the chafing soreness it must occasion to an ardent and sensitive spirit. It seems to have saddened him that his own

success should have been obtained at such a price. "If I know my own heart," says this great humble man, "it gives me no pleasure to triumph over anybody." No one, whether friend or foe, ever doubted the deep, hearty feeling that prompted the declaration. It was not the words merely, but the fact of their being in such perfect harmony with the entire character of the man, that produced the universal conviction.

Still was it true that Mr. Lincoln could not speak well on mere occasions of ceremony and congratulation. As has been justly said, "he must be argumentative or nothing." He must have something to prove, and somebody to convince. He could gather the men of the prairies, and hold them for long hours as he discussed in his Socratic way, half speech, half dialogue, the vital theme of slavery extension. But he could not talk well from a hurried railway platform; and this thought furnishes the reason why his speeches on his journey from Springfield to Washington, in the winter of 1861, were the poorest he ever made. There were, in fact, two reasons for this, operating together here, though they may seem to stand in paradoxical opposition to each other. The occasions that called for this train-platform oratory were too trifling in themselves, and they were, at the same time, connected with ideas too serious for any mere rhetorical utterance. Too trifling, because they demanded the showman rather than the orator, too important, for it was a time when the truest and bravest hearts were failing, and the wisest among us were "wondering whereunto these strange things would tend." But why not, then, arouse and "fire the popular heart?" Why was he not inspired by the occasion? Alas, it might have been a false inspiration, and Mr. Lincoln dreaded, more than all things else, any imposing on himself or others. He would rather be humbly true than heroically false. He preferred the homeliest speech to any splendid unreality of diction, even though the offspring of that momentary fervor we call sincerity. He could talk to effect when a true effect was evidently to be the re-

sult of what he said. But he must see his way clear before him. To do this, in the circumstances in which our country was then placed, required a superhuman knowledge which (it is no disparagement to say it) neither he, nor any other man, at that time, possessed. But why could he not speak to them of the great things he was going to do? Why not, at least, say, "The Union, it must and shall be preserved?" Alas, he knew not what to do, except to take his solemn oath, towards which he was journeying, and try and keep it, God so helping him. He knew not that "the Union would be preserved," as none of us, at that time knew. He was wiser than the masses, in that he was looking to see how and when the light would break. He was for praying, and asking the prayers of others, as he told his plain Springfield neighbors in that last short and touching speech he made to them. Then he spoke to effect, in the purest sense of the phrase, for he said the only thing that could have been said, or ought to have been said: "Pray for me my neighbors,—O pray for me in bearing this heavy burden, greater than has been laid on any single man since the days of Washington."

Mr. Lincoln could only *appear* what he truly *was*—no more, no less, either to himself or others. This was one of the fixed things of his character, which he could not change. To speak with confidence of what was all unknown was, to him, equivalent to falsehood. He could not boast in the presence of the coming storm; he had too clear a prescience of its magnitude, if not of its result. He could not talk grandiloquently in the rumblings of the threatening earthquake. To stand and listen—that was the true heroic attitude. To "be still and know that God" was passing by—to watch the signs of his presence, the tokens of his frown or favor— "that was wisdom;" to "depart," at such a time, from all boasting speech, from all "vain imaginations"—"that was understanding."

"Pray for me"—never was a request more heartily made.

Ora pro nobis—seldom has the invocation, whether made to saints in heaven, or saints on earth, gone forth from a truer sense of its wisdom and its need. This was what he said continually to the clergymen who called upon him. No cant, no patronizing statesmanlike talk about "our holy religion," and the great value of Christianity to the State; no high profession, no condescension, none of that accommodation to religious feeling which so often betrays its hollowness in high places. No one can deny to Mr. Lincoln a sharp sagacity. He knew the great influence of the clergy. He must have felt how much they deserved to possess that influence from the noble stand they had taken, and the strong aid they were giving to the government in its hour of need. He had every motive to gain their favor, and to talk very orthodoxly, and very evangelically, if that would secure it. His answers were sometimes even blunt. He never courted them, though ever treating them courteously. The Secretary of State had much more of this in his communications to addresses of religious bodies; and of his true and hearty feeling therein we have no doubt; but the President had ever for them this one speech—"Pray for me." "Mr. Lincoln, do you pray for yourself?" said one. "How should I do without prayer?" was the only reply. It was no merit that he should pray, no religious excellence to be talked about, or retailed in the newspapers. It was a necessity that was laid upon him. As Paul claimed no merit— "Woe to him if he preached not the Gospel,"—even so, as we may say it without any irreverent comparison, was it with Mr. Lincoln. Pray he must; and so he felt it, and so he doubtless practiced during the many anxious days and watching nights whilst the nation's burden was pressing so heavy upon his soul. He knew that he must sink if he did not pray; and shall it be deemed extravagant to believe that that relief was often given. How else could he have borne it unless the voice had sometimes come to his heart, if not to his ear of sense: "Fear not, for I am with thee; I hold thee by thy hand;" "let not your heart be

troubled, neither let it be afraid." We would not exaggerate here, but have we not reason to believe that all this is warranted by the fact on which we are dwelling—his earnest, oft-repeated request to "pray for him."?

The speech at Springfield was a most affecting one, but his utterances on the momentous journey referred to were not happy. The popular demand was like that made upon the saddened captives "by the rivers of Babylon." How could they "sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?" Come make us a speech, said the thronging multitudes, as the train passed rapidly through our towns and cities; come sing us a song of the prairies, come tell us a story. He could have done this in some genial society of his Western home, even as he could do it occasionally when there came a brief relaxation from the stern cares of that "great office wherein he bore himself so meekly." At such times he could tell "his little story"—"the words come to mind tenderly now"—but in this momentous journey he could have no heart for it. They asked entertainment, excitement, a wordy oratory, yea, "the spoilers required mirth" of this anxious, praying, deeply burdened man. He could not give it them, or if he attempted it, it was poorly done, and under great embarrassment. How could he talk to effect at such a time, without saying something false, or, what is equivalent to the same thing, that which he could not feel that he was truly warranted in saying in the terrible darkness that then enveloped himself and the nation. He could have said, "The Union must and shall be preserved," and the crowd would have doubtless shouted and that would have been very cheering; but he knew how very common had been such shoutings in our history, and in other history, and what came of them. He well knew this, even without that later experience which showed him how easily the bold bravura, "the nation to be preserved at all hazards," might dwindle down into the squeaking-falsetto, "the constitution as it is," with all the lying sophisms that formed its mean accompaniment. Again,

the vaunted speech, or any thing like it, would have been, either a lie, or an expression of undoubted confidence in his own powers, and that the truthful man could not bring himself to utter. His hope was not in himself, not in his party, not in the people—it was alone in God.

In our strange human nature the pathetic and the sublime are, sometimes, not far removed from the light and the humorous. There may be a deeply solemn side to that, which, at first view, seems only fitted to provoke indignation or a smile. During the late Presidential campaign there met the writer's eye, what seemed to be one of the caricature pictures of the occasion. It represented a tall, stooping man, with a heavy burden upon his back, and carefully picking his way upon a rope drawn across the boiling Niagara. It was a comparison of Mr. Lincoln to Blondin when he carried his freight of a human life along that perilous passage. Indignation was the first feeling at an association of ideas that seemed degrading. An enemy hath done this, we said. A closer examination, however, showed that that was not so certain. At all events, there soon arose a new feeling that dispelled all thought of the light and the ludicrous. Only change the ideal, and no representation, by word or painting, could so picture the thought of vast and perilous responsibility. The freight thus carried by this stooping figure was a nation's life. Across the yawning abyss of anarchy was it to be steadily borne. Beneath was the awful gulf into which one false step, one moment of faintness, one nervous tremor, one rash advance, or one timid stepping back, would have inevitably plunged the priceless cargo. No wanton display this, no foolhardy device to draw together a brutal crowd. Every thought of that kind disappears at once from the spiritual of the picture. It was a dire necessity that forced this lonely man across the fearful passage. The burden was one he could not lay down. There was no other road but this, the untried way, that no American before him had been ever called to travel. One bank had been left, and

the other must be reached, or all was lost. No mere speculative wisdom, no mere political theorizing, could stand him now in stead. He must look away from this and go sounding on

His dim and perilous way,

by other guidance, and by other strength. An undiverted eye, a steady hand, a firm and cautious foot, a nerve that never trembled, a strength that never gave up to weariness—these were the *practical* qualities required. Distrust of self, and yet an unwavering trust in a higher promised wisdom, these were the *moral* requisites which the dangerous hour demanded. Faith in God, a steady looking to the right and the reasons of it, these for the time, superseded those other *intellectual* needs that some would call higher, but which the wants of the occasion placed far below. "Watch and pray"—these were to Mr. Lincoln his all of political wisdom, his all of intellectual statesmanship, at that time, either available or of value. It was the greatness of his character and of his wisdom that made him see this, and enabled him to resist the temptation of being great, or of seeming great, in some other way. And was it little? Who will say so that has any sense of the difficulty that lay in crossing at this dangerous point of our history—or in carrying the nation and the constitution, safe from shore to shore along this narrow way.

Who can estimate the steadiness and strength of soul required for such a performance? "Go on—go on—move faster, or you will fall," said the clamoring multitude on one side. "Back—back—not another step in that direction," was ever shouted from another quarter. But nothing could either turn or hurry him. To have lost sight, for one moment, of his pressing responsibility, to have given way to any factitious feeling, to have made boasts that he could not have been certain of performing, to have indulged in any heroics that would not be in strictest harmony with the awful reality—might have brought on the dreadful catastrophe; they

certainly could, at that time, have had no influence in preventing it, if it came from any other failure. Mr. Lincoln would not do these heroic things. Some might say that he could not—that he had not the talent for them. This is assuming much for those who know how poor, in general, are such displays, and how little, either of talent or of genius, they require. But, granting such incapacity of speech and daring, it does not injuriously affect our view of the substantial greatness we are contemplating. It may even be all the greater for the lack. It did, indeed, most sorely try our patience. Oh, how slow he moved sometimes, or seemed to move, as every eye was strained in watching from either shore! With what caution did he place the lever by which he had his balance, now on this side, and now on that; how carefully poised was every step, how firmly held when taken! Had he obeyed the opposite voices that ever shouted in his ears—"rash man"—"time-serving man"—and stayed his step or rushed madly ahead; or, had he given up in bewildered and despairing helplessness, how terrible the fall!—we see it now—how dire the wreck that might have ensued, and, in all probability, would have ensued, from one false move at such a time, and with such a precious freight as the people in their party caprice, perhaps, but God in his all-seeing wisdom, had placed upon him.

And so for the four long years of peril and anxiety. How, at times we held our breath at the contemplation of the scene—the awful dangers of the way, the ever-swinging rope, the alternations of success and fear, that heavy load, that stooping form, that fearful uncertainty. There is no danger of overstating it. There are times when we are fond of boasting, and may, indeed, boast with much justice, that the nation's destiny is not dependent on any one man's firmness, or any one man's wisdom. But that boast could not have been made two years ago. Whatever the causes that produced so strange a state of things, the national life seemed committed to one man's watching soul, its heavy burden seemed laid on

one man's wearied back; there were others to help, to cheer and counsel him, and yet it may be said that all depended upon his firmness, his wisdom, and his fidelity. To go back to our figure, on which we have dwelt, and for which we hope the reader will pardon us—one misdirected sign, one wrong movement to the right or left, one step too fast or slow, too timid or too rash, might have been a national ruin as inevitable as any plunge into the boiling eddies of the Niagara.

But the long time of agony drew near to its close; the other shore is reached; the precious freight of life is saved. The multitudes are crowding to offer their congratulations to the man whose strength and steadiness had gone through this awful trial. Who had a better right to triumph? But so it was not to be. More favored, in one respect, than Moses, he had reached the expected land, but it was only to die, almost as soon as he had placed his foot upon its shore. We will not speak of the manner of his death; but when—to use the touching language of Mr. Garrison—"when was man so mourned?" That "rain of tears"—was there ever anything like it in our American history? Millions crowded to his funeral. Five hundred thousand, it is estimated, gazed upon that dead face, as onward, by day and night, the sad procession moved through the cities, towns, and hamlets of our land. The writer witnessed it at an inland station, where no outward show of preparation could be made. Still there, as elsewhere, while the dark draped car moved slowly through, was there the manifestation of the same substantial sorrow—the silent crowd, the spontaneously uncovered head, while drops were stealing down the manly cheek, and muffled sobs betrayed the female grief. All hearts were softened, all malice silenced, all party spirit hushed. The spiritual preciousness of that season, its moral value to the nation, who shall estimate? Some faint cavil has been heard that Bishop Potter should have called Mr. Lincoln a martyr. But surely he was such in both the senses of the term. He died in defence of righteousness; his death,

though so deeply mourned as a loss, has had a healing moral influence as striking as any physical cure that truth or legend has ascribed to the graves of martyred saints.

We can not charge our language with extravagance. Surely is there some special lesson that God has intended to teach us by this life and death, and without irreverence may it be said, we think that it is not difficult to find it out. We have had great men, so called, of many kinds, great statesmen, great orators, philosophic Presidents and military ones, all famed for greatness in our glowing eulogies. We boast of acute publicists, talented editors, wise diplomatists, and learned lawyers. We have called ourselves a great and wise people. There has been no measure to our self-laudation. We have been offensive, in this respect, to the other nations of the earth. At last God sends dire calamities upon us, or he suffers us to bring them upon ourselves; but in the midst of them he prepares for us a remarkable man—a model, too, of greatness, but of a different kind from that in which we had taken so much offensive pride. It is a moral, rather than a heroic and an intellectual greatness; though the two latter kinds are by no means wanting. He who was thus raised up was something more than *sincere* and *honest*. He was that rare character, a most TRUTHFUL MAN, in all its rare sublimity. He was purely an American, and yet without the least tincture of our country's greatest fault. He well performed the work that was given him to do "in his great office," and then departed to his rest. He is our model man. This is the heroism we are called to admire as especially becoming us in view of our idols of the past. Let us receive our chastisement, let us learn the lesson, let us revere the memory of this meek greatness; let us reform from our besetting national sin; let us hereafter put away all boasting, with its inseparable attendants, oppression and wrong, from our future American history.

From *Hours at Home*, N. Y. September 1865.

MR. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM, AND ITS AUTHOR

THE author of the poem which was so great a favorite with our late President, beginning with the line,

> Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

was William Knox, a Scottish poet of very considerable talent, who died at the early age of thirty-six. He was born at Firth, in the parish of Lilliesleaf, in the county of Roxburghshire, on the seventeenth of August, 1789. His father, Thomas Knox, married Barbara Turnbull, and of this marriage, William was the eldest son. He was sent to the parish school of Lilliesleaf, and subsequently to the grammar-school of Musselburgh. In 1812 he became lessee of a farm near Langholm, Dumfriesshire; but his habits were not those of a thriving farmer, and at the expiration of five years he gave up his lease and returned to the shelter of the parental roof. In 1820 the family removed to Edinburgh, and William now devoted himself to the more congenial pursuit of literature, contributing extensively to the public journals. From his early youth he had composed verses, and in 1818 he published The Lonely Hearth and other Poems, followed six years later by The Songs of Israel, two small 12mo volumes now in our possession. In 1825 appeared a a third duodecimo volume of lyrics, entitled The Harp of Zion. Knox's poetical merits attracted the attention of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance, and occasional pecuniary assistance; he also enjoyed the friendly notice of "Christopher North" and other men of letters. Of most amiable and genial disposition, poor Knox fell a victim to the undue gratification of his social propensities; he was seized with paralysis, and died at Edinburgh on the twelfth of November, 1825.

His poetry is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment. In the preface to his Songs of Zion, he says: "It is my

sincere wish that, while I may have provided a slight gratification for the admirer of poetry, I may also have done something to raise the devotional feelings of the pious Christian." Some of his Scripture paraphrases are exquisite specimens of sacred verse. A new edition of his poetical works was published in London in 1847. Besides the volumes already mentioned, and his various contributions to the Edinburgh press, he published A Visit to Dublin, and a beautiful Christmas tale, entitled, Marianne, or the Widower's Daughter.

Knox was short in stature, but handsomely formed; his complexion fair, and his hair of a light color. He was a great favorite in society, possessing an inexhaustible fund of humor, was an excellent story-teller, and repeated and sang his own songs with great beauty. He was keenly alive to his literary reputation, and could not but have been gratified had he known that one of his poetical efforts would one day go the rounds of our press and that of the Canadas, as the production of a President of the United States, and that President Abraham Lincoln.

As the poem has already appeared but in an incomplete form—the fourth and seventh stanzas being omitted—we give the whole, together with a little gem, The Lament, one of his earliest productions, written before he was twenty:

MORTALITY

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant and mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven;
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven;
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling:
But it speeds for us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we can not unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from that slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, ay! they died: we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE LAMENT.

She was mine when the leaves of the forest were green,
When the rose-blossoms hung on the tree;
And dear, dear to me were the joys that had been,
And I dreamt of enjoyment to be.

But she faded more fast than the blossoms could fade,
No human attention could save;
And when the green leaves of the forest decayed,
The winds strewed them over her grave.

NEW YORK. JAMES GRANT WILSON, U.S.A.

JAN 14 1915

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 35

TORPEDO WAR AND SUBMARINE EXPLOSIONS. *Robert Fulton*

WILLIAM ABBATT

410 EAST 32D STREET NEW YORK

1914

TORPEDO WAR,

AND

SUBMARINE EXPLOSIONS.

BY

ROBERT FULTON

FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
and of the
UNITED STATES MILITARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The Liberty of the Seas will be the Happiness of the Earth.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM ELLIOT, 114 WATER-STREET.

1810

NEW YORK
REPRINTED
WILLIAM ABBATT
1914

Being Extra No. 35 of The Magazine of History with Notes and Queries

EDITOR'S PREFACE

IN view of the prominent part played in the present World War by torpedoes and submarines, the subject of our EXTRA No. 35 is peculiarly timely.

The original of 1810 is very scarce, only one copy having been sold at auction in many years: nor are copies to be found in any but a few of our libraries. Fulton's claims for his invention have been fully substantiated and some of his predictions, made more than a century ago, are remarkably interesting, in view of the events of the past five months. His estimate of our population in 1920 has already been exceeded in fact, and only his plan of affixing torpedoes to their prey by means of harpoons seems—for it was made in the days of wooden ships—fantastic, in these days of iron clads. He could not foresee that almost exactly a century would elapse before his invention would be extensively used—though he cautiously says "it is impossible to foresee to what degree torpedoes may be improved and rendered useful."

In the Joline collection of autograph letters, sold this month, was an extremely interesting letter of Fulton's, addressed to Gen. William Duane. A part reads:

"New York, March 1, 1813

I am happy to find you continue the firm friend to torpedoes; an infant art which requires only support and practice to produce a change in Maritime affairs of immence (*sic*) importance to this country. Expecting the enemy here, I have not been idle, I have prepared 9 torpedoes with locks that strike fire by concussion, and four with clockwork locks.'.

The letter is of great interest throughout, and tells of his plans for blowing up the enemy or driving them from New York waters, his regret that he had not enough torpedoes for the Chesapeake; and contains a list of the cost of various sorts, &c.

We regret that we could not secure permission to copy the whole of it.

TORPEDO WAR, &c.

To JAMES MADISON, Esq. President of the United States, and to the Members of both Houses of Congress.

GENTLEMEN,

In January last, at Kalorama, the residence of my friend Joel Barlow, I had the pleasure of exhibiting to Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, and a party of gentlemen from the senate and house of representatives, some experiments and details on Torpedo defence and attack; the favourable impression which the experiments appeared to make on the minds of the gentlemen then present; and my conviction that this invention, improved and practised to the perfection which it is capable of receiving, will be of the first importance to our country, has induced me to present you in the form of a pamphlet a description of my system, with five engravings, and such demonstrations as will give each of you an opportunity to contemplate its efficacy and utility at your leisure; and enable you to form a correct judgment on the propriety of adopting it as a part of our means of national defence. It being my intention to publish hereafter a detailed account of the origin and progress of this invention, and the embarrassments under which I have laboured to bring it to its present state of certain utility; I will now state only such experiments and facts as are most important to be known, and which, proving the practicability of destroying ships of war by this means, will lead the mind to all the advantages which we may derive from it. I believe it is generally known that I endeavoured for many years to get torpedoes introduced into practice in France, and in England; which, though unsuccessful, gave me the opportunity of making numerous very interesting experiments on a large scale; by which I discovered errors in the combinations of the ma-

chinery and method of fixing the torpedoes to a ship; which errors in the machinery have been corrected: and I believe I have found means of attaching the torpedoes to a vessel which will seldom fail of success. It is the result of my experience which I now submit to your consideration; and hoping that you will feel an interest in the success of my invention, I beg for your deliberate perusal and reflection on the following few pages. Gentlemen who have traced the progress of the useful arts, know the years of toil and experiment, and difficulties which frequently pass, before the utility and certain operation of new discoveries have been established; hence it could not be expected, that torpedoes should be rendered useful without encountering many difficulties; and I am aware, that in the course of farther essays other difficulties will appear; but from my past experience I feel confident, that any obstacle which may arise can be surmounted by attention and perseverance: of this gentlemen will be better able to judge, after examining the following facts and details:

Note on vessels of war of the United States

From which a comparative estimate may be made of their expence, and the expence of armed Torpedo boats; also the degree of protection which a given sum would effect, expended in either way.

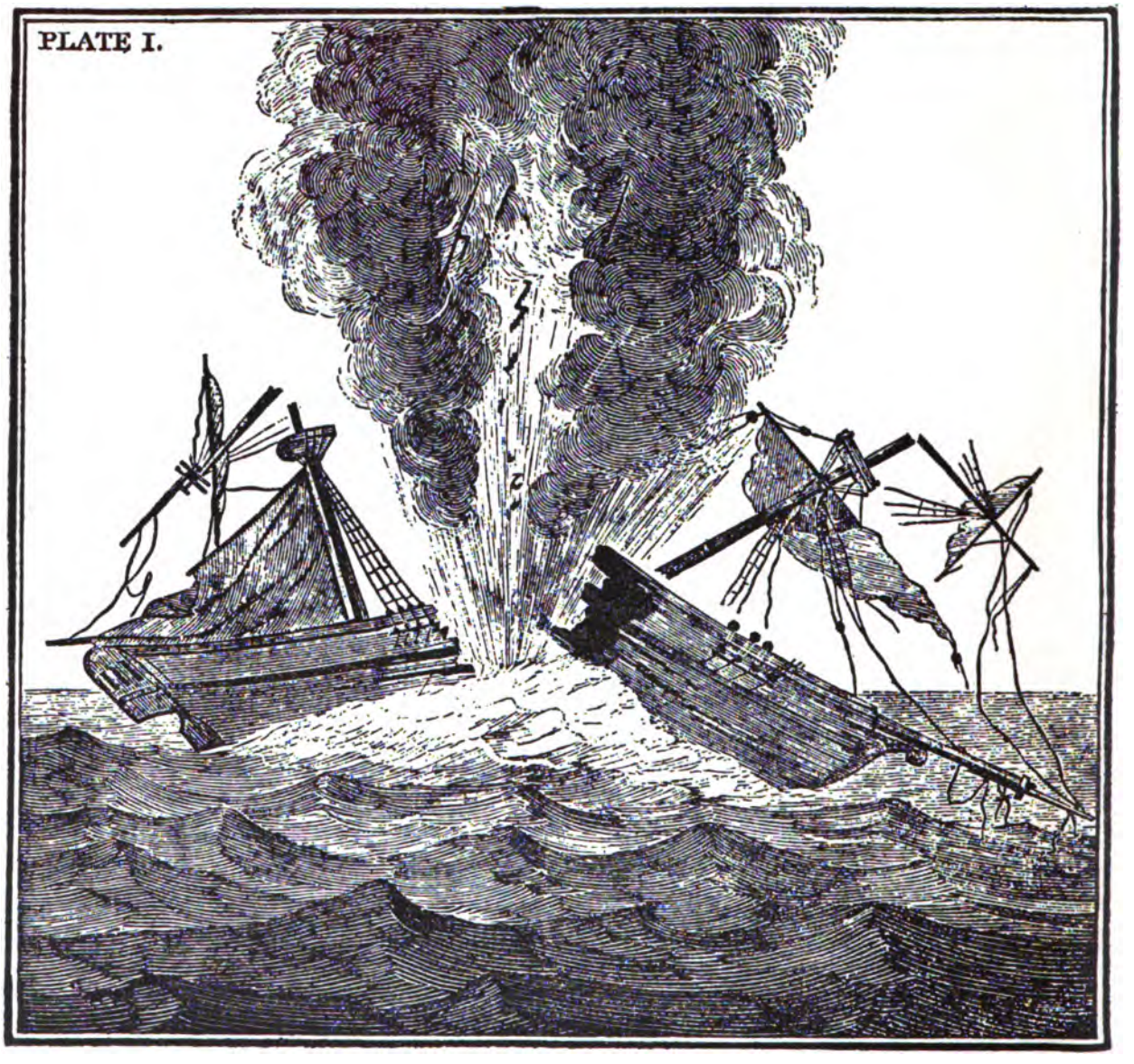
The ship Constitution

Guns	54
First cost, dollars	302,718
Annual expence when in commission, dollars	100,000
Draft of water, feet	23

The Wasp

Guns	18
First cost, dollars	60,000
Annual expence in commission, dollars	38,000
Draft of water, feet	15

PLATE I.



A Gun Boat

First cost, fitted for sea, dollars . . .	12,000
Annual expence in commission, dollars ;. .	11,000
Men	36
Number of gun boats of the United States .	167

This Work having been published in haste, the errors of the press, and those of diction, shall be corrected in the second edition.

(For tables, see pages 54-55)

PLATE I

Is a view of the brig Dorothea, as she was blown up on the 15*th of Oct.* 1805.

To convince Mr. Pitt and lord Melville that a vessel could be destroyed by the explosion of a Torpedo under her bottom, a strong built Danish brig, the *Dorothea*, burthen 200 tons, was anchored in Walmer road, near Deal, and within a mile of Walmer Castle, the then residence of Mr. Pitt. Two boats, each with eight men, commanded by lieutenant Robinson, were put under my direction. I prepared two empty Torpedoes in such a manner, that each was only from two to three pounds specifically heavier than salt water; and I so suspended them, that they hung fifteen feet under water. They were then tied one to each end of a small rope eighty feet long: thus arranged, and the brig drawing twelve feet of water, the 14th day of October was spent in practice. Each boat having a Torpedo in the stern, they started from the shore about a mile above the brig, and rowed down towards her; the uniting line of the Torpedoes being stretched to its full extent, the two boats were distant from each other seventy feet; thus they approached in such a manner, that one boat kept the larboard the other the starboard side of the brig in view. So soon as the connecting line of the Torpedoes passed the buoy of the brig, they were thrown into the water, and carried on by the tide, until the connecting line touched

the brig's cable; the tide then drove them under her bottom. The experiment being repeated several times, taught the men how to act, and proved to my satisfaction that, when properly placed on the tide, the Torpedoes would invariably go under the bottom of the vessel. I then filled one of the Torpedoes with one hundred and eighty pounds of powder, and set its clockwork to eighteen minutes. Every thing being ready, the experiment was announced for the next day, the 15th, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Urgent business had called Mr. Pitt and lord Melville to London. Admiral Holloway, Sir Sidney Smith, Captain Owen, Captain Kingston, Colonel Congreve, and the major part of the officers of the fleet under command of Lord Keath were present; at forty minutes past four the boats rowed towards the brig, and the Torpedoes were thrown into the water; the tide carried them, as before described, under the bottom of the brig, where, at the expiration of eighteen minutes, the explosion appeared to raise her bodily about six feet; she separated in the middle, and the two ends went down; in twenty seconds, nothing was to be seen of her except floating fragments; the pumps and foremast were blown out of her; the fore-topsail-yard was thrown up to the cross-trees; the fore-chain plates with their bolts, were torn from her sides; the mizen-chain-plates and shrouds, being stronger than those of the foremast, or the shock being more forward than aft, the mizenmast was broke off in two places; these discoveries were made by means of the pieces which were found afloat.

The experiment was of the most satisfactory kind, for it proved a fact much debated and denied, that the explosion of a sufficient quantity of powder under the bottom of a vessel would destroy her.* There is now no doubt left on any intelligent mind as to this most important of all facts connected with the invention of Torpedoes; and the establishment of this fact alone, merits the ex-

*Twenty minutes before the *Dorothea* was blown up, Capt. Kingston asserted, that if a Torpedo were placed under his cabin while he was at dinner, he should feel no concern for the consequence. Occular demonstration is the best proof for all men.

penditure of millions of dollars and years of experiment, were it yet necessary, to arrive at a system of practice which shall insure success to attacks, with such formidable engines. For America, I consider it a fortunate circumstance that this experiment was made in England, and witnessed by more than a hundred respectable and brave officers of the Royal navy; for, should Congress adopt Torpedoes as a part of our means of defence, lords Melville, Castlereagh, and Mulgrave, have a good knowledge of their combination and effect. Lord Grenville, Earls Gray and St. Vincent*, have on their minds a strong impression of their probable consequences. Sir Home Popham, Sir Sidney Smith, and Colonel Congreve, the latter now celebrated for his ingenious invention of Pyrotecnic arrows or rockets, were my friends and companions in the experiments; they are excellent and brave men, and from my knowledge of those noblemen and gentlemen, and their sentiments on this subject, I can predict that they would feel much disposed to respect the rights, nor enter the waters of a nation who should use such engines with energy and effect.

This fortunate experiment left not the least doubt on my mind that the one which I made in the harbour of New-York in August 1807, would be equally successful. The brig was anchored, the Torpedoes prepared and put into the water in the manner before described; the tide drove them under the brig near her keel, but in consequence of the locks turning downwards, the powder fell out of the pans and they both missed fire. This discovery of an error in the manner of fixing the locks to a Torpedo, has been corrected. On the second attempt, the Torpedo missed the brig; the explosion took place about one hundred yards from her, and threw up a column of water ten feet diameter sixty or seventy feet high. On the third attempt she was blown up: the effect and result much the

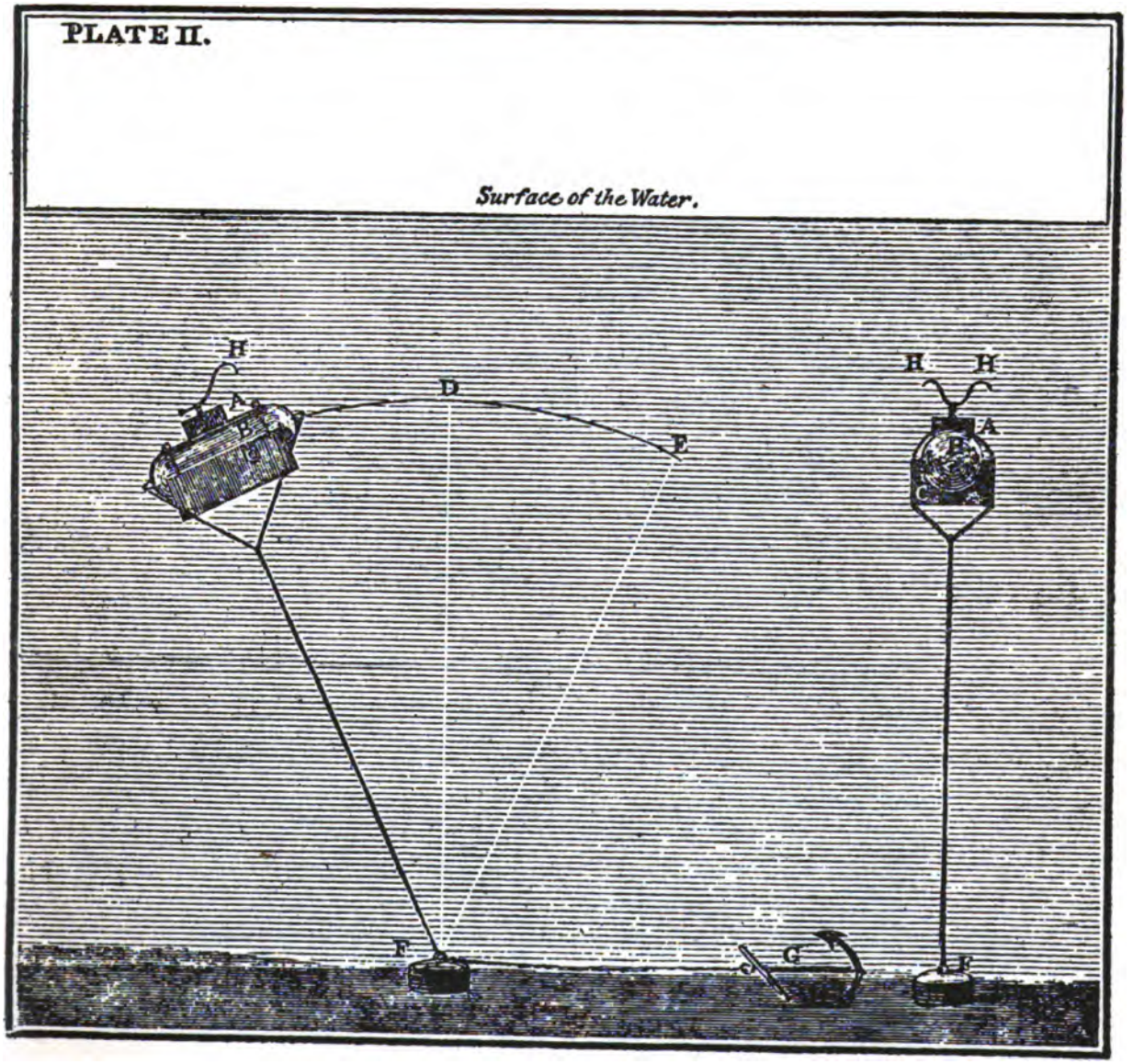
*The morning of my first interview with Earl St. Vincent he was very communicative. I explained to him a Torpedo and the *Dorothea* experiment. He reflected for some time, and then said, Pitt was the greatest fool that ever existed, to encourage a mode of war which they who commanded the seas did not want, and which, if successful, would deprive them of it.

same as that of the *Dorothea* before described. About two thousand persons were witnesses to this experiment. Thus, in the course of my essays, two brigs, each of two hundred tons, have been blown up. The practicability of destroying vessels by this means, has been fully proved. It is also proved, that the mechanism will ignite powder at any required depth under water within a given time. It now remains to point out means by which Torpedoes may be used to advantage with the least possible risque to the assailants.

PLATE II

Represents the anchored Torpedo, so arranged as to blow up a vessel which should run against it; B is a copper case two feet long, twelve inches diameter, capable of containing one hundred pounds of powder. A is a brass box, in which there is a lock similar to a common gun lock, with a barrel two inches long, to contain a musket charge of powder: the box, with the lock cocked and barrel charged, is screwed to the copper case B. H is a lever which has a communication to the lock inside of the box, and in its present state holds the lock cocked and ready to fire. C is a deal box filled with cork, and tied to the case B. The object of the cork is to render the Torpedo about fifteen or twenty pounds specifically lighter than water, and give it a tendency to rise to the surface. It is held down to any given depth under water by a weight of fifty or sixty pounds as at F: there is also a small anchor G, to prevent a strong tide moving it from its position. With Torpedoes prepared, and knowing the depth of water in all our bays and harbours, it is only necessary to fix the weight F at such a distance from the Torpedo, as when thrown into the water, F will hold it ten, twelve, or fifteen feet below the surface at low water, it will then be more or less below the surface at high water, or at different times of the tide; but it should never be so deep as the usual draught of a frigate or ship of the line. When anchored, it will, during the flood tide,

PLATE II.



stand in its present position; at slack water it will stand perpendicular to the weight F, as at D; during the ebb it will be at E. At ten feet under water the waves, in boisterous weather, would have little or no tendency to disturb the Torpedo; for that if the hollow of a wave should sink ten feet below what would be the calm surface, the wave would run twenty feet high, which I believe is never the case in any of our bays or harbours. All the experience which I have on this kind of Torpedo is, that in the month of October 1805, I had one of them anchored nine feet under water, in the British Channel near Dover; the weather was severe, the waves ran high, it kept its position for twenty-four hours, and, when taken up, the powder was dry and the lock in good order. The Torpedo thus anchored, it is obvious, that if a ship in sailing should strike the lever H, the explosion would be instantaneous, and she be immediately destroyed; hence, to defend our bays or harbours, let a hundred, or more if necessary, of these engines be anchored in the channel, as for example, the Narrows, to defend New-York.

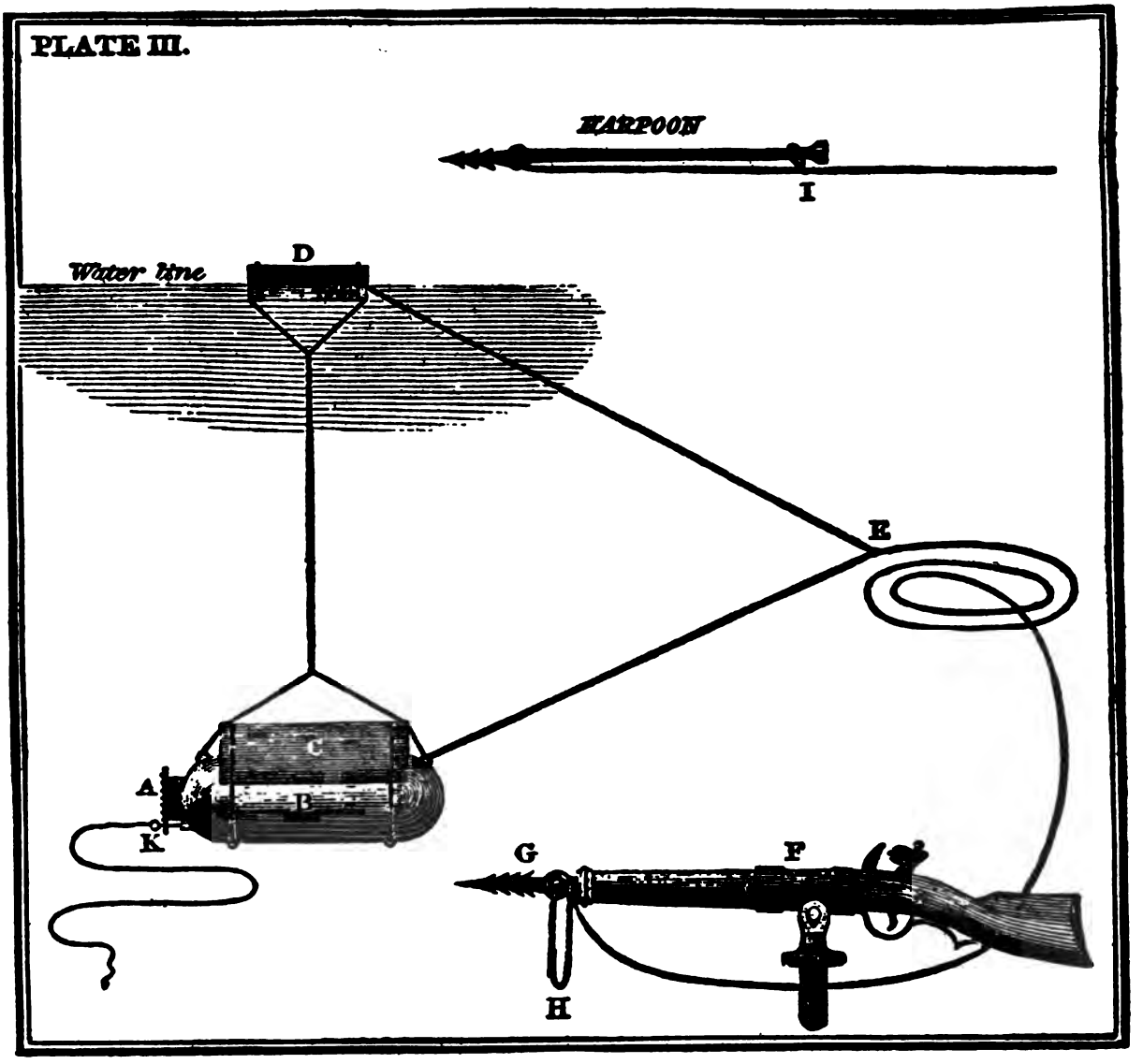
The figure to the right of the plate is an end view of the Torpedo H. H shews its lever forked, to give the better chance of being struck.

Having described this instrument in a way which I hope will be understood, I may be permitted to put the following question to my readers, which is, knowing that the explosion of one hundred pounds of powder, or more if required, under the bottom of a ship of the line, would destroy her, and seeing, that if a ship in sailing should strike the lever of an anchored torpedo, she would be blown up, would he have the courage, or, shall I say, temerity,to sail into a channel where one or more hundred of such engines were anchored? I rely on each gentleman's sense of prudence and self-preservation, to answer this question to my satisfaction. Should the apprehension of danger become as strong on the minds of those who investigate this subject as it is on mine, we may reasonably conclude that the same regard to self-preservation, will make an enemy

cautious in approaching waters where such engines are placed; for, however brave sailors may be, there is no danger so distressing to the mind of a seaman, or so calculated to destroy his confidence, as that which is invisible and instantaneous destruction.

The consideration which will now present itself, is, that the enemy might send out boats to sweep for and destroy the Torpedoes. It is therefore proper to examine the nature of such an operation, and its chance of success. Suppose two hundred Torpedoes to be placed in three miles of channel, the enemy's boats, in attempting to sweep for them, would be exposed to the fire of our land batteries, or necessitated to fight our boats, for whenever they leave their ships and take to boats, we can be as well armed and active at boat fighting as they; and thus opposed by batteries and boats, they would have three or more square miles of channel to sweep, which, even if successful, would be a work of time, and were they to get up some of the Torpedoes, they could not ascertain if all were destroyed, for they could not know whether five or five hundred had been put down; nor could they prevent our boats throwing in additional numbers each day and night. It therefore amounts to an impossibility for an enemy to clear a channel of Torpedoes, provided it were reasonably guarded by land batteries and row boats. Added to the opposition which might be made to the enemy, there is a great difficulty in clearing a channel of Torpedoes with any kind of sweep or drag, so as to establish full confidence in sailing through it. It is only they who put them down and know the number, that could tell when all were taken up. To facilitate the taking of them up, I have, since Plate II was engraved, thought of a very useful and simple piece of mechanism which, being screwed to the box C, will hold the Torpedo under water at any given depth, and for any number of days. They may be set to stay under water a day, week, month, or year, and on the day which shall be previously determined, they will rise to the surface; at the same instant each will lock its lever H so that it cannot strike fire, and the Tor-

PLATE III.



pedo may be handled with perfect safety. Not having time to engrave this improvement, it shall be exhibited to Congress in a working model, by which it will also be better understood.

I will now suppose the enemy to be approaching a port; a signal announces them; our boats run out and throw into the channel two hundred Torpedoes, set each to 15 days. Should the enemy sail among them, the consequence will teach future caution; should they cruise or anchor at a distance, what could they do? They not knowing the number of Torpedoes which were put down, nor the day on which they were to rise to the surface, could not have their boats out exposed to our fire, and waiting from day to day for a time uncertain. Whereas, our officers, knowing the number which were put down, and the day they were to rise to the surface, would have their boats ready to take them in, and at the same time replace them with others set for ten, fifteen, twenty, or more days. Viewing this subject in all its bearings, the impression on my mind is, that it would be impossible for an enemy to enter a port where anchored Torpedoes were thus used, without their incurring danger of such a kind, that courage could not guard them from its consequences. Prudence and justice would warrant their abandoning such an enterprise; and the probability is, that knowing us to be thus prepared, they never would attempt it, or should they, and only one vessel were to be destroyed, we might calculate on its good effect to protect us from future hostile enterprises.

PLATE III

Represents a clockwork Torpedo, as prepared for the attack of a vessel while at anchor or under sail, by harpooning her in the larboard and starboard bow.

B is a copper case to contain one hundred or more pounds of powder; C a cork cushion to give the whole Torpedo such a buoyancy, that it will be only from two to three pounds heavier than salt

water. To ascertain such weight, when it is charged with powder and the lock screwed on, it is put into a large tub of sea water. C is to have fifteen or twenty inch-holes bored in its sides and top, to let the water rush in and the air out, otherwise, the air would prevent its immediately sinking. A is a cylindric brass box, about seven inches diameter and two inches deep, in which there is a gun-lock with a barrel two inches long, to receive a charge of powder and a wad, which charge is fired into the powder of the case B. In the brass box A there is also a piece of clockwork moved by a spring, which being wound up and set, will let the lock strike fire in any number of minutes which may be determined within one hour. K is a small line fixed to a pin, which pin holds the clockwork inactive; the instant the pin is withdrawn the clockwork begins to move, and the explosion will take place in one, two, three, or any number of minutes for which it has been set; the whole is so made as to be perfectly tight and keep out the water, although under a pressure of twenty-five or thirty perpendicular feet. D is a pine box two feet long, six or eight inches square, filled with cork; it is ten or fifteen pounds lighter than water, and floats on the surface; the line from it to the Torpedo is the suspending line, which must be of a length in proportion to the estimated draft of water of the vessel to be attacked; vessels of a certain number of guns usually draw within a few feet of the same draft of water; the suspending line should be from four to eight feet longer than the greatest draft of the vessel, that it may bend round the curve of her side, and lay the Torpedo near her keel. From the Torpedo and the float D, two lines, each twenty feet long, are united at E, from thence one line goes to the harpoon, the total length of the line from the Torpedo to the harpoon being about fifty feet, according to the length of the vessel to be attacked, will, when the ship is harpooned in the bow, bring the Torpedo under her bottom near midship. See the harpoon. It is a round piece of iron, half an inch diameter and two feet long, the butt one inch diameter, the exact calibre of the harpoon gun; in the head of the harpoon there is an eye, the point six

PLATE IV.

Fig. 1.

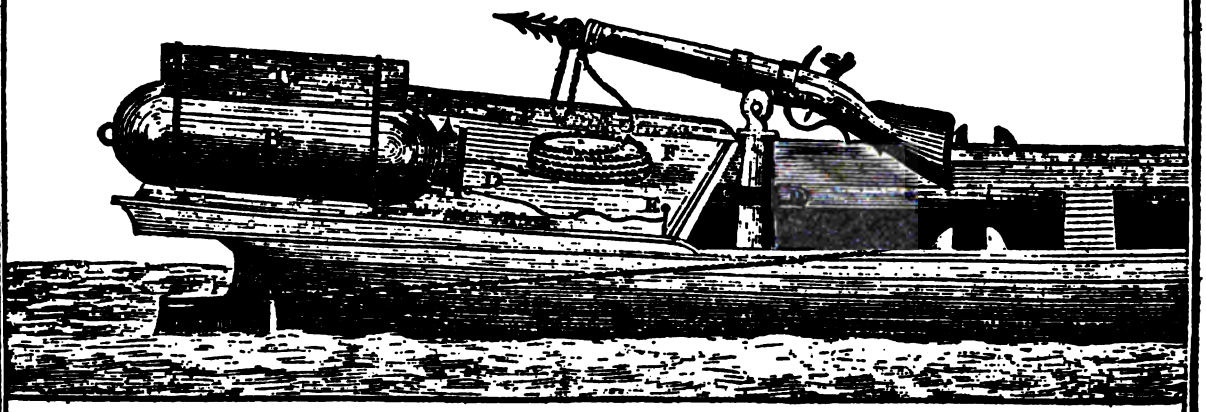
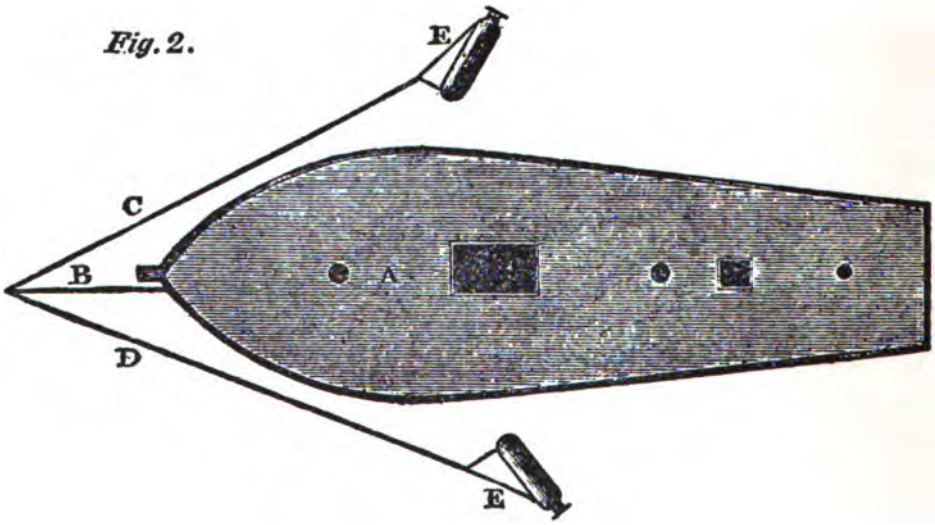


Fig. 2.



inches long is barbed, the line of the Torpedo is spliced into the eye of the harpoon, a small iron or tough copper link runs on the shaft of the harpoon, to the link the Torpedo line is also tied, and at such a distance, that when the harpoon is in the gun it will form a loop as at H, but when fired, the link will slide along to the butt of the harpoon, and, holding the rope and harpoon parallel to each other, the rope will act like a tail or rod to a rocket, and guide it straight; without this precaution, the butt of the harpoon would turn foremost, and make a very uncertain shot. F is the harpoon-gun, made strong, and to work on a swivel in a stanchion fixed in the stern-sheets of a boat. My experience with this kind of harpoon and gun, is, that I have harpooned a target of six feet square fifteen or twenty times, at the distance of from thirty to fifty feet, never missing, and always driving the barbed point through three inch boards up to the eye, which practice was so satisfactory, that I did not consider it necessary to repeat it. The object of harpooning a vessel on the larboard and starboard bow, is, to fix one end of the Torpedo-line, then, if the ship be under sail, her action through the water will draw the Torpedo under her; if she be at anchor, the tide will drive it under her, where, at the expiration of the time for which the clockwork was set, the explosion will destroy her.

This being the kind of Torpedo and clockwork by which the *Dorothea* in Walmer roads, and the brig in New-York harbour were blown up, and the harpoon having succeeded to fix the line to the target, these two experiments shall be combined, and the mode of practice, with the prospect of success and risque to the assailants, examined.

PLATE IV, Fig. I

Represents the stern of a row-boat; a platform about four feet long, three feet wide, is made on her stern on a level with the

gunwale, and projecting over the stern fifteen or eighteen inches, so that the Torpedo, in falling into the water, may clear the rudder. On the platform, the Torpedo and its suspending line of cork are to be laid, and the harpoon-line carefully coiled as at F, so that when the harpoon is fired, the line may develope with ease: very pliable well greased, or white line would be best for this purpose. The harpoon and gun are so well engraved as require no explanation. B is the copper case to hold one hundred or one hundred and fifty pounds of powder. C, the box of cork to diminish its tendency to sink and bring it to a specific gravity of only two or three pounds more than sea-water. Its suspending box of cork explained in Plate III is not seen in this figure, lest the drawing should be confused; it can be imagined in its proper place. A, is the brass box with the clockwork lock; D, the pin which prevents the clockwork moving; the line from the pin is tied to a bolt, or otherwise fixed to the boat as at E. Thus fastened, when the Torpedo is pulled into the water, the pin D will remain in the boat, and the clockwork will begin to act. The man who shall be stationed at the gun, and who may be called the harpooner, is to steer the boat and fire when sufficiently near. If he fixes his harpoon in the bow of the enemy, it will then only be necessray to row away; the harpoon and line being fixed to the ship, will pull the Torpedo out of the boat, and at the same instant set the clockwork in motion. This reduces the attack of each boat to one simple operation, that only of firing with reasonable attention. Should the harpooner miss the ship, he can save his Torpedo and return to the attack. While I was with the British blockading fleet off the coast of Boulogne in 1804 and 1805, I acquired some experience on the kind of row-boat best calculated for active movements, and which I now believe well adapted to a harpooning and Torpedo attack; hence I propose clinker-built boats, each twenty-seven feet long, six feet extreme breadth of beam, single banked, and six long oars; one blunderbuss, on a swivel, on the larboard and one on the starboard bow; one ditto on the larboard and one on the starboard quarter, total four,

PLATE V.

Fig. 1.

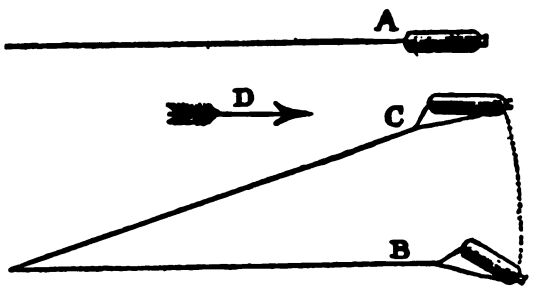


Fig. 2.

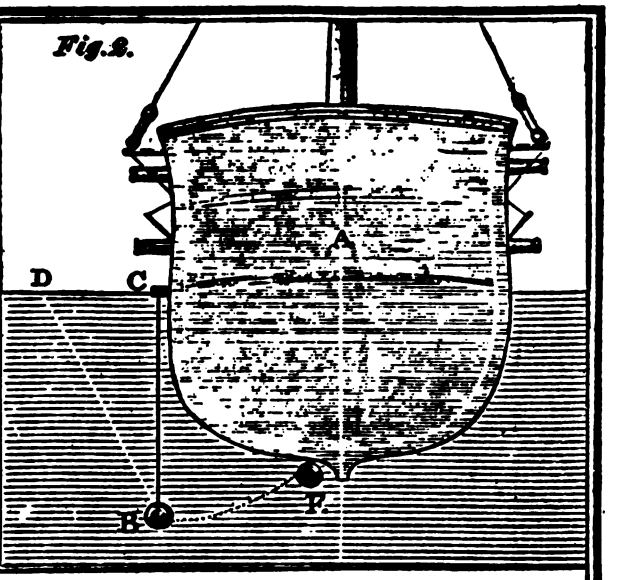
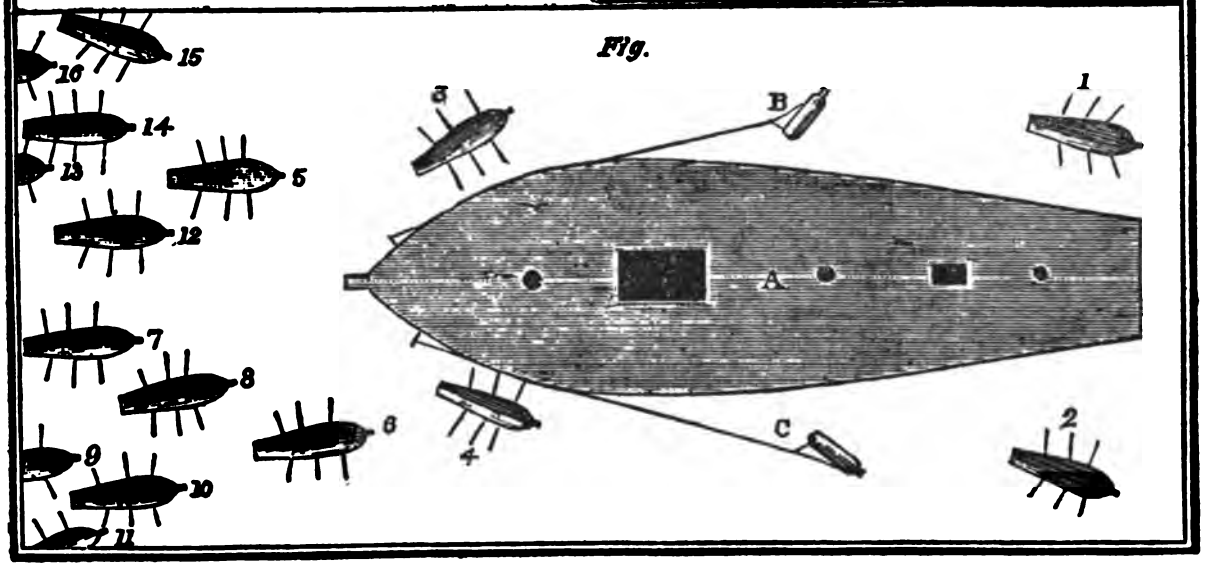


Fig.



for which cartridges should be prepared, each containing twelve half ounce balls. To work the blunderbusses, in case of need, two mariners should be placed in the bow, two in the stern; each of those men to be provided with a horse-pistol and cutlass, and each oarsman a cutlass, in case of coming to close quarters with a boat of the enemy.

Total of boat's crew

1 Harpooner.
1 Bowman.
4 Marines.
6 Oarsmen.
Total 12 Men.

Such boats would be active well armed, and, if good men, may be said to be strong handed, and well prepared to make good a retreat, or act on the defensive, in case of encountering the enemy's boats.

FIG. 2

A, is a bird's eye view of a vessel at anchor; B, her cable; EE, two Torpedoes; CD, is their coupling line, about 120 feet long; it is here represented touching the cable colapsing, and the Torpedoes driving by the tide under the vessel. This is the manner in which the *Dorothea* in Walmer roads, and the brig in New-York harbour, were blown up.

PLATE V. FIG. 1

A, shews a Torpedo, with the harpoon-line fixed to the centre of its end; when the line is thus fixed, the tide cannot drive the Torpedo under a vessel, for the pressure of the current being equal on both sides, it will hang perpendicular to its suspending box of cork C, Fig. 2, and remain as at B, where, exploding, it would blow the water perpendicular to C, and up the side of the ship; the lateral movement of the water from B to E would give her a sudden cant to one side, but do her no injury. This has been proved by the following practice.

On the first of October, 1805, captain Siccombe, in a galley with eight men and his coxswain, placed two Torpedoes in the manner described, Plate IV, Fig. 2, between the buoy and cable of a French gunbrig, in Boulogne roads. The tide drove them until they both lay perpendicular to her sides. When the French saw captain Siccombe advancing without answering the countersign, they exclaimed that the infernal machines were coming, and fired a volley of musketry at his boat, but without touching a man.* The moment the French fired, fearing the effect of the explosions, they all ran aft and were in the greatest confusion. The tide drove captain Siccombe's boat so far down, that he was obliged to cross under the brig's stern, where, seeing her men collected, and expecting another volley, he discharged at them two blunderbusses, each containing fifteen half-ounce balls,† and was rowing away, when both Torpedoes exploded, but, to his astonishment, the brig was not destroyed. On the same night, lieutenant Payne, of captain Owen's ship *l'Immortality*, placed two Torpedoes across the bow of another French gun-brig; he received their fire, had one man wounded, rowed to some distance, and waited till he saw the explosion of the Torpedoes, which did not appear to do any injury to the vessel. When captain Siccombe called on me in the morning and reported these circumstances, I was much at a loss to account for the brig not being blown up. Defective in the experience which this failure gave me, I had not reflected, that if the copper case, with the clockwork and powder, weighed specifically fifteen or twenty pounds more than water, it would hang like a heavy pendulum to its suspending cork-box C, and if the coupling line were fixed in the centre of the end, as at A, Fig. 1, the action of the tide being equal on both sides, would have no tendency to sheer or

*They had got some idea of these machines, from an attempt which had been made with them against the Boulogne flotilla, in Oct. 1804, called the Catamaran expedition.

†The report on this attack in the French papers, acknowledged that the brig had five men killed and eight wounded: this from two blunderbusses shews that the persons in the vessel attacked have to fear the small arms of the Torpedo boats.

drive it from its perpendicular position. After about half an hour's consideration, I was forcibly impressed with this error in arrangement, as the real cause of captain Siccombe's and lieutenant Payne's failure.

I immediately had a large tub made, then filling a copper case with powder, I screwed on to it the clockwork lock, and tied to it the pine box C, then suspending the whole Torpedo by a line in the tub of seawater; the end of the suspending line was tied to one end of a scale-beam. I then filled the pine box C with cork, until the whole volume of the Torpedo and box of cork would, when just covered with water, hold three pounds in equilibrio in the scale on the other end of the beam. The Torpedo being then three pounds heavier than water, had a sufficient tendency to sink; and being so balanced, would, while under water, be easy moved by a slight pressure to either side. Then, instead of tying the coupling line to the end of the Torpedo, as at A, I tied it to a bridle, as at B, which presenting the side on an angle to the tide, the pressure of the current in the direction of the arrow, would cause the Torpedo to sheer from B to G. This arrangement perfectly succeeded to sheer the Torpedo from its perpendicular C, and the side of the vessel to E, near the keel, a position, near which it should be to do execution. In this situation, the explosion being under the vessel, would have a great body of water to remove laterally, before it could get out by a line curving round her side. The water, when acted on in so instantaneous a manner as by the explosion of one hundred or one hundred and fifty pounds of powder, does, for the instant, operate like a solid body; hence the explosion raises the vessel up with a great force, acting on a small portion of her bottom, which portion giving way, is the same in effect, as though a high sea had lifted her fifteen or twenty feet, and let her down on the point of a rock of three or four feet diameter. This, I believe, accounts for the certain destruction which will follow all explosions that take place near the keel. In all cases when the explosion is under water, the

action will be perpendicular to the surface, as from B to C, for in the perpendicular, there are less particles to remove, and less resistance than in any diagonal, as for example, from B to D.

The French papers, giving an account of the attack of captain Siccombe and lieutenant Payne, acknowledged that the Torpedoes blew up along side of the gun-brigs, but gave them only a violent shock and cant to one side; they spoke of the engines as things of little consequence and not to be feared. It is now, however, evident, that they owed the safety of the two brigs to the trifling circumstance of the Torpedoes not being properly balanced in water, and the coupling lines not being tied to a bridle, so as to make the Torpedoes sheer under the bottoms of the brigs.

Fig. 3

Is a bird's eye view of a ship of the line, either at anchor or under sail, and the Torpedo boats rowing on to the attack. I am sensible that there are strong prejudices against the possibility of row-boats attacking a ship or ships of the line, with any reasonable hope of success; I will, therefore, commence my reasoning and demonstrations by the following questions. What is the basis of the aggression and injustice of one nation towards another? Is it not a calculation on their power to enforce their will? What is the basis of all courage and obstinate perseverance in battle? Is it not a calculation on some real or presumed advantage? A frigate of 30 guns is not expected to engage a ship of eighty guns, for every rational calculation is against her, and to strike her colours would be no dishonour. If I now prove that all the calculations are in favour of the Torpedo boats, it shall hereafter be no dishonour for a ship of the line to strike her colours, and tamely submit to superior science and tactics.

I will run my calculations against a third rate, an 80 gun ship, she being the medium between first rates of 110 guns and fifth rates of 44 guns. I will suppose her to enter one of our ports or harbours in a hostile manner; her draft of water, when loaded, is twenty-two feet; her full complement of men six hundred. Were we to oppose

to the enemy an 80 gun ship, she would cost four hundred thousand dollars; we would also have to give her a full complement of six hundred men. If she engaged the enemy, the chances are equal that she would be beaten; if an obstinate engagement, she might have from one to two hundred men killed and wounded, and be so shattered as to require repairs to the amount of forty or fifty thousand dollars; she might be taken and lost to the nation, and add to the strength of the enemy. It is now to be seen if six hundred men and a capital of four hundred thousand dollars, the value of an eighty gun ship, cannot be used to better advantage in a Torpedo attack or defence.

600 men at 12 to a boat, would man 50 boats,	
50 boats at one hundred dollars each . .	$5,000
50 Torpedoes complete, one hundred and fifty dollars each, powder included	7,500
50 harpoon guns, thirty dollars each . .	1,500
200 blunderbusses, twenty dollars each . .	4,000
100 pair of pistols, fifteen dollars a pair . .	1,500
600 cutlasses, three dollars each . . .	1,800
Contingencies	3,000
Total	$24,300

The pay and provisions for six hundred men, whether in an 80 gun ship or in Torpedo boats, may be estimated, for the present, to amount to the same sum annually.

Here is an establishment of fifty boats with their Torpedoes, and armed complete, for 24,300 dollars; the economy 375,700 dollars.* It is evident the ship could not put out fifty boats to contend with our fifty; she could not, in fact, put out twenty; there-

*As each boat with a Torpedo, and armed complete, costs four hundred and eighty-six dollars, this economy would pay for seven hundred and eighty-nine boats; hence, eight hundred and thirty-nine Torpedo boats, with Torpedoes and arms, could be fitted out for the sum which one 80 gun ship would cost.

fore, as to boat fighting, the enemy could have no chance of success, and would have to depend for protection on her guns and small arms. Unless in a case of great emergency, the attack should be in the night, for if an enemy came into one of our harbours to do execution, the chances would be much against her getting out and to any great distance before night. In a night usually dark, row-boats, if painted white, and the men dressed in white, cannot be seen at the distance of three hundred yards; and there are nights so dark, that they cannot be seen if close under the bow. I might here draw into my calculations on chances that an enemy, who understood the tremendous consequences of a successful attack with Torpedoes, would not like to run the risk of the night being dark. But in any night, the fifty boats closing on the vessel in all direction, would spread or divide her fire, and prevent it becoming concentered on any one or more boats. Boats which row five miles an hour, and which all good boats can do for a short time, run at the rate of one hundred and forty yards a minute. At the distance of three hundred yards from the ship, they take the risque of cannon shot, which must, from necessity, be random and without aim, on so small a body as a boat, running with a velocity of one hundred and forty yards a minute. At two hundred yards from the ship, the boats must take the chance of random discharges of grape and cannister shot; and at one hundred yards from the ship, they must run the risque of random musket; each boat will, therefore, be two minutes within the line of the enemy's fire before she harpoons, and two minutes after she has harpooned before she gets out of the line of fire, total, four minutes in danger*: the danger,

*A deduction may be made from this time; after harpooning, if the ship were anchored in a current which ran one mile and a half an hour, that would be two feet three lines a second; hence, if the distance form the harpoon to the Torpedo were sixty feet, thirty seconds would be sufficient for the tide to push it under the keel; its clockwork might be set to explode in one minute from the time the Torpedo fell out of the boat. If a vessel were under sail, running more than two miles an hour, one minute would be sufficient time for the clockwork to act before explosion. After explosion there would, of course, be no resistance, and the probability is, that all hands would be too much occupied in attempting to save themselves, to keep them under any discipline. Thus each Torpedo boat would not be more than three minutes within the line of the enemy's fire.

however, is not of a very serious kind, for, as before observed, no aim can be taken in the night at such quick moving bodies as row-boats; yet some men might be killed, and some boats crippled*; in such an event, the great number of boats which we should have in motion, could always help the unfortunate. But what would be the situation of the enemy, who had their six hundred men in one vessel? The Torpedo boats closing upon her, twenty-five on the larboard and twenty-five on the starboard bow, some of them would certainly succeed to harpoon her between the stem and main chains, and if so, the explosion of only one Torpedo under her would sink her, killing the greatest part of the people who were between decks, and leave those who might escape to the mercy of our boats to save them.

I now beg of my reader to meditate on this kind of attack, and make up his mind on which are in the greatest danger, the six hundred men in the ship or the six hundred men in the boats? Are not the chances fifty to one against the ship, that she would be blown up before she could kill two hundred men in the boats? Should this appear evident, or be proved by future practice, no commander would be rash enough to expose his ship to such an attack.

To give a fair comparative view of the two modes of fighting, I have, in these calculations, made the number of men on each side equal; by the same rule, if twenty ships of 80 guns were to come into one of our ports, we should be necessitated to have one thousand boats and twelve thousand men; but such a preparation would not be necessary. It can never be necessary for us to have more boats than are sufficient to meet the boats which the enemy could put out to oppose us; an 80 gun ship, which is to work her guns, cannot be encumbered with many boats; they usually have:

*It is very easy to make the boats so that they cannot be sunk.

1 launch, which is a bad rowing boat,
1 long-boat, which may row well,
1 the captain's barge, a good row-boat,
1 yawl or galley, a good row-boat.

They may, in some cases, have two more boats, total number, six; therefore, twelve boats on our part would be sufficient to attack an 80 gun ship*; particularly as all our boats would be built expressly for running, and our business is to run to harpoon and not to fight; for this purpose our six oarsmen, in each boat, never quit their oars, while our four marines keep up a running fire. The six or eight boats, if the enemy could put out so many, could not prevent our twelve boats closing on the ship. If our boats came into contact with the boats of the enemy, the contest would be reduced to boat fighting; the ship could not use her cannon or small arms against us without firing on her own boats. If we succeeded to drive the boats under the guns of the ship, we should follow so close, that her guns and small arms could not be used, for in the night and amidst a number of boats in confusion, they could not discriminate between friends and enemies. On this theory, if twenty ships of 80 guns, or a force to that amount, were to enter one of our ports, two hundred and forty boats, with two thousand, eight hundred and eighty men would be sufficient, and perhaps more than sufficient, for the attack; and the following view of

*While organising a system of Torpedo attack against the Boulogne flotilla, during the administration of Mr. Pitt, it was determined that men should be taken from Lord Keath's blockading fleet to man the boats; but a difficulty occurred how to carry a sufficient number of good active boats. Finding that the ships of war could not take on board more than their usual number, without being encumbered, four ordnance vessels were to be prepared, with large hatchways, to receive a number of boats in the hole, and to carry Torpedoes. Lord Melville was impeached, Mr. Pitt died, and my system was opposed by Lords Grenville and Howic, and the new administration. I mention this, my experience, to shew that ships of war cannot carry a sufficient number of boats to contend with the boats which we could bring into action; they may, indeed, bring with them ordnance ships to carry boats; but, if they unman the ships to man the boats, the ship will be less formidable in her fire; and I believe it is self-evident, that they who have to cross three thousand miles of sea, cannot be so well furnished with boats as we who command the land.

chances exhibits a strong probability, that such a force of Torpedo boats and men would destroy the twenty ships of the line within one hour.

Let the attack be in the night. The enemy must be at anchor; twenty vessels could not keep under way in narrow waters which could not be well known to their pilots. If they put out their boats, they could not bring into action more than six good boats from each ship, total, one hundred and twenty boats. Each ship would be a point from which their boats could depart, or to which they could retreat, total, twenty positions; in these twenty positions, twelve thousand men would be exposed to Torpedo explosion, which is the same, in effect, as a mine under a fortification. We, with two hundred and forty boats, exposing only two thousand, eight hundred and eighty men, would have the whole of our shores to depart from or retreat to; being the assailants, and having it in our power to approach in every direction, the enemy could not know a feint from a real attack, nor could they tell which ship we would attack first; they, consequently, could not concentrate their boats; each vessel would be necessitated to keep her own boats on the look-out, and to aid in protecting her; while we should have the power to divide our force, or concentre one hundred boats on one vessel, as circumstances might require; hence, every thing is in favour of the success of the Torpedo attack, while the greatest danger is to be apprehended for the ships.

Having given my experience and theory on anchored and harpoon Torpedoes: a system, which I hope will, by every friend to America and humanity, be considered of some interest to the United States. I am aware of the doubts which may arise, as to the success of harpooning, in the minds of men in general, and particularly of those who have no experience, who are so impressed with the imaginary tremendous fire of an 80 gun ship, or a ship of war, that the question has often been put to me, where will you find men who have courage to approach in boats within twenty

feet of an 80 gun ship, to harpoon her? I answer, that the men in the boats, who are not more than three minutes within the line of the enemy's fire, are not so much in danger, nor does it require so much courage, as to lie yard-arm and yard-arm, as is usual in naval engagements, and receive broadsides, together with grape-shot and volleys of small arms, for forty or sixty minutes. It is not so great a risque, nor does it require so much courage, as to approach a vessel in boats, climb her sides, and take her by boarding, yet this has frequently been done. This risque is not so great, nor does it require so much courage, as to enter a breach which is defended by interior works and close ranges of cannon, flanked by howitzers or carronades loaded with cannister or grape-shot, and the parapet crowded with infantry; yet such breaches have been forced, and cities taken by assault, with numerous examples of this kind. I hope there can be no doubt of sufficient courage to make a Torpedo attack. In the instances of captain Siccombe and lieutenant Payne, before mentioned, they considered the risque of so little importance, that they went to the attack without any apparent concern; and the sailors, who were offered a few guineas for each gun of a vessel which they should destroy, used all their influence with the officers to be permitted to be of the party. But I will not propose a project so novel, and look to others to execute it. If Torpedoes be adopted as a part of our means of defence, with a reasonable number of men organized and practised to the use of them, if it be thought proper to put such men under my command, and an enemy should then enter our ports, I will be responsible to my fellow-citizens for the courage which should secure success. While I propose this, I wish it to be understood, that I do not desire any command or public employment. My private pursuits are the guarantee of an independence and freedom of action, which is always grateful to my feelings; they are useful and honourable amusements, and the most rational source of my happiness.

Estimate for an anchored Torpedo

Thirty-two pounds of copper, at seventy-five cents a pound	$24.00
A lock in a brass box, water-tight . . .	20.00
One hundred pounds of powder, twenty cents a pound	20.00
Machinery to let it rise to the surface in a given time, rope, cork-box, anchor, and weights . . .	20.00
Total	$84.00

In page 22, I have given an estimate for a clockwork and harpooning Torpedo.

The Torpedo will cost	$150.00
Each boat, armed complete	336.00

Estimate for an Establishment in our most important and vulnerable Ports.

	Boats	Anchored Torpedoes	Clockwork Torpedoes
Boston,	150	300	300
New-York,	150	300	300
In the Delaware,	50	200	100
Chesapeake,	100	200	200
Charleston,	100	200	200
New-Orleans,	100	200	200
Total,	650	1400	1300

650 boats, at three hundred and thirty-six dollars each	218,400 dolls.
1400 anchoring Torpedoes, eighty-four dollars each	117,600
1300 clockwork Torpedoes, one hundred and fifty dollars each . .	195,000
Total .	531,000 dolls.

Having mentioned the ports in which it is most probable the enemy would attempt to make an impression, calculations can be made for a like mode of defending other situations—a *minutiae*, which I am not prepared to enter into, nor is it necessary in the present state of this disquisition. I have shewn a strong power, in boats and Torpedoes, to defend six of our principal ports. Gentlemen will please to look to the numbers allotted to each port, and reflect, whether an enemy would not be inclined to respect a a force so active and tremendous in its consequences; a force, which under the cover of the night, could follow them into every position within our waters, and pursue them for some leagues from our shores into the open sea; yet those establishments would not require an expenditure of four hundred thousand dollars; for the cutlasses and fire-arms to arm the boats, and the powder for the Torpedoes, are already in our arsenals and magazines. And what is four hundred thousand dollars in a national point of view? A sum, which would little more than build and fit out for sea two ships of 30 guns. After reflecting on these experiments and demonstrations, I hope no one will, for a moment, hesitate in deciding, that the two thousand, seven hundred Torpedoes and six hundred and fifty boats, before estimated, will be a better protection for six of our sea-ports, than two ships of thirty or any other number of guns. To man the boats in the different ports, nothing more will be necessary than a marine militia; they can be as numerous as any possible necessity could require; and should be exercised to row and use the Torpedoes until the practice became familiar; after which practice, once a month would be sufficient. Corps thus formed, would be no expence to the national government; Torpedoes would require no repairs, and the boats, carefully laid up in houses built for the purpose, would last many years.

To compare Torpedoes with the usual marine establishments, and the superior protection which they give, for any specific sum expended, I have stated this prospect of economy; but I do not consider economy, in the commencement of such a system, as an

object of primary importance. Let our fellow-citizens be convinced. Convince the people of Europe of the power and simple practice of these engines, and it will open to us a sublime view of immense economy in blood and treasure. As we are not in actual hostility, and have no opportunity to try experiments on an enemy, my opinion is, that we should immediately prepare for such an event; and to satisfy the public, we should, without loss of time, make the following experiment:

Purchase a strong ship; make six Torpedoes; build two good row-boats, and prepare them as for action, with twelve men each. Let the ship be anchored, and the men practised in harpooning, throwing the Torpedoes, and observing the action of the tide in driving them under her bottom. After practising on her while at anchor, the ship to be got under way in moderate and stiff breezes, and while under way, the men to row at and harpoon her, letting the Torpedoes fall into the water, and observing the action of the current in driving them under her bottom. When the men have been so exercised as to be certain of harpooning the ship, the Torpedoes to be charged, a committee appointed, or the whole of congress witness the effect, the ship to be put under way, the helm lashed, her men take to the boat, the Torpedo boats advance harpoon her, and blow her up. The success of such an experiment will shew the value of the system; to which courage must be added in case of an actual engagement.

Probable expence of such an experiment

A strong though old ship;	1000 dolls.
Six Torpedoes, one hundred and fifty dollars each	900
Two boats, one hundred dollars each .	200
Two harpoon-guns	60
Total,	2160 dolls.

Twenty-four men can be chosen from the sailors in government employ.

THOUGHTS

On the probable effect of this invention

AT the time a new discovery is made in physics or mathematical science, the whole of its consequences cannot be foreseen. In the year 1330, Bartholomew Schwartz is said to have invented gun-powder; twenty-five years after, a very imperfect kind of cannon was constructed of welded bars of iron, others of sheet-iron, rolled in the form of a cylinder and hooped with iron rings; in some cases, they were made of leather, strengthened with plates of iron or copper; balls of stone were used; and it was not until the beginning of the fifteenth century, that is, one hundred and seventy years after the invention of powder, that iron balls were introduced into practice. Muskets were not used until the year 1521, or one hundred and ninety-one years after the invention of gun-powder. The Spaniards were the first who armed their foot-soldiers in this manner—they had matchlocks; but firelocks, that is, locks with flints, were not used until the beginning of the eighteenth century, one hundred and eighty years after the invention of muskets, and three hundred and eighty years after the invention of powder. When firelocks were first invented, Marshal Sax had so little confidence in a flint, that he ordered a match to be added to the lock with a flint, lest the flint should miss fire*: such is the force of habit and want of faith in new inventions.

Although cannon, fire-arms, and the whole detail of ammunition, now appear extremely simple, yet we here see the very slow advances to their present state of perfection; and they are still improving: hence I conclude, that it is now impossible to foresee to what degree Torpedoes may be improved and rendered useful. When Schwartz invented powder, it may be presumed that his mind did not embrace all its consequences, or perceive that his

*I have seen one of these firelocks in the collection of ancient arms, Rue de Bacq. Paris.

discovery would supercede the use of catapultas, armour, bows and arrows, and totally change the whole art of war. He certainly could have no conception of such a combination of art as we now see in ships of the line; those movable fortifications, armed with thirty-two pounders, and furnished with wings, to spread oppression over every part of the ocean, and carry destruction to every harbour of the earth. In consequence of the invention of gunpowder, ships of war have been contrived, and increased to their present enormous size and number;* then may not science, in her progress, point out a means by which the application of the violent explosive force of gun-powder shall destroy ships of war, and give to the seas the liberty which shall secure perpetual peace between nations that are separated by the ocean? My conviction is, that the means are here developed, and require only to be organized and practised, to produce that liberty so dear to every rational and reflecting man; and there is a grandeur in persevering to success in so immense an enterprise—so well calculated to excite the most vigorous exertions of the highest order of intellect, that I hope to interest the patriotic feelings of every friend to America, to justice, and to humanity, in so good a cause.

I have shewn that a ship of 80 guns and six hundred men, could have little chance of resisting fifty Torpedo boats of twelve men each, equal six hundred men. If it can be admitted possible that an 80 gun ship will be necessitated to retreat before fifty boats, she must run so far that the boats cannot follow her, that is, more than eight or ten leagues; therefore, boats could follow a ship over the narrow parts of the Baltic or British channel; but I will confine my remarks to the British channel, between Boulogne and Romney, from Calais to Dover, and from Ostend to the mouth of the Thames. If I can shew that in those waters the British fleets would be compelled to retreat before Torpedo boats or perish, it

*Compared with existing military marines, I consider all galleys and vessels of war, which were in use previous to the invention of powder, as very insignificant. It is probable that four 74 gun ships in open sea would destroy all that ever existed at any one time.

follows, that they must yield to a like system of attack in every other sea; and the like combination of power which can force them to yield, will act on all ships of war to their total annihilation.

Let the coast of Boulogne be the scene for action; suppose the British to have one hundred ships of 80 guns, or a force to that amount, equal eight thousand guns and sixty thousand men; this is a greater power than ever has been engaged in one action. I have mentioned large ships, because the strength of a fleet depends more on the size of the ships and weight of metal, than on their number; in such case, the line will not be so much extended as if the vessels were smaller and more numerous; the signals can be seen and answered from the extremities of the line with more certainty, and the order of battle can be better kept. The length of a ship, from the point of the bowsprit to the stern, may be estimated at forty fathoms, and the distance between two ships one hundred fathoms, consequently, the one hundred ships would form one line of fourteen thousand fathoms, or twenty-eight-thousand yards, equal to near sixteen miles. Such a line could not see and answer signals from the van and rear to the centre. It could, however, be formed into four divisions of twenty-five ships each, and they again could be subdivided; but the tactics which must be adhered to when two fleets of near equal force engage, will be of little utility when the attack is made by a sufficient number of Torpedo boats.

ESTIMATE OF THE FORCE TO ATTACK SO FORMIDABLE A BLOCKADING FLEET

Men, sixty thousand, a number equal to the British; they cannot all be sailors, nor is it necessary they should, but men, who with six weeks exercise can learn to row well, for to row with tolerable dexterity, is all the nautical knowledge required. To divide the sixty thousand men, twelve in a boat, will require five thousand boats, each of which will be so light, that its twelve men can draw

it on the beach above high water mark, or on the sands or plane, in a few minutes, or launch it into the water with equal facility.

MANNER OF ARRANGING THE BOATS UNTIL WANTED

A boat being six feet wide and twenty-seven feet long, if a space of twelve feet wide and thirty-nine feet long be allowed for each boat, four hundred and forty of them would range side by side in the distance of one mile, then leaving twelve feet from the stems of the first row to the sterns of the second, and a like space between each line, the five thousand boats could be laid up on a beach or plane one mile long, one hundred and fifty yards wide, and give sufficient room for the men to get at the boats without confusion; this plan would not require the expence of forming a bason or harbour. Thus arranged, each boat with its Torpedo, harpoon-guns, arms, and oars, in their places, and the twelve men in their stations, six on each side of the boat, the whole could be run into the water and manned in an hour, which facility of embarking is of the first importance for rapid movements, and to take advantage of the weather.*

ESTIMATE FOR THE PREPARATIONS

5000 boats, one hundred dollars each .	500,000 dolls.
5000 Torpedoes, one hundred and fifty dollars each	750,000
5000 harpoon guns, thirty dollars each .	150,000
Total	1,400,000 dolls.

This is equal to 315,000*l* sterling or about the value of three ships of 80 guns; it is equal to 7,560,000 livres, a sum of little importance to France, it being not equal to the expences of her gov-

*When the British fleet is becalmed before Boulogne, the French flotilla is becalmed also, and cannot make any advantageous movements. The calms which lay the British fleet under great disadvantage, will give every possible advantage to the Torpedo boats, and will be the most favourable time for the attack.

ernment for one day; the men she has, and three times the number if required; the powder for the Torpedoes and arms for the men, are in her magazines.

Suppose the boats and Torpedoes prepared, the harpooners exercised, and the men practised to the oars. The intrepidity of the French, in an assault, has been so often proved, that there can be no question as to their courage to rush on to the attack in any case where there is a reasonable hope of success. It is obvious, that the British ships could not put out a sufficient number of boats to oppose five thousand Torpedo boats; consequently, they have not other means of resistance than to manoeuvre and defend themselves from their ports and decks, in the best manner they can devise.

It is now necessary, in calculating the chances of success, to examine various modes of attack and defence; I therefore beg of the reader, never to lose sight of the facility with which the whole of the French boats can be run into the water, manned, and ready for action, or again drawn up on the shore, and with how much ease every advantage may be taken of calms and favourable circumstances; he must also separate from his mind the idea of boats attempting to fight ships; such an attempt would be absurd; it is Torpedoes, those instruments of instantaneous destruction, which are to decide the contest; the boats are but the means of harpooning and attaching the Torpedoes to the ships: this is the whole object of the attack.

In defence, it is to be considered by what means a ship or ships could prevent the boats approaching so near as to harpoon them in the larboard and starboard bow, and make good their retreat? I will name the calm months of June, July, and August, as most favourable for the enterprise. Let it be recollected, that in all attacks of this kind, the boats row at the rate of five miles an hour, or one hundred and forty-six yards a minute; at the distance of four hun-

dred and thirty-eight yards or three minutes from the ship, they will risk random round shot*; at two hundred and nineteen yards or one and a half minutes from the ship, they risk one discharge of grape; at one hundred yards or forty seconds from the ship, they risk one volley of small arms, before they harpoon. After harpooning, it is probable the ship's crew would be more occupied about their own safety, than in standing deliberately to fire at the boats. And thus, each boat will not be more than four minutes within the line of the ship's random shot: such rapidity and decision in attack, gives incalculable advantages to the boats.

FIRST MODE OF ATTACK

In a calm and usually dark night, the ships at anchor, either in one line or parallel lines, or promiscuously. The Torpedo boats to be formed into divisions, each division to consist of fifty boats, and to attack one ship. Suppose the ships first attacked to be those nearest the land; in a calm they could not get under way, nor could they change their positions; a ship, by having a spring on her cable, might possibly bring her broadside to bear on the boats; but as the fire of the broadside could do little injury until the boats were within four hundred and thirty-eight yards, or three minutes, of her bow, and, as three minutes after coming within the line of fire is to decide the contest, I conceive that her broadside could not protect her; if the boats, at six hundred yards distance, run for her bow, it would be impossible for her to change her position so quick by a spring on her cable, as the boats could change their direction to keep under her bow. If the ships were in one line, and the headmost first attacked, she could receive no assistance from the vessel astern, for she would lie between the stern ship and the boats, and receive the fire which might be directed for them. If the ships lay in several parallel lines, or promiscuously, and the next line were

*All shot from cannon, carronades, or howitzers, against boats, must be random: a boat is too small and moves too quick to admit of taking aim; and in the night, musket shot will be random also.

on her larboard, the larboard ship would be distant at least one hundred fathoms, and while the boats were bearing down, might fire broadsides on them when they were at the distance of two hundred yards;but the moment they closed in with the ship she must cease her fire, otherwise she would do more injury to the ship than to the boats; the larboard ship would, therefore, only have an opportunity to fire two minutes at the boats, in which time, she might possibly discharge two broadsides; but as the boats could keep in a line with the bow of the vessel attacked, and there is more danger from the larboard or starboard ship than the one attacked, a better mode would be to attack the headmost ship of each line at the same time; in such case, each ship would be necessitated to reserve her whole fire for her own defence; she could not assist the next ship, and thus each vessel would be as much exposed and left to her own resources, as though there were not another ship within three leagues of her. The succeeding ships of the line, or lines, could be attacked in like manner: hence, this mode of attacking any number of vessels with an equal number of divisions of boats, amounts to nothing more than a repetition of an attack with fifty boats on one ship, and it does not appear to me possible, that her fire could repel fifty boats, or prevent them lodging ten, fifteen, or twenty harpoons, if necessary, in her larboard and starboard bow. I leave to nautical men and experienced commanders, to shew to the public how a ship or ships of war, anchored in a calm as before stated, could resist such an attack, and their total destruction in a few hours.

But commanders, seeing the danger of being becalmed while at anchor, may keep the fleet under way.

SECOND MODE OF ATTACK

In the night, the ships under way, calm, or light breezes of not more than four knots an hour. Ships of the line, that are under way, seldom approach nearer each other than a cable's

length; this precaution, is to prevent their running foul and causing confusion; when expecting an enemy of equal force, the custom is to form one line; admitting, that to oppose the Torpedo boats, they preserved this usual order of battle, close hauled and under easy sail, to let the boats come up, here, as in the case of being at anchor, each ship must apply her whole fire against the division of boats which attack her; she cannot aid the ship next to her. As the boats, advancing under cover of the night, each division will, in three minutes from the time they arrive within danger of cannon shot, be in with the bow of the destined ship, and fire their harpoons into her. Therefore it appears, that her chance while under way is very little better than when at anchor. If, as the boats advance, a ship turns her bow to meet them, she facilitates their harpooning her. Will any other order of battle than one right line, give more security? Would two, three, or four parallel lines, give better protection? In such case, the line nearest the boats would be attacked first, and the other lines taken in succession. Were the ships to form a crescent, the headmost vessels would be first attacked, in this form, they might surround a number of boats and get them between two fires; but whatever situation the boats may be in, after they arrive within the range of grapeshot they can, in a few minutes, be under the bow of the ship, where they will be safe from all fire except small arms; but to arrive under her bow, amounts to a moral certainty of effecting her destruction. Therefore, with the immense advantage which Torpedoes give to an attack with boats, it is of little consequence whether it be made in the night or day, in a calm or a breeze of from four to six knots. If the ships engage with the boats, their case will be desperate. In all my reflections on this kind of war, I see no chance for their escape other than by retreat; and the moment English ships of war retreat before Torpedo boats, that moment the power of the British marine is for ever lost, and with it the political influence of the nation.

In this view of chances, I have calculated the number of men in the boats equal to the number in the ships, and estimated five thousand boats to be brought into action; but in all cases when there are sufficient Torpedo boats to drive in the boats of the ships, there will be sufficient to attack the fleet; the one hundred ships could not put six hundred good boats in motion, therefore, one thousand Torpedo boats would suffice for the attack; they could be formed into fifty divisions of twenty boats each; they would have every advantage, in a calm, of directing fifty or one hundred boats against one vessel, while the ships would not have the power to concentrate their fire on the boats; the ships could not be defended, unless there were transports or ordonance vessels expressly for carrying good row-boats, the number of which should be sufficient to repel the Torpedo boats; but if ships can only be protected by boats, it follows, that they will cease to be of use, and the contest for the command of the channel must be decided by boat fighting. In such case, the nation which could put in action the greatest number of boats, and was least dependent on commerce, would have a decided advantage. England is more dependent on commerce than France; her merchant vessels could be attacked, destroyed, and her trade ruined; yet the commerce of France could not be more, nor so much, injured as it is at present. In such an event, England, who has usurped the dominion of the ocean and laid all nations under contribution, would be the most humble supplicant for the liberty of the seas. And then the Emperor of France would have a noble opportunity to display a magnanimity of soul, a goodness of heart, which would add lustre to his great actions, and secure to him the admiration of the civilized world, by granting to so ingenious, industrious, enterprising, and estimable a people, a perfect liberty of commerce.*

*A government, and particularly a monarchy or aristocracy, may be in the habitual practice of vice, while the people are in the habitual practice of virtue. In an aristocracy, where the army, navy, places, and pensions, are in the power of the few, the voice of the people has little or no influence. The genius, industry, and enterprise of the English, have converted a barren island into the most fruitful and beautiful spot on earth; their improvements in the use-

I have now run this subject to a conclusion, in which I do not hestiate to say, that two thousand Torpedo boats and twenty-four thousand men, would take the command of the British channel from Boulogne to Romney, from Calais, Gravelines, Dunkirk and Ostend, to the mouth of the Thames, and that the command of the commerce of those narrow seas, would command the British nation; but there the power of Torpedo boats must cease—a nation cannot send such boats to sea to depredate on commerce, nor to foreign countries on expeditions of conquest, and therefore the seas must be free.

ful arts, have made them the greatest and most useful manufacturing people that ever existed. In proportion as the people, by their industry, increased the riches of the nation, the government found a facility in raising revenue, and have loaded the virtuous people with taxes to the amount of twenty-five or more millions a year, to pay for ruinous wars, the conquest of America, the establishment of the Bourbons, and the balance of Europe.

ON

the imaginary inhumanity of Torpedo war

IN numerous discussions which I have had on this subject and its consequences, it has been stated ,that instead of giving liberty to the seas, its tendency would be to encourage piracy and buccaneering, by enabling a few men in a boat to intimidate and plundermerchant vessels, thereby producing greater evil than the existing military marines. This idea, is similar to one which might have arisen on the invention of muskets, which, giving to an individual the power of certain death at the distance of fifty or a hundred yards, robbers might infest the highways, and from an ambush, shoot the traveller and take his property; yet there is not so much robbery now as before the invention of gun-powder; society is more civilized; it is not so much divided into feuds, or clans, to secrete and protect villainy; and all civilized society will, in their own defence, combine against the robber, who has little chance to escape. In like manner, as an individual, instigated by revenge, might with an air-gun shoot his neighbour, or by means of gunpowder blow up his barn or buildings; but society combine against such atrocious acts, and he who would commit them, could have little other prospect before him than the gibbet. In the case of pirates or buccaneers, they could not make a Torpedo without some intelligent workmen, who would be a means of discovery. Were they to take a prize, they must have some port to carry it to, or it could be of no use to them; were they to plunder a ship, they could not carry much in a Torpedo boat, and the boat must have a port to go to, where neighbours or spectators, observing her suspicious character, would lead to investigation; added to which, pirates are seldom constant in their attachment to each other, and each would suspect the other turning informer. It would be difficult for a Torpedo boat to depart from any port of America, and

return without being detected. It is certainly much more easy and secure for an individual to go on the highway and rob, yet how seldom is that done. When nations combine against pirates, there is no reason to fear that individuals can make a bad use of this invention.

But men, without reflecting, or from attachment to established and familiar tyranny, exclaim, that it is barbarous to blow up a ship with all her crew. This I admit, and lament that it should be necessary; but all wars are barbarous, and particularly wars of offence. It is barbarous for a ship of war to fire into a peaceable merchant vessel, kill part of her people, take her and the property, and reduce the proprietor with his family from affluence to penury. It was barbarous to bombard Copenhagen, set fire to the city, and destroy innocent women and children. It would be barbarous for ships of war to enter the harbour of New-York, fire on the city, destroy property, and murder many of the peaceable inhabitants; yet we have great reason to expect such a scene of barbarism and distress, unless means are taken to prevent it; therefore, if Torpedoes should prevent such acts of violence, the invention must be humane.

When a fortress is besieged, and a mine driven under the citadel, the powder laid, and the train ready to light, it is the custom for the besiegers to send to the commander of the besieged, to inform him of the preparations, and leave it to his judgment to surrender or risque the explosion; if he will not surrender after such warning, and he, with his men, should be blown up, he is to be charged with the inhumanity, and not the besiegers. Should government adopt Torpedoes as a part of our means of defence, the Europeans will be informed of it, after which, should they send hostile ships into our ports among anchored Torpedoes or Torpedo boats, and such ships should be blown up, the inhumanity must be charged to them, and not to the American government or to this invention.

Having, in the preceding chapter, given details for a system of French Torpedo boats, which could command the narrow parts of the British channel, I may be accused of enmity to England and partiality to France; yet I have neither hatred nor particular attachment to any foreign country. I admire the ingenuity, industry, and good faith of the English people; I respect the arts, sciences, and amiable manners of the people of France. There is much in each of those countries which we may copy to great advantage. But my feeling are wholly attached to my country, and while I labour for her interest in this enterprise, I am happy that the liberty of the seas, which I believe can be effected, will not only benefit America; it will be an immense advantage to England, to France, and to every other nation. Convinced of this, I have viewed military marines as remains of ancient warlike habits, and an existing political disease, for which there has hitherto been no specific remedy. Satisfied in my own mind, that the Torpedoes now discovered, will be an effectual cure for so great an evil. To introduce them into practice, and prove their utility, I am of opinion, that blowing up English ships of war, or French, or American, were there no other, and the men on shore, would be humane experiments of the first importance to the Uuited States and to mankind.

A VIEW

of the political economy of this invention

At the death of Queen Elizabeth, in 1602, the royal navy consisted of the following vessels.

	4	ships of	40	guns.
	4	of	32	
	10	of	30	
	2	of	20	
	3	of	16	
	2	of	12	
	5	of	10	
	3	of	8	
	1	of	6	
	4	of	4	
	4	of	2	
Total	42		180	guns, with 3 hoys.

When equipped for sea, it carried 8376 men.

At the death of King James I. in 1665, the royal navy amounted to sixty-two sail; the money expended per annum was fifty thousand pounds sterling, equal to 222,222 dollars, 20 cents.

At the death of King William, in 1701–2, the navy consisted of

Ships of the line, including fourth rates; . .	123
Frigates	46
Fire Ships	87
Total	256

The whole navy mounting about 9300 guns, and to completely man the ships, it would take 52,000 men; the sum allowed per an-

num for the navy, was 1,046,397 pounds sterling, equal to 4,650,653 dollars, 30 cents. Thus in one century, it increased in vessels and men six fold, and in expence twenty fold.

In 1801, the royal navy consisted of

192	ships of the line	Principal force for combat, 760
28	ships of 50 guns	
227	frigates	
181	sloops	
96	gun vessels	
11	gun barges	
15	bombs	
10	fire ships	
11	store ships	
8	yachts	
9	tenders	
2	advice boats	
5	armed transports	
13	Dutch hoys	
6	river barges	
1	convalescent ship	
130	hired ships and cutters.	
Total 945		

Annual expence, 13,654,013 pounds sterling, equal 60,684,502 dollars, 40 cents; at present, I have not time to ascertain the exact number of men, which however amount to more than one hundred thousand.

From 1701 to 1801, the number of vessels have been increased four fold, and the expence twelve fold; the expence is now two hundred and seventy times greater than at the death of King James I, one hundred and eighty-five years ago.

STATE OF THE MARITIME POWER OF NATIONS ABOUT THE YEAR 1790

Taken from Arnauld

Nations	Ships of the Line		Frigates		Sloops	Total Vessels	Total Cannon	Total Seaman
	ships	*guns*		*guns*				
Spain	72 from	112 to 58	41		109	222	10,000	50,000
Portugal	10	80 - 58	14 from	44 to 30	29	53	1,500	1,000
Naples	10	74 - 50	10		12	32	1,000	5,000
Venice	20	88 - 16	10		58	88	1,000	14,000
Ottoman Empire	30	74 - 50	50 from	50 to 10	100 galliots	180	3,000	50,000
Holland	44	74 - 56	43	40 - 24	100	187	2,300	15,000
Denmark	38	90 - 50	20	42 - 20	60 chebecks	118	3,000	12,000
Sweden	27	74 - 50	12	38 - 20	40 gallies	79	3,000	13,000
Russia	67	110 - 66	36	44 - 28	700 various	803	9,000	21,000
France	81	118 - 64	69	40 - 30	141 various	291	14,000	78,000
England	195	100 - 50	210		256	661	12,000	100,000
						2714	59,800	359,000

Taking the whole of these fleets, and estimating their expence by that of the British marine, it must amount to about twenty-six millions of pounds sterling per annum, equal to 115,555,555 dollars, 50 cents. Can we reflect on this table and not feel, in the most sensible manner, the folly of the eleven European nations, who support such establishments for their mutual oppression? Is there an American who, after viewing these horrid consequences of divided Europe and her barbarous policy, that can for a moment harbour a wish, that these happy States should be divided, and each petty government, in proportion to its resources, augment its fleets and armies either for defence or to gratify a mad ambition, by depredating on its neighbours? If there be such men, they are in a state of political insanity, and the worst enemies to the American people. The humane and excellent Dean Tucker, in his work on political economy, published during the American revolution, has observed, "That the wars of Europe, for the last two hundred years, have, by the confession of all parties, really ended in the advantage of none, but to the manifest detriment of all. Suffice it to remark,

that had each of the contending powers employed their subjects in cultivating and improving such lands as were clear of all disputed titles, instead of aiming at more extended possessions, they had consulted both their own and their people's greatness much more efficaciously, than all the victories of a Cesar or an Alexander." This important truth should be deeply impressed on the mind of every American.

But I will return to the fleets of Europe, and endeavour to point out the principal causes of the great increase of those engines of oppression, and from whence the wealth has arisen to support such expences. I will also shew the increasing resources which will, if science does not check it, enable England hereafter to support a marine of fifteen hundred armed ships, with as much ease as she now does seven hundred and sixty.

In 1602, the British nation could not possibly have paid for the expence of such a navy as it possessed in 1701, and in 1701, the resources of the nation were not equal to the expence of the navy of 1801. The reason is, that since 1602, the sciences have developed immense resources. Chemistry and mechanics have multiplied the produce of productive labour, and increased the riches of every nation in Europe; the commerce of China and the East-Indies has been opened; Russia and Sweden have become civilized and commercial; South America, the West India islands, and North America, have, from a few hundred persons, grown to a population of at least twenty-five millions; who have created a vast and productive commerce, of which there was no conception two centuries ago. Agriculture has every where been improved; the earth produces more for a given labour; manufactures are carried on, in various degrees of perfection, in every country and district of country, which, creating surplus wealth to pay for luxuries, returns millions of riches on so enterprising and commercial a people as the English, which, added to their own improvements in mechanism, manufactures, and agriculture, enables the government, at this day, to

expend thirteen millions of pounds sterling, annually, on their marine. Yet the people in general live better, have more enjoyments, and because they have more enjoyments, they are in reality not more oppressed than the people of 1625, who paid only fifty thousand pounds to the marine. Such is the natural consequence of a general cultivation of the useful arts; but a just government and a wise people, should take care that the wealth which the useful arts give to them, should not be uselessly expended.

As imports and exports are the consequence of increased population and industry, the following will shew how the expences of the British marine have not only kept pace, but gained on her sources of wealth.

Table of British Imports, Exports, and Expence of the Marine, in pounds sterling.

In 1701

Imports	5,869,609*l.*
Exports	7,621,053*l.*
Total	13,490,662*l.*

Expence of the Marine

1,046,397*l.* or one thirteenth of the whole imports and exports.

In 1798

Imports	46,963,000*l.*
Export of British manufactures . .	33,602,000*l.*
Export of foreign goods . . .	14,387,000*l.*
Total	94,952,000*l.*

Expence of the Navy

13,654,013*l.* or about one seventh of the total imports and exports.

In 1800, the population of the United States was estimated at 5,214,801; with this population, we import from England to the amount of seven millions sterling per annum, for which we pay, in direct and circuitous trade, equal seven millions, making our imports from England, and exports to pay for them fourteen millions, or equal to one seventh of the imports and exports of England. Therefore, as it is the profits of trade which support the British marine, we pay one seventh of its whole expence, or about two millions sterling, and, in fact, support one seventh of seven hundred and sixty armed ships, equal 108. Thus we cherish an evil of which we complain, and unless we can destroy it, we must continue to nourish it.

In 1700, the population of England and Wales amounted to 5,475,544; in 1800, to 9,343,578; it did not double in the last century notwithstanding the great increase of trade. As her population is now equal to one person for every six acres, there is a powerful check on its increase, and the rational calculation is, that it will not double, or rise to eighteen millions in the next two centuries. But the United States is doubling its population in about twenty-five years, or, for probable correctness, say in thirty years; consequently, in

1830 we shall have;	10,429,602
1860	20,859,204
1890	40,718,408
1920	81,436,816

Even then, the acres of the United States will be more than ten to an individual. As our habits and customs are English, it is a reasonable calculation, that

In 30 years, we shall take from them to the amount of	14,000,000
60	28,000,000
90	56,000,000

This is more than they now send to all the world, which wealth resulting from American labour, being turned into England, will increase her resources equal to the maintenance of her present marine: for, as I before stated, if of seven millions which we now import, we furnish funds for the seventh part of her naval expences, or say two millions. Seven is into fifty-six, the imports of ninety years hence, eight times; the United States will, therefore, furnish sixteen millions sterling per annum, to support the British marine, and enable England to double her present naval establishment. Thus we are continually aiding and supporting, the only tyranny which can oppress us, or disturb our tranquillity.

I am aware that, opposed to this statement, it will be said that we shall become manufacturers, and hereafter import, in proportion to our population, less from England; but, in a vast country like the United States, where lands are cheap, and men can easy be provided for in agricultural pursuits; it will be difficult for the manufactures to keep pace with the population. We are now much greater manufacturers than we were twenty-five years ago; yet our imports increase; the manufactures of England have augmented ten fold in the last century. Although her population has not doubled, yet her exports and imports have kept near even pace with each other. The consequence of manufactures, is to create abundance and give the means of purchasing luxuries; therefore, more persons enjoy the luxuries of fine articles. England has her manufactures established and her people taught; she has the start of all the world, which she will keep for very many years; nor can such superiority be an injury to America, or to France, or any other nation, provided the profits are not expended on a military marine to oppress them.* Then what is to be done to arrest this

*Many appear to be of opinion, that if Bonaparte could get the command of the seas, or had it in his power, he would reduce London to ashes, and destroy the arts and manufactures of England. Carthage is always cited as an example of a conqueror's vengeance. This, however, has never been my opinion, because it is not justified by any act of his life. In all the countries he has conquered, he has ever respected the sciences and useful arts; he has not

enormous evil, this organizing system of oppression? One of three things must be done: we must have a marine of a force to be respected, or we must suffer our commerce to be as limited as the British government may think proper, and be laid under contribution; or, military marines must be destroyed, and liberty given to the seas.

What kind of a marine would obtain for us that consideration and respect which would give to our merchant ships unmolested admittance into the ports of Europe? Fifty ships of 80 guns each, and thirty thousand men, certainly could not guarantee to us such respect. Russia has a greater naval force, and dare not show a ship out of the Baltic. Yet fifty such ships would cost the United States twenty-five millions of dollars, and seven millions of dollars a year; which, added to repairs, dock-yards, arsenals, navy-boards, and agents, may be estimated at ten millions a year. But even could such a marine secure to us a reasonable liberty of commerce, America could not now bear such an expenditure; and where is the additional commerce to pay for ten millions a year, expended to protect it? Should our resources, in twenty years, enable us to support such a marine, I have shewn, that the British can augment their fleets also, and spare a force to meet us at sea. But were America to try her finances to the utmost, and establish a marine equal to fifty ships of 80 guns, it would be to us the greatest of misfortunes; for so many persons would become interested in obtaining a support from it, that, like England, we should continue adding, until our successors would find it a power superior to their liberty—one which would load them with taxes, press their children into senseless wars, nor leave them permission to complain. Should we ever

burned Vienna, Berlin, or Madrid. Had he no other motive, his own fame, in a great measure, depends on the protection which he may give to the sciences. But, independent of this, I believe he well understands the benefit which Europe receives from English arts and industry; and his war is not against them, but against the manner in which their profits are applied; that is, against the marine, and interference of the British government in all the concerns of the continent.

be necessitated to have a marine of a force to be respected, such are the accumulated evils under which our posterity must suffer. But if science and energy should sweep military marines from the ocean, America will be the garden of the world—an example for Europe to imitate. When we contemplate the immense sums which are expended in European marine establishments, and calculate the infinite good which might have been done with the capital, we have to lament that man, instead of gratifying his ambition in wars and devastation, has not sought a more noble and lasting fame in promoting the arts, the sciences, and civilization.

The annual expence of the navy of Great Britain amounts to upwards of thirteen millions a year; as long as war continues, the expence will not be diminished; but taking the chance of war and peace for the succeeding twenty-five years, and estimate that the marine will cost ten millions a year, the expenditure in twenty-five years will be two hundred and fifty millions of pounds sterling. If driven to have a marine, such might be the expenditure of our successors; if we can avoid it, the capital might be expended in useful work. I will now give a short sketch of the improvements which might be made in America for such a sum:

First, twelve canals, running from the eastern and northern parts of the United States to the south, each fifteen hundred miles long, and fifty miles distant from each other, equal to eighteen thousand miles; thirty canals, running from the sea coast to the interior, each six hundred miles long and fifty miles apart, or eighteen thousand miles—total, thirty-six thousand miles, at three thousand pounds sterling a mile, amounting to one hundred and eight millions. Canals to this extent, would intersect a country fifteen hundred miles long six hundred miles wide, equal nine hundred thousand square miles, or seven hundred and fifty-six millions of acres, not an acre of which would be more than twenty-five miles from canal carriage; and which acres, allowing six to an individual which is equal to the density of English population, or say seven, al-

lowing for rivers, roads, and canals, would be ample space in a country which, by its improvements, must be fertile for one hundred and eight millions of inhabitants.

2d, Two thousand bridges, at thirty thousand pounds sterling each, equal; .	60,000,000
Two thousand and fifty public establishments for education, at forty thousand pounds sterling each . . .	82,000,000
The canals;	108,000,000
Total .	250,000,000

The two hundred and fifty millions, raised by loan and funded at five per cent. would, if expended on a marine, lay a tax on the people of 12,500,000*l.* sterling a year, equal to *55,555,555* dollars a year, with a horde of excise-men and tax-gatherers, to torment honest industry. But if expended on canals, the profits to transport would pay the interest, and give inconceivable advantages to the people. Such communications would facilitate every species of industry. Canals bending round the hills, would irrigate the grounds beneath, and convert them into luxuriant pasturage. They would bind a hundred millions of people in one inseparable compact—alike in habits, in language, and in interest; one homogeneous brotherhood, the most invulnerable, powerful, and respectable on earth. Say, legislators, you who direct the destinies of this great nation, shall Americans, like servile creatures of extablished habits, imitate European vices, or copy them because they are familiar? Shall they nourish a useless marine, lay the basis for its increase, and send it down the current of time to futurity with all its complicated evils? Shall such a system consume our resources, deprive the earth of improvements, draw into its vortex ambitious men, divert the best talents of our country from useful works, and interest them in its support—creating nonproductive labourers, who must be the consumers of the produce of

the productive class, and diminish their enjoyments? Or will you search into the most hidden recesses of science, to find a means for preventing such incalculable evils? And direct the genius and resources of our country to useful improvements, to the sciences, the arts, education, the amendment of the public mind and morals. In such pursuits, lie real honour and the nation's glory; such are the labours of enlightened republicans—those who labour for the public good. Every order of things, which has a tendency to remove oppression and meliorate the condition of man, by directing his ambition to useful industry is, in effect, republican. Every system, which nourishes war and its consequent thousands of idlers and oppressors, is aristocratic in its effects, whatever may be its name. These sentiments exhibit my political creed, the object of all my exertions; and these principles, practised by Americans, will create for them a real grandeur of character, which will secure to them the respect and admiration of the civilized world.

FINIS

Number and Nature of Ordnance for each of the Ships in the British Navy

Rates	Number of guns	Number of guns of each nature							Carronades			
		42	32	24	18	12	9	6	32	24	18	12
1st	100	28	-	28	-	30	-	18	2	6	-	-
2d	98	-	28	-	30	40	-	-	2	-	6	-
3d	80	-	26	-	26	-	24	1				-
	74	-	28	-	28	-	18	-	2	-	6	-
	70	-	28	-	28	-	14	-				-
4th	64	-	-	26	26	-	12	-	-	2	6	-
	60	-	-	24	-	26	-	10	-	-	-	-
	50	-	-	22	-	22	-	6	-	6	-	6
5th	44	-	-	-	20	22	-	6	-	-	8	-
	36	-	-		26	2	8	-	8	-	-	-
	32	-	-	-	-	26	-	6	-	6	-	-
6th	28		-	8	-	-	24	4	-	6	-	-
	24	-	-	-	-	-	22	2	-	2	6	-
	20	-	-	-	-	-	20	-	-	-	-	8
Sloops	18	-	-	-	-	-	-	18	-	-	-	8

For "Notes on Vessels of War of the United States" see pages 6 and 7.

Dimensions of Ships, Number of Men, and Draught of Water

Number of Guns	Length on the Gun-deck	Extreme Breadth	Compliment of		Depth of water required for each
			Sailors	Marines	
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Num.	Officers	Feet
110	190 0	53 0	875	1 Capt. 3 Sub	24
100	186 0	52 0	875	Do.	24
98	180 0	50 0	750	Do.	23
90	177 6	49 0	750	Do.	23
80	182 0	49 6	650	Do.	18
74	182 0	48 7	650	Do.	18
74	169 0	46 11	650	Do.	18
64	160 0	44 6	650	1 Cap. 2 Subs.	18
50	146 0	40 6	420	2 Lieutenants.	16
44	140 9	38 8	300	1 Subaltern.	16
38	144 0	39 0	300	Do.	16
36	142 0	38 0	300	Do.	16
32	126 0	35 4	300	Do.	15
28	120 0	33 6	200	Do.	15
24	114 7	32 3	200	Do.	15
20	108 0	30 0	200	Do.	15
18	110 0	29 6	125	Sergeant	13
16	106 0	28 0	125	Do.	13

N. B. The usual Complement of Marines is one for every gun in the ship

For "Notes on Vessels of War of the United States" see pages 6 and 7.

FEB 25 '15

THE

MAGAZINE OF HISTORY

WITH

NOTES AND QUERIES

Extra Number—No. 36

COMPRISING

MEMOIR OF THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO - - *A. W. W. Evans*
LETTERS ON KOSCIUSZKO - - - - - *Thomas Jefferson*

WILLIAM ABBATT

TARRYTOWN NEW YORK

1915

MEMOIR

OF

THADDEUS KOSCIUSZKO

POLAND'S HERO AND PATRIOT

AN OFFICER IN THE AMERICAN ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION

AND

MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

BY

A. W. W. EVANS

FOR THE SOCIETY

FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION ONLY

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RES ARDUA VETUSTIS NOVITATUM DARE; NOVIS AUCTORITATEM; OBSOLETIS, NITOREM; OBSCURIS, LUCEM; FASTIDITIS, GRATICUM; DUBIIS, FIDEM; OMNIBUS VERO NATURAM, ET NATURAL SUA OMNIA.

ITAQUE ETIAM NON ASSECUTIS, VOLUISSE ABUNDE PULCHRUM VTQUE MAGNIFICUM EST.

(It is a difficult thing to give newness to old things, authority to new things, beauty to things out of use, fame to the obscure, favor to the hateful (or ugly), credit to the doubtful, nature to all and all to nature. To such, nevertheless as cannot attain to all these, it is greatly commendable and magnificial to have attempted the same

PLINY,—preface to his *Natural History*.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

NO such complete life of Kosciuszko has previously appeared in English. It was prepared for the Society of the Cincinnati, and as its circulation was confined to the members of the Society, it is scarce. The choice of Mr. Evans for its compiler was a happy one, as his grandfather was an intimate friend of the Polish hero, who spent much time at his residence in New Jersey.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.
Jan. 1st, 1883.

TO JOHN SCHUYLER, Esq.,

Chairman of the Committee on Publications of the Society of the Cincinnati.

SIR:—Your letter of 31st ult. in reference to writing a memoir of Kosciuzsko for the new book of the Society of the Cincinnati was duly received. I will undertake the task, although feeling incompetent to portray in all the brilliant light it deserves, the life and character of one so pure, so heroic, and so patriotic. He was the warm personal friend of my grandfather through the war of the Revolution, and in after years.

As a boy, I heard his praises sung and accounts of his deeds in war related by my grandmother, who considered him second only to Washington.

I will with pleasure jot down reminiscences of stories and historical points in his life, believing that they will be read with interest by those who take pleasure in studying the pages of history, that tell of the deeds and sacrifices of "Our Fathers of the Revolution," "The Founders of the Nation," "The Immortals of the Republic," "The men who formed the Society of the Cincinnati," of which he was an honored member, and proud in being one, for he wore on his breast the decoration of the Society, n the bloodiest battles he fought for his own country.

If I, in my enthusiasm for the character of the Polish chief, should extend the story beyond the limits at your disposal for any one memoir, in the new book, which is to hold nearly three hundred others, cut it down to the required dimensions. The subject is interesting, and will, I am sure, be read with pleasure by the members of the Cincinnati, who should be proud of having on their roll the name of so true a man and soldier as that of the illustrious Kosciuszko. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ANTHONY WALTON WHITE EVANS.

MEMOIR OF KOSCIUSZKO.

AMONG the men of modern times there was, perhaps, in Europe none whose fame was more brilliant, whose patriotism was more pure, and whose character for fierce bravery, gentle acts and virtuous conduct through life, was more unsullied than that of Thaddeus Kosciuszko. His name is enshrined in the ruins of his unhappy country, which, with heroic bravery and devotion, he sought to defend against foreign oppression and domination.

He was born February 12th, 1746, in Lithuania, of an ancient and noble family, at the chateau of Mercez-Wczyzua—a dependence of Sienniewicze, near Brezesc-Litenski. To be the son of a noble in those days, was to be born to arms, and to become a soldier. At the age of eighteen he graduated from the cadet college at Warsaw, where he proved himself to be a brilliant student in all branches. He was selected by the King to be sent to France for a still higher education. As an Engineer, he first studied at Versailles, and then in Paris, afterwards going to Brest and other ports; he had a chance to study during construction the great fortifications and works of Marshal Vauban, who was the greatest military engineer of his time. Kosciuszko also visited England, and after seven years spent in study returned to Poland, received a commission as captain, and was placed in charge of fortifications and restorations at Cracow. While there he was solicited to become Professor of Mathematics, by the eminent scholar, Hugo Kottataj, the chief of the old University founded in 1370. This high position for a man of twenty-eight was refused.

Early in 1776, he was on duty near the castle of Somowice, in a manor of that name, belonging to the rich and proud Marshal of Lithuania, the Palatine Sosnowski*, a relative of our hero, who soon fell deeply in love with Louise, the young and favorite daughter of this great officer of State. The haughty parents rejected with scorn the poor young nobleman, an elopement was the consequence, the lovers escaped in the night and were close to the goal of their wishes, when the father with his armed minions overtook them; a combat ensued. Kosciuszko defended himself and his lady ove with lion-hearted courage, but one against many could not prevail; he sank wounded to the ground and was left for dead by the imperious father, who carried off in triumph his daughter to his stronghold.

When Kosciuszko awoke to consciousness all that he found of his beloved was a handkerchief stained with his blood. Forty years afterwards, when he died, his body was found covered with grievous wounds, and that handkerchief was found next to his heart, where it had a resting-place during the tempests of the ocean passage; during the struggle of our Revolution; during his glorious triumphs in battles for his country's life; during the sad hours of defeat, and the long weary years of dungeon life; during his second visit to America; during his long years of exile in France, and during the many rides in storm and sunshine which he took daily for two years when the guest of the Ambassador Zeltner, up into the mountains to carry money and comforts to the poor Swiss peasants, who learned to look upon him as their savior, and whose children cherish his memory to the present day, and in their simple but honest way pray for the repose of his soul. In their country is to be found the only spot in Europe where a Polish museum would be allowed. Count Plater, the leader of the last revolution in Poland, is the director and founder of a Polish museum at Rapper-

*Or Sotnowska

schwyl, a small town at the foot of the Lake of Zurich, where he has all that he could collect of the relics of Poland; among them some papers of Kosciuszko and many little things that belonged to him. This museum is in an old castle on the rocks built six hundred years ago by one of the Dukes of Albrecht, on the ruins of an old Roman castle. I was shown there many interesting papers and things connected with Poland, once one of the greatest and most feared countries of Europe, for in its palmy days it was larger than France and Spain combined. It was the birth-place of Copernicus, the first of the human family whose brain could dive into the mysteries of the universe, grasp the true movements that governed it, and reveal to man, in spite of the revilings and threats of the Church and the people, knowledge of the greatest importance to science and progress.

The reverence which the Poles show to the memory of Kosciuszko is quite touching; I have met them in Warsaw, and in nearly all of the great cities of Europe. Over forty years ago, I had three Polish officers (victims of the Revolution of 1830), as assistants in an engineer corps, and at home or abroad, when I showed any of them the eagle of the "Cincinnati" which Kosciuszko wore on his breast in battle, during the glorious hours of triumph and the sad, dark hours of defeat, they always kissed it, while tears stood in their eyes. (On his return to Europe in 1798, as a memento of friendship, he exchanged Eagles with my grandfather.)

In the Polish museum at Rapperschwyl, among ancient arms and the swords of the distinguished dead of Poland, and relics of Kosciuszko, is a large painting showing him leading his men in the last great battle; it is by a Polish officer who was in many of the battles. Kosciuzsko is represented as in the midst of terrible carnage, in front urging on his men, with sword outstretched, his helmet gone, his eyes staring as if ready to jump from their sockets, his mouth open as if shouting a command, while every feature of his face is lit up with fierceness, fury and determination. With

such a leader it was no wonder that his faithful legions, always brave, were ready to plunge into the thickest of the fight to do or die.

But to return to his early life: after the loss of his lady-love he resigned his commission in the Polish army. Hearing of the preparations for war in the colonies of America he hastened to Paris, obtained a letter from Franklin, came to America, and sought the camp of Washington, who asked him his wishes: he said, "to fight for Liberty." Washington asked him what he could do; he said, "Try me, I am ready to do anything."

Washington was at once taken with his dash, and placed him on his staff, as an aid (my grandfather being on Washington's staff in the camp at Cambridge, they became fast friends, and remained so through life). Washington finding that he had received a scientific education, and was well learned in the art of fortification, soon gave him a commission as Chief-Engineer.

His first work as an engineer was with General Schuyler and afterwards with General Gates at Saratoga. From the writings of Washington, edited by Sparks, I gather most of the following: Washington often speaks of Kosciuszko; mentions his being appointed Engineer of Continental service, October 18th, 1776; of his being employed at Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, and afterwards in the army of Generals Schuyler and Gates; of his selecting Moses Creek, four miles below Fort Edward, as a point to check the advance of General Burgoyne; of his planning the entrenchment for the American army at Bemis Heights, and for this Washington praised him. After the battle of Saratoga, he was placed in charge of the fortifications at West Point, relieving, by order of Washington, March 14th, 1778, Colonel Radière. Fort Putnam had been commenced, but he built and completed it.

The map of West Point made by Major Villefranche at the time, shows eleven forts at that strategic position, but how many

of them were built by Kosciuszko it is difficult to say; he probably had the direction of all of them. He gave so much satisfaction to the people at West Point, that General Parsons and Governor Cl nton joined in desiring that he might be continued there, and Washington in a dispatch says: 'To his care and sedulous appreciation, the American people are indebted for the defenses of West Point."

In September 1778, Kosciuszko acted as second to General Gates, in a duel fought at Yorktown with General Wilkinson This duel caused much bad blood among all concerned, and came near resulting in a duel between Kosciuszko and Colonel John Carter, the second of Wilkinson.

In August 1780, Washington offered Kosciuszko the appointment of Engineer in the army of the South, under General Greene, which he accepted with thanks In writing to General Gates under date of August 12th, 1780 Washington says:—

"I have taken the opportunity of writing by Colonel Kosciuszko, with whom I part reluctantly, as I have experienced great satisfaction from his general conduct and particularly from the attention and zeal with which he has prosecuted the works committed to his charge at West Point."

West Point, now the seat of the United States Military Academy that has added so much to the lustre of American arms in two great wars, is situated in the Highlands at a sharp bend in the majestic Hudson. On the slope from the elevated parade ground to the river is a piece called "Kosciuszko's Garden." At the head of this, on a spot commanding a grand view of the beautiful river and mountains for many miles, is a simple but elegant monument erected in 1828, to the memory of Kosciuszko by the corps of Cadets, at a cost of five thousand dollars.

Kosciuszko served with distinction in the South, in Georgia and Carolina; he directed the siege lines and approaches at Nine-

ty-Six, and remained in active service to the end of the war, proving himself to be an efficient and valuable officer in every position in which he was placed; his gentlemanly conduct and chivalric disposition won for him many friends among the first officers of the Revolution. On the 13th of October, 1783, he was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General on the recommendation of Washington, "*for long, faithful and honorable services in the American Army.*" Soon after this, the war being over, he returned to Europe with his fast friend Count Niemcewicz, the Polish poet, who was his college companion, followed his fortunes to America, was his aid in his great battles, was his fellow prisoner in Russia, returned with him to America, where he married, and again joined his old friend when an exile in France.

Kosciuszko lived in retirement in Poland until 1789, when the Diet made him a Major-General on discovering that foreign powers were plotting to overthrow Poland. The weakness of the King (Stanislas Poniatowski) rendered it impossible to sustain the independence of the country; he had bound himself to sanction the Diet of Grodno, which restored the ancient constitution with all its vices and all its abuses. In the meanwhile Frederick William of Prussia, who had given the Poles assurances of assistance if attacked by Russia or Austria, basely deserted them, and stood aloof waiting to see what share of the spoil the haughty Empress of the North would give him, as a reward for his non-interference.

But, though thus betrayed on all sides, the Poles had too much fire in them to submit without a struggle; they flew to arms, and found in the nephew of their King, the young Prince Joseph Poniatowski, a general worthy to conduct them in so glorious a cause. Under his command Kosciuszko first became known in European warfare. He distinguished himself in the battle of Zielence, June 18th, 1792, and still more in the battle of Dubienska, which was fought July 17th, 1792. In this battle he defended for six hours,

with only 4,000 men, against 15,000 Russians, a post which had been but slightly fortified in one day, and at last retired with very small loss. This contest was too unequal, the patriots found themselves surrounded by enemies from without and by traitors within, at the head of whom was their own sovereign.

The Russians took possession of Lithuania, and whatever suited their convenience, while Prussia, *the friendly Prussia*, invaded another part of the Kingdom.

This was too much for the lofty patriotism of the officers of the Polish Army; the most distinguished retired in indignation and disgust from the service, to Germany and France. Kosciuszko, made miserable at the fate of his unhappy country, retired to Leipsic, where he was when the Legislative Assembly of France made him a French citizen.

The Poles, the brave Poles, in whose bosom the fires of patriotism and love of liberty still burnt bright, were anxious for another struggle, never stopping to count the fearful odds arrayed against them. Early in 1794 they met and made Kosciuszko their Generalissimo with dictatorial powers. He obeyed the call and found the patriots eager to combat under his orders; even the noble Joseph Poniatowski, who was previously Commander-in-Chief, returned from France, and took command under him.

The patriots had risen in the North where Kosciuszko had first directed his steps. Anxious to begin his campaign with vigor, he marched rapidly on Cracow, which city he entered triumphantly on March 24th, 1794.

He at once published a manifesto against the Russians, and then at the head of only 5,000 men, without cavalry or artillery, he marched to meet their army.

On the 4th of April he encountered at Wraclawice, ten thousand Russians, and entirely defeated them after a bloody combat of four hours. He returned in triumph to Cracow.

The inhabitants of Warsaw, stirred to acts of daring by the heroic deeds of their countrymen, at once raised the standard of independence, and were successful in driving the Russians from their city after a murderous conflict of three days. In Lithuania and Samogitia an equally successful revolution was effected before the end of April. The Polish troops in Volhynia and Podolia marched to reinforce Kosciuszko.

To this time fortune seemed to smile on the cause, but the scene was destined to a change. Kosciuszko formed a national council to conduct the affairs of Government, and as soon as possible advanced against the Russians. On his march he met a new enemy, in the person of the faithless Frederick William of Prussia, who not even having gone through the form of declaring war, had marched an army of 40,000 men into Poland. Kosciuszko with but 13,000 men, attacked the Prussian army on the 8th of June at Szcekociny.

The battle was long and bloody; the sword and the battle axe made hecatombs of the dead, Kosciuszko had two horses killed under him, but still the fight went on, until overwhelmed by numbers he was obliged to retreat on Warsaw. This he effected in so masterly a manner that his enemies did not dare to harass him in his march; he effectually covered the capital, and maintained his position for two months against vigorous and repeated attacks. This wonderful retreat and the ability he displayed in holding the capital, gave Kosciuszko as much fame and reputation as if he had won a great battle. Some Russians joining the Prussians, in all amounting to 50,000 men, they again assembled under the walls of Warsaw and commenced a siege of the city. After six weeks of bloody conflicts, the confederates were obliged to raise the siege.

During all this time Kosciuszko proved himself to be master of the situation, and for awhile held them as with a grip of iron,

while he had at the same time to keep in check a furious populace inside, much given to great excesses.

Warsaw's last champion from his height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid—
'Oh! Heaven!' he cried, 'my bleeding country save;
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise fellow men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high;
And swear, for her to live, with her to die.'

He said, and on the rampart heights, arrayed
His trusty warriors few, but undismay'd,
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
'Revenge or death,' the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm.

Before Kosciuszko could complete his preparations to ride over this allied army rough-shod, they disappeared from the walls of Warsaw. Austria now determined to assist in the annihilation of Poland, and caused a body of her troops to enter that kingdom. At the same moment the Russians ravaged Lithuania, and Kosciuszko saw two corps of the Russian army, commanded by Suwarrow and Fersen, marching to effect a junction before he could leave the capital to try to prevent it.

On receiving this intelligence he placed himself at the head of the Polish army. He was attacked by the superior force of the Russians and Prussians on the 10th of October, 1794, at Macieiowice,* and for many hours supported the combat against overwhelming odds.

Intending to attack Fersen, and hoping to be supported during the action by Poninski, his plan becoming known to the Russians, they attacked him; twice he repelled the attacks and re-

*Or Macejowice

pulsed the enemy, success was wavering at the third, when Suwarrow's corps, superior in numbers, discipline and ammunition, appeared on the field. The Polish infantry could not withstand the charge. In the hottest part of the engagement Kosciuszko had three horses killed under him. Mounting again, and at the head of his principal officers, he made a grand charge into the midst of the enemy. Again his horse was killed, as were most of his officers, others were taken prisoners, among them his inseparable friend, the amiable Count Niemcewicz. At last exhausted and bleeding, he fell by the lance of a Cossack, and a sabre cut across his forehead.

> In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
> From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew;
> Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
> Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
> Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
> Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
> Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear;
> Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career.
> Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
> And freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!
>
> —*Campbell.*

The great man lay senseless among the dead; at length he was recognized, notwithstanding the plainness of his uniform; he was found to breathe. His name even now commanded respect. The Cossacks made a litter of their lances and carried him to the general, who ordered his wounds to be cared for, and that he should be treated with the respect his distinguished position merited. (See Appendix A.)

As soon as he could be carried, he was, by the order of the tigress Catherine, sent to St. Petersburg, where she condemned this noble patriot to end his days in prison. She thought probably—

> I had rather be a toad
> And live upon the vapor of a dungeon.

Clemency was not to be expected from a woman who had murdered

her husband. He was confined in a dungeon in the castle "Gregory-Orloff," where he remained two years as a State prisoner, and until the death of Catherine, November 6th, 1796.

When Paul became Czar of Russia, one of the first things he did, was to remove the guard from the Castle Orloff. He sent messengers to Siberia with passports for twelve thousand Poles confined there, and also money to bring them home.

He then went to the prison of his illustrious captive, accompanied by his two sons, the grand dukes Alexander and Constantine. Now comes the time that tried the patriot's soul, a time when the distinguished greatness of Kosciuszko stood out in its meridian splendor. The Emperor gave him his liberty unconditionally and loaded him with gifts of lands, serfs, money and honors (he afterwards placed a large sum to his credit, in the banking-house of Thompson, Bonard & Co., of London, which remained there until it had doubled); he took off his sword and pressed it on him; Kosciuszko refused it, saying: "I have no use for a sword, I have no longer any country to defend." The Emperor offered him a high command in his army, but the noble soul of Washington's friend very modestly and courteously refused the glittering offers, saying: "I have never fought except in the cause of human freedom, in America and Poland, and I can never serve in any other cause."

> Oh! Freedom! Valor! Resignation! here,
> Pay to your godlike son the sacred tear,
> Weave the proud laurel for his suffering brow,
> And in a world's wide pity, steep the bough.

Kosciuszko's wounds were still open and unhealed when set at liberty. He at once started for England. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 30th, 1797, in noticing his arrival, says: "The gallant General Kosciuszko arrived in the river Thames on board of a Swedish vessel, attended by many Polish officers, who are going with him to America. He is incurably wounded in the

head, has three bayonet wounds in the back, and a part of his thigh carried away by a cannon shot; his wounds are such that he cannot move himself without excruciating torture; he amuses his leisure hours with drawing landscapes. He speaks with the most lively gratitude of the present Emperor of Russia, and complains that his wounds were long neglected, after he was made prisoner."

He found himself a great "lion" on his arrival in London; he was loaded with presents by the ladies, all of which, if of value, he returned to the donors. A ring which the Duchess of Devonshire put on his finger, he gave to Mrs. General White. With gaping wounds, unable to walk and with a mind ill at ease, he did not care for nor enjoy the festivities of the great and gay, of the world of fashion.

He hurried away from worldly London, and the glare and gorgeousness of "lion-hunters," to seek for a time rest and quiet comfort in the house of an old friend (an uncle of Mrs. General White), Elias Vanderhorst, formerly of South Carolina, who lived in Bristol. (See Appendix B.)

"On the Polish Chief's visit to the city becoming known" (I quote from the chronicles of that day), "the Sheriffs and Colonel Sir George Thomas, commanding a regiment of Dragoons in the vicinity, went out with all the military in procession to meet him, and give him an honored welcome to Bristol. Crowds of the neighboring gentry, in carriages or on horseback, thronged the cavalcade, in which was Rufus King, the United States Minister and Colonel Trumbull, the soldier painter and compeer of Kosciuszko. On each day while Kosciuszko remained in Bristol, crowds of enthusiastic visitants congregated in the square to catch a glimpse of the Polish Hero.

Colonel Thomas sent each night his military band to the hall of Mr. Vanderhorst, to regale the honor-oppressed invalid with

martial airs from every land where a soldier's banner had waved. Kosciuszko was received on the 7th of June, 1797, at the superb mansion in Queen's Square, in the open arms of his old friend, Mr. Vanderhorst, and the blushingly presented cheeks of his two lovely daughters. Kosciuszko spent a week with his friend, a week heavily laden with attentions, and then, from the state of his unhealed wounds, he was obliged to be carried to the quay in a Sedan chair, surrounded by British officers in uniform, carrying their helmets, and followed by Mr. Vanderhorst and a host of the hero's admiring friends, to the water's edge. There he was placed in a large and well-manned boat, and there the welcomed guest took a grateful leave of the friends who were his escort.

As the boat with its precious burden glided into the stream, all heads were uncovered, all handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and from cliff to cliff the rocks of St. Vincent were made to resound with the brave cheers that came from warm-hearted friends.

All along the river, as the barge proceeded down, it was met by pretty skiffs from each of the many beautiful villas that line the banks of the Avon, bringing votive gifts of fruits and flowers to the brave voyagers on board.

Soon the barge ran out into 'King's Road,' in the Severn, to the ship which was to carry the Polish Chief to America, and he was once more placed under the "Stars and Stripes;" that bright emblem of a free country, that his own volunteer arm had assisted to place at the mast-head of ships that plough the waters of every sea, and that, while it spreads itself to the breeze in every port in the world, is respected and protected, for all know its mission is peace and good will among men. (See Appendix C.)

Kosciuszko and his ever-faithful friend, Count Niemcewicz, arrived after a pleasant voyage. He visited Washington in Philadelphia, and was received with a warrior's honors by his old chief. After remaining with him some days, distressed by too much and

too many attentions, as he was still a sufferer from his wounds, he went to the house of his old comrade-in-arms, General Anthony Walton White, on the Raritan, in New Jersey, where he remained during most of the winter of 1797 and 1798. He spent nearly all his time reclining on a sofa, sketching with pencil, and painting in water-colors and India ink fancy pieces, which when finished he threw on the floor to be gathered by Mrs. General White, who gave them to friends. Generosity appears to have been one of the leading traits of his character; he had brought from Russia some very rich and valuable furs, presents from the Emperor; these he gave to Thomas Jefferson and Mrs. General White, also a lot of trinkets, among which was a necklace of vegetable coral from Siberia; it must have been rare. I hunted in St. Petersburg for specimens of it without success.

Kosciuszko's life on the Raritan was uneventful. Many of his old comrades-in-arms during the Revolutionary struggle came from distant parts to see the hero of Poland, the man who had made his name and fame resound throughout every civilized land in the world, the man who was enshrined in the hearts of every lover of liberty, as the ardent patriot, the sagacious strategist, the lion-hearted hero.

He appeared to have some magnetic property about him, for he endeared himself to all he met, and the attachment remained through life. I used to sit as a boy, and listen with rapt attention while my grandmother (who was of the fiery, but kind and genial blood of the Huguenots of South Carolina) told her personal reminiscences of Kosciuszko, tales oft repeated, and never got tired of by relater or listener. I attach copies of two of the letters, now in my possession, of the Polish Chief, (see Appendix D,) which are interesting as showing the generous and kindly spirit of the man, a spirit that was composed of the lion and the lamb, lying down together in his bosom. He used to wear around his head a black

ribbon, to hide the scar of a ghastly sabre cut across his forehead. On the 23d of January, 1798, Congress liberally rewarded his valuable services in the American revolution, by giving him the principal and interest of five years' service, amounting to twenty thousand dollars. Being mild, simple and unostentatious in his dress, manners, taste and language, being a good classic scholar, spending much of his time in reading his favorite authors, Tacitus, Plutarch, Aristides, Timoleon, &c., he soon became a great favorite of Thomas Jefferson; this friendship was mutual, for in his letters to Jefferson, he calls him "*his dear Aristides.*"

Jefferson, in a letter to General Gates, February 21st, 1798, speaks of seeing Kosciuszko often, and with great pleasure, and says, "He is as pure a son of liberty as I have ever known, and of that liberty which is to go to all, and not to the few and rich alone."

On his return to Europe Jefferson obtained for him passports from the foreign ministers, under the name of Thomas Kamberg, a native of the north of Europe, and vouched for his political innocence.

In the spring of 1798 he received a package of letters from Europe; on reading one he became greatly excited, and sprang from his couch into the middle of the room; until then he had not moved without assistance, and then he had to call for his valet to help him back to his couch. He did not mention the cause of his excitement to any one, but said to General White, "I must return at once to Europe." Preparations were made, and he left the house of his old comrade in May, letting only two or three of his intimate friends know of his going. Jefferson, in a letter to him of June 1st, says, "I hope you passed the cruising grounds quickly, and that you have safely arrived at the term of your journey; your departure is not known or even suspected."

Before leaving America Kosciuszko made a will bequeathing the money and lands given to him by the United States Govern-

ment, to be used in the emancipation and education of the negroes in Virginia. This will was left with Jefferson, and on the death of Kosciuszko, Jefferson had it proved and recorded. Being old Jefferson refused to act as executor, and Tobias Lear, formerly Secretary of Washington, was made executor.

In 1823, the heirs at law of Kosciuszko commenced a suit in the United States courts to recover these moneys and lands. The Supreme Court decided that this will was null and void, another will having been made in 1816. After much litigation through years, the lawyers representing the heirs had paid to them, April 11th, 1853, the sum of $34,132.15 to be divided; this left a balance, which probably was recovered and divided among the heirs.

The city of Columbus, the capital of Ohio, now stands chiefly on the lands given to Kosciuszko. (See Appendix E.)

In a letter of February 21st, 1799, Jefferson says to him: "On politics I must write sparingly, lest it fall into the hands of persons who do not love either you or me." After speaking of the probabilities of war, he says: "If war takes place Republicanism has everything to fear; if peace, be assured that your forebodings and my alarms will prove vain, and that the spirit of our citizens, now rising as rapidly as it was then running crazy, and rising with a strength and majesty which show the loveliness of freedom, will make this government in practice, what it is in principle, a model for the protection of man in a state of *freedom* and *order*. May Heaven have in store for your country a restoration of these blessings, and you be destined as the instrument it will use for that purpose. But if this be forbidden by fate, I hope we shall be able to preserve here an asylum where your love of liberty and disinterested patriotism will be forever protected and honored, and where you will find in the hearts of the American people, a good portion of that esteem and affection which glow in the bosom of the friend who writes this."

Kosciuszko was received with great distinction in France, and lived there for the next fifteen years in quiet, and often in retirement, at the Chateau de Berville, near Fontainebleau, with his friend Zeltner, the former Landvogt of Lugano, who was the ambassador of Switzerland to the French Republic.

While France was under the banners of a republic, many Poles served in the French army in Italy. They found in the shrine of the Casa-di-Loretto, the sword of Sobieski, and sent it to Kosciuszko, as the only man living worthy of such an inheritance. (See Appendix F.)

In 1807, when Napoleon was preparing his expedition against Russia, wishing Kosciuszko to lend his influence to his schemes, he sent his Minister Fouché to sound him. After introducing himself, he said the Emperor was convinced that the Polish nation could be of the greatest service to him, and as Kosciuszko was first in the eyes and hearts of his countrymen, he wished him to accompany him on the expedition. Kosciuszko knowing the heart of the crafty Emperor, replied that he was aware that Poland could contribute greatly to the success of the expedition, and he did not doubt the will of his countrymen to support the Emperor, if he could win their affections; and said he would speak to his nation if Napoleon would give him some assurance of being grateful for the assistance to be rendered, and in view of this he would ask what his Majesty intended to do for his native country in return.

"I must confess, General," said Fouché, "that your answer astonishes me; everybody knows that the slightest wish of my august Sovereign is looked upon by every one, even by princes, as an order, and complied with accordingly. His Majesty may command you to accompany him anywhere where he may intend to make use of your services."

"Your excellency will please assure his majesty," replied Kosciuszko with dignity, "that I am perfectly aware of my position. I am at present his majesty's subject, he can drag me with him, but I doubt if by doing so, either I or my nation can render him much service, but under reciprocal favors, I and my nation are ready to aid him."

Upon this fearless answer, Fouché replied excitedly, "I only wish, General, that you may never repent your refusal."

Kosciuszko could see through the selfish schemes of the Emperor, who was ready to receive a service but not to pay for it; nay, worse than that, the Emperor was ready to receive the services and the best blood of Poland, and enslave them afterwards. Emperors are not much known in history for their benevolence or generosity. It was so with the Emperor Leopold, after Sobieski had saved him and his country; instead of clasping him to his bosom as his savior, and blushing at his own cowardice, he received the King with coolness and actual insult; his empire was saved, he required no further aid, and he took care to exhibit no further gratitude.

Napoleon, when passing through Poland, on his way to Russia, forged the name of Kosciuszko to a proclamation, and published it, deceiving the Poles most shamefully, and for years prevented Kosciuszko from denying it.

All Emperors, however, are not alike. When the Emperor Alexander was in Paris, after the fall of Napoleon, he paid Kosciuszko a visit; they discussed Polish affairs; Kosciuszko begged the Emperor to be kind to the Poles, to declare himself their ruler, govern them like a father, and they would remain his faithful subjects. Alexander promised him he would do everything in his power for Poland, but that he also desired a favor, and that in return he would do anything else that Kosciuszko desired. The General declared that he was ready to do all the Emperor might ask.

"Well then you will do me the favor," said Alexander, "to be reconciled with the spirit of my deceased father, the Emperor Paul, by accepting the little present he bestowed on you when he ascended the throne, and gave you your liberty, but which you have steadfastly refused to this day."

(This money which Kosciuszko now accepted at the hands of Alexander, had never been withdrawn from the bankers in London. The Emperor was gratified to find he would accept it, and asked what further favor he could grant.)

"Your Majesty," said Kosciuszko, "has just now placed me in a situation which excludes all further wishes as to myself, but as your Majesty insists that I should ask another favor, I beg to recommend to your notice the noble and worthy family of Zeltner, to whom I owe very much. They received me as a poor exile, rendered relief to my broken constitution, have taken care of me with devotion and friendship, and have made me happy by the kindness they have shown me. I know that I can never repay them."

Alexander replied, "I will take the kindness of the Zeltner family to you, as shown to myself;" and at once ordered his secretary to see that an estate in Poland should be presented to Zeltner, in any district he might name.

Some time after this interview, Alexander desiring another conference with Kosciuszko upon Polish affairs, bade him follow him to Vienna, and further, if he had left that city. Catching up with the Emperor on the borders of Galicia, he held his final conference, and then retired to Soleure, in Switzerland, to spend the remainder of his days in peace and retirement, with his friends the Zeltners.

For some years before the final overthrow of Napoleon, the whereabouts of Kosciuszko, and even his existence, were unknown

in Poland; news and records did not in those days travel by lightning as they do now. Many believed that their hero was dead.

When the Russians in 1814 penetrated into Champagne, and were pillaging the rich valley of the Seine as they advanced toward Paris, and were plundering the commune in which Kosciuszko lived, near Fontainebleau, committing excesses of the most cruel nature, and burning the houses of the poor peasantry, Kosciuszko observed among the troops thus engaged, a Polish regiment.

Transported with anger, he rushed in among them, and in his native tongue, addressing the officers, said: "When I commanded brave soldiers, they never pillaged; I should have punished them severely, and still more severely would I have punished officers who allowed such disorders as you are all now engaged in."

With a sneer and derisive laugh, they cried out: "And who are you, my pretty old man, that you dare to speak to us in that tone, and with so much boldness?"

"I am Kosciuszko," was the quick reply. If the lightnings of Heaven had descended on their heads, and fixed each man to the spot he stood upon, they could not have been more paralyzed; there stood before them with flashing eyes, the hero of their mothers' nursery tales, the god of their dreams as boys, the incarnate spirit of the idol of Poland. They threw down their arms, then threw themselves on the ground and put dust on their heads, according to a Sarmatian custom. They crept to him and hugged his knees, begging to be forgiven and pardoned. It must have been an affecting scene. It showed that his name still retained its ancient power over Polish hearts, a power never used but for some good and generous end.

The life of Kosciuszko at Soleure, in the house of his friend Zeltner, was uneventful; he spent his time and his entire income in charity. Every day he rode long distances into the Jura moun-

tains, to hunt up cases of charity among the poor peasantry, always carrying a couple of bottles of generous old wine for the sick. He never passed a poor man without stopping to give him a few batzen (cents), the lowest he ever gave—he generally gave one or two dollars. His horse soon became used to his master's ways and wishes, and stopped every time he saw a poor man. On one occasion he sent young Zeltner to carry a message, and told him to ride his horse; he soon found he could not get the horse past a poor man until he had opened his purse and before he got home he found himself cleaned out of all his cash.

Early in 1817 there was a famine in the mountains near Soleure, and there was so much suffering among the poor, that Kosciuszko rode up into the mountains every day, rain or shine, making himself acquainted with the wants of every family.

The income from the Emperor's gift was a Godsend to those people; he distributed it with a free hand, and when it was all gone he became melancholy, returning from his trips into the mountains sorry and downhearted. The Zeltners could not divine the cause, but as he had made confidants of them in many things, they decided to interview him as to the cause of his unhappiness. He told them of his having given away all his money, and of there being still many suffering for want of bread and common necessaries; also that it would be six weeks before he would again receive money from England. This disclosure was made to Madame Zeltner, who had been entrusted with this delicate commission. The family decided to bring a pressure on the "grand old man," and force him to accept a loan. He could not refuse them, so with his pockets once more filled with money, and his heart made happy, he again started for the mountains to dispense charity, and make others happy. The story of his labors among the poor is most interesting, but too long to introduce here.

He led a very quiet and modest life at Soleure, rising at five in summer and six in winter; made his own coffee, read the paper, fed his pet bird that perched on his shoulder, then taught his godchild, Thadee Emilie Zeltner, whose entire education he took on himself (she is said to have grown up a splendid woman, married Count Giovanni Morosini, and is, I believe, still living at Milan). He rode every day on his mission of mercy. He was a lover of art, and quite an artist himself, but refused to allow any one to paint him, or chisel him out of marble; so all the pictures of him were made from memory, by artists who managed to fix his face on the retina of their eyes. Zeltner had got a clever Swiss artist, Eggenschwiler, to study his face and head at the Opera in Paris; he had nearly completed three busts of the General. Kosciuszko had heard of Eggenschwiler as a promising young artist, and asked his friend to introduce him at the sculptor's studio. They took the artist by surprise; he tried to hide the busts with his person, and turn their attention to other works, but Koscuiszko at once detected the likeness to himself, and in his anger that such a thing should be done, shattered two of them with his cane; the artist protected the third with his person, and explained that he had only executed the order of Zeltner, and begged him to spare the bust; he spared it, on Eggenschwiler promising that he would never try his hand at it again. The bust was given to Zeltner. (See Appendix G.)

With his friend Zeltner, Kosciuszko visited all parts of Switzerland to study their admirable systems of education.

Not a great while before he died two incidents or meetings occurred, which shed a ray of light into his quiet life. A noble Polish lady banished herself to the cloistered walls of a convent at Soleure; Kosciuszko hearing of it, paid her a visit *incognito*, and conversed with her in their mother tongue. Suddenly the nun started as if awakening from a dream, her face kindled with enthusiasm, spring-

ing up, she exclaimed: "You are Kosciuszko! When I was a young girl I saw your portrait, which all the ladies wore in a locket on their breasts. There can be on earth no other face in whose features are blended so much of majesty and magnanimity as in those of the great Naczelink."

The second meeting was the visit which the Princess Lubomirska (who was the head of one of the highest families of Poland), paid him at Zeltner's, when on the way to Italy, and which at his request was prolonged for some weeks. Her great powers of conversation, her amiability and sparkling gaiety, shed a lustre of happiness over the last days of his life. On reaching Lausanne, she sent him a ring bearing the inscription:

"L'Amitié à la Vertu."

Filled with forebodings of his approaching end Kosciuszko took one more step, which excited the admiration of all Europe, and by which he manifested the humane and enlightened spirit that always animated him: he freed all the serfs on his estate of Sienniewicze. This memorable instrument, signed on the 2d of April, 1817, declared all his serfs to be free citizens and proprietors of the soil which they had cultivated, and that they should not in future pay any more taxes in money, kind or labor to the lords of the manor. He bequeathed his estate to his niece, Catherine Estkowa, and her children.

He wished his funeral to be as simple as possible, and that six poor men should carry his coffin to the grave.

In August, 1817 he visited, with Zeltner, a friend at Vevay, on the Lake of Geneva. He insisted on ascending a mountain on horseback; on returning the horse stumbled and bruised his rider. He was removed to Soleure. On the 1st of October, he was attacked with a serious nervous fever*; he was attended by the best physi-

*Other accounts say it was typhoid: and the cause of death has also been given as a fall from his horse, and a fall over a precipice.

cians of Soleure, Zurich and Berne. The fever increased, and on the 15th of October, 1817, one of the noblest men that ever lived breathed his last in the arms of his friend Zeltner, surrounded by his weeping family.

The dying moments of Kosciuszko was a scene of thrilling interest. His righteous soul, as if voluntarily retiring to rest, weary of life's toils and cares, now plumed itself for Heaven as the cold and stern hand of death gradually sundered the mortal ties which bound it to earth. His strong hand, which had never drawn a sword but in the cause of human freedom, had never dealt a blow except at the hearts of tyrants, gave now its last affectionate grasp to surrounding friends. That eloquent innocent tongue, which had never been heard except in the cause of humanity, which had roared at the head of armies like thunder on the distant hills, which had frequently been heard in the silent watches of the night to breathe the devotions of the pious heart which gave it utterance, now, like love's soft whisper, sighed its last farewell on earth. That eagle eye, which had formerly thrown its piercing glance over the ranks of advancing hosts with a far-seeing vision, which could accurately scan the forces arrayed against him, now gave its last look on friends and all earthly things with a calmness and sweetness that seemed to disarm death of all terrors, and then quietly turning to Heaven, closes on all earthly scenes. The soul and body of this great man, which had acted in concert for the good of the world for seventy-one years, now take their last parting leave; as the sun, the glorious king of day, gently retires to his quiet repose, and his beaming eye closes in the beautiful sunset, so the pure and noble spirit of Kosciuszko gently and serenely retired from the world, and resumed converse with Washington in Heaven.

His moral powers were in every way equal to his mental, and worthy of a truly great man. His benevolence was universal, embracing the high and the low; his last dollar and his only meal were the property of the first needy peasant; his love for his race

was without a limit. Such a character could not and did not fail to command the respect of all. His whole character has passed into history, poetry and song; and surrounded by a halo of immortal fame, it will roll along the ages to come, as a bright beacon to guide the patriot, the soldier and the philanthropist to deeds of daring in the cause of human progress, as connected with Liberty; and the downfall of all the barriers that have been raised against it by the acts of tyrants, who claim that their power comes *Dei Gratia.*

> Deep is the sleep of the Hero. When shall it
> Be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer
> Awake? Thou art swift as the roe on the
> Desert. Thy sword in battle as lightning
> In the field. Thy voice was like thunder on
> The distant hills. Many fell by thy arm,
> But when thou dids't return from war, how
> Peaceful was thy brow. Like the moon in the
> Silence of night.—Calm as the breast of the
> Lake, when the loud wind is laid.
>
> —*Ossian.*

When the news of the death of Kosciuszko became known, all Europe resounded with praises of his exalted character. His heart is buried under a monument at Zuchwil*, in Soleure; his body was embalmed and placed in the vaults of the Jesuit Church. All the women in Poland, from the highest to the lowest, went into mourning. Zeltner advised the Emperor Alexander of the death of Kosciuszko. The esteem in which the Emperor held the Polish chief is shown by his ordering that funeral ceremonies should be conducted in all the churches of Poland. These imposing ceremonies were celebrated not only by the Catholics, but by the Greeks and Protestants, and also by the Hebrews and the Moslems in the bounds of that once great country. The Emperor appointed Prince Anton Jablonowski to proceed to Soleure, obtain a special conveyance, and escort the remains to Cracow. The Prince pro-

*Or Tuchwil

cured a costly carriage from Paris, saw to all the arrangements, and attended by the Zeltners, removed the body to Cracow, where it was deposited in the funeral vaults of the Kings of Poland by the side of the tombs of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, his friend and patriot compeer, and of John Sobieski, the great soldier and champion of Christendom, the deliverer of Vienna. The mortal remains of the Republican hero, who began his career under Washington, and ended his days in the birthplace of William Tell, now slumber quietly in a red marble tomb, ornamented with the cap and plume of the Polish peasant, and bearing the simple inscription: T. Kosciuszko.

In the environs of Cracow, on an elevated piece of table-land, is an immense mound of earth, raised as a monument to Kosciuszko; it is three hundred feet in diameter, and one hundred and fifty feet high. The nucleus of this monument was laid by General Pozkowski, who in 1819, wheeled a barrow full of earth and bones from the battle field of Wraclawice, and deposited it at the center; he next deposited in a marble coffin a bust of the Polish chief, with his biography, and placed by its side an urn, containing some of the earth from the field of Macieiowice, where Kosciuszko was wounded. Then the spectators, who had assembled in tens of thousands, all contributed to raise the mound by voluntary labor; earth was brought from every battle field in Poland, and so great was the enthusiasm, that wounded soldiers brought earth in their helmets, and women in their slippers, pilgrims from afar brought earth from their homes in sacks, and on this mound was unfurled a banner, amid the acclamations of assembled thousands, with the simple, but soul-stirring inscription:

KOSCIUSZKO THE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON.

The eighteenth century was prolific in great men, but in the long list there were no other two whose characters excited so much admiration, whose deeds called forth such eloquent eulogies from

philanthropists, scholars and statesmen in every country and clime, as were accorded to Kosciuszko and Washington. What was said of one might be said of the other. They were beacon lights set on high pinnacles, to shed undying lustre on all as they advance in progress, prosperity, purity and patriotism, during ages as they roll on to eternity.

Probably the most eloquent and stirring eulogy that ever fell from the lips of, or was conceived by the brain of man, was on the character of Washington by a British statesman. (See Appendix H).

FINIS

APPENDICES

(Appendix A.)

In most of the memoirs of Kosciuszko, and histories of the battles in which he played so distinguished a part, it is asserted that when he fell in the battle of Macieiowice, he exclaimed, "*Finis-Poloniæ.*" This is a great error; those words were put in his mouth by the enemies of Poland. He was a modest man, and did not believe that all of Poland was wrapped up in his existence. The Poles are a living fact to-day, in spite of massacres, confiscations, banishments and torture inflicted on them to destroy their nationality; they are as much united in feeling, and as thoroughly national as they ever were. In a letter to Count de Ségur, author of "*La Decade Historique,*" he says: "Ignorance or bad faith persists in putting in my mouth the words '*Finis-Poloniæ,*' which I am said to have pronounced on the fatal day of Macieiowice. In the first place, before the end of the battle I was all but mortally wounded and only recovered my senses two days afterwards, when I found myself in the hands of my enemies; moreover, if such an expression would be foolish and criminal in the mouth of any Pole, it would be a great deal more so in mine. The Polish nation, in calling on me to defend the country's integrity, independence, glory and liberty, knew very well that I was not the last Pole, and that with my death on the field of battle or otherwise, Poland could not and would not end. All the Poles have done since then, in the glorious Polish legions, and all they will yet do in the future to recover their country, must be regarded as proofs that we, though the devoted soldiers of this country, are mortal, Poland is immortal, and no one has the right to say or report the outrageous expression, '*Finis-Poloniæ.*' What would the French have said, if

at the fatal battle of Rossbach in 1757, Marshal Charles de Rohan, Prince of Soubise, had cried out '*Finis-Galliæ*,' or if such cruel words had been attributed to him by his biographers?"

(Appendix B.)

Bristol was in those days, and before the discovery of Liverpool, the chief port of the west of England, and a city of much importance. It contains a fine old cathedral, in which pious and devout Britons were wont to offer up fervent prayers of thankfulness to the Supreme Being for the safe arrival of their well laden slave-ships from the Guinea coast, and it was here that the young and rich planters of Virginia and Carolina were received with the greatest attentions on landing, and shown the "prime articles of trade" that these devout merchants dealt in!

(Appendix C.)

Dr. Warner* in his *Literary Recollections* speaks of seeing Kosciuszko at the house of Mr. Vanderhorst, and says: "I never contemplated a more interesting human figure than Kosciuszko stretched on his couch; his wounds were still unhealed, he was unable to sit upright, a black silk handkerchief crossed his fair and high forehead, beneath it his dark eagle eye sent forth a stream of light that indicated the steady flame of patriotism which still burned within his soul, unquenched by disaster, wounds, weakness, poverty and exile; his conversation replete with fine sense, lively remarks, sagacious answers, evinced a noble understanding and a cultivated mind."

(Appendix D.)

LETTER OF KOSCIUSZKO TO MRS. GEN. A. W. WHITE, WHILE AT PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1798.

I am not at rest, Madame, before I obtain your Pardon in full extend and force, for the trouble I gave you during my stay

*Rev. Richard Warner, London 1830.

at your house. The uneasiness hangs on my mind and my feelings suffer greatly. I was perhaps the cause of depriving you (of) a pastime more suited to your inclination or satisfaction than wyth me; you never was out on a visite: you was pleaded to inquirers every day, what I like or dislike every wyshe was complied (with) every thought was prevented (anticipated), to make my sytuation more comfortable and agreeable—let me read in your answer of forgiveness, and I beg Elisa to solicit (intercede) for me.

I am too much indebted to you to express in words corresponding to my obligation and gratitude: let (it) suffice that I will never forget neither the memory will cease for a moment in my breast. May the Goddess of health, wealth, content and happiness attend you the whole live; wyth perfect respect, esteem and sincere friendship, if you will allow me

Madame
Your Humble and Obedient Servant,
T. Kosciuszko.

COPY OF LETTER BY GENERAL KOSCIUSZKO TO MRS. GEN. A. W. WHITE

Philadelphia.

MADAME:

Could I express half so well my ideas, and in so masterly a manner as yours, I would write the inward sentiments of heart so clear and convincing, that there would not remain any doubt of my sincerity in the other's breast, if even it should be called in question. My gratitude and reciprocity of affection, as I am not able to do so by style, I approach nearer the nature of truth, which can point blank at the feelings. You were pleased to write me that you were happy in my company, and in doing everything for me, but this only shows the good heart of yours; and you do not grant the pardon for the trouble I gave you. When shall I have, at least the analogy that you have found in me? The present I send you before, is of equivocal conception and may turn both ways. But

you shall not mistake of my likeness. I sent you this *my uncertain fortune always* up and down, meeting in his way with difficulties and inconstancy. But calm and giving welcome to every one, without hurting anybody, and always ready to give a bouquet of his bundle of flowers, accompanied with good wishes for friends and enemies. My best respects to Miss Ellis. Send me a pardon, madame, in a formal lawyer's parchment, and signed by yourself.

Your humble and obedient servant, friend—let me see what more—affectionately, with due respect and esteem,

T. Kosciuszko.

(Appendix E.)

THE WILL OF KOSCIUSZKO, MADE IN THE UNITED STATES, IN 1798.

I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, being just on my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct, that should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend, Thomas Jefferson, to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any others, and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trade or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition, in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or good mothers, husbands or wives, in their duty as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful, and I make the said Thomas Jefferson, executor of this.

5th of May, 1798. T. Kosciuszko.

(Appendix F.)

JOHN SOBIESKI, the lion-hearted King of Poland, was in his day the greatest and most feared soldier in Europe, for wherever he carried his banners, victory perched on them. He had been a staunch partisan of Louis XIV., but as a Christian knight and a noble Pole, he had vowed inextinguishable hostility to the Mos-

lems; his grandfather, his father and his brother, had perished by the sword of the Turks.

When the Turks were arming against Germany, his alliance was sought by Louis and Leopold; but throwing his sword in the scale of the latter, he armed himself for one of the greatest struggles ever fought in Europe, or recorded in the annals of history.

In 1683, the Turks 300,000 strong, led by Kara-Mustapha, the Grand Vizier, were under the walls of Vienna.

The Emperor, the dastardly Leopold, had fled to Linz.

Sobieski, the King of Poland, now fifty-four years old, was the only man in the world the Germans could look to for protection; the Empire looked to him to be its savior. Europe looked on him as the bulwark of Christendom; he had at his feet the Ambassador of the Empire and the Nuncio of the Pope.

The Turks had been before the walls of Vienna for eight months, with the best artillery in Europe; they had breached the heretofore impenetrable walls in many places. The great bastions which had defied storm and lightning for centuries, were crumbling in ruins before their batteries. Famine, disease and the sword had cut off two-thirds of the garrison, the miserable inhabitants, bankrupt in fortune, worn out by incessant toil, disappointed in long deferred hopes, yielded to the agonies of despair.

STARHEMBERG, the Governor, announced to the trembling people the necessity of surrendering in three days, unless relieved; and from what quarter did relief come? Was it from liberty-loving France? No! Was it from good pious old England? No! Was it from powerful Russia? No! Was it from those dastardly Prussians, who subsequently murdered Poland, and have ever since stood over her ghastly corpse with sabre and lance, fearing that the weltering victim might possibly resuscitate? No! It was from that very victim, the once noble, generous, far-famed Poland, that relief came in this dismal hour of forlorn extremity. And

what did generous Poland receive for all this kindness? Not a dollar, not one grateful word or look, but treachery, robbery and assassination from the hands of the Germans.

> Then what is man, and what man seeing this,
> And having human feelings, does not blush
> And hang his head, to think himself a man?

The sun had retired to his evening rest among the golden clouds of the far west, and vanished from the sight of the suffering Germans in Vienna and the ferocious Turks in camp; darkness had thrown her pall over the despair within the city and the jubilant licentiousness of the camp without; the sentinel in the great tower of St. Stephen, peering into darkness trying to see some sign on which to hang a hope; the man of prayer bows down in deep devotion before the God of battles, and invokes his aid, but no aid comes. The moon comes now in the silence of the night to the assistance of the desponding watch; he again casts his anxious eyes along the horizon, as the queen of night lights up, in the far distance, the field of his vision; at last he sees a blazing flame on the summits of the Kalemberg; one more anxious look revealed the joyful sight of an army about to descend the ridge. The thrilling news ran like electricity through the city. Telescopes on every tower were turned in that direction.

The brilliancy of their lances, and the splendor of their banners. soon confirmed the joyful tidings that the hussars of Poland, the conquerors of Osmanlis and the hero of Chocim were approaching for the relief of Vienna.

> I see them on their winding way,
> About their ranks, the moon-beams play;
> Their lofty deeds and daring high,
> Blend with the notes of victory.

The Turks knew that the advance of the Poles was a signal for them to fight or run. They began to see the ghosts of Chocim in the camp; they talked of John Sobieski with the same shaking

terror that the ancient Christians used to feel when they thought his Satanic Majesty was at their elbow.

That was a momentous night, for all knew that the terrible conflict was approaching that would in a few short hours settle the question, whether the Crescent or the Cross should float, not only over the walls of Vienna, but over all Europe; for with Vienna once taken the road was open to Paris, and would have presented less impediments to the Turks in those days, than it did when Napoleon in later days traveled it, with success, in the opposite direction.

It was on Saturday, the 11th of September, when Sobieski encamped his army of 70,000 men on the summit and steeps of the Kalemberg, to give them a little rest. He was disappointed at the absence of the Cossacks, whom Minzwicki had promised to bring into the field, as these troops had proved in former battles to be the best of scouts. The King knew that he would be obliged to expose his splendid body of hussars in this service.

The vast plain bordering the Danube, on which the great army of the Turks was encamped, was spread before the King, as his eagle eye surveyed it from the summit of the Kalemberg and picked out the weak points of the enemy's lines and positions.

On Sunday, September 12th, the mighty struggle between the Crescent and Cross commenced at break of day. The Christians, eager for the fight, descended the mountain slopes in five columns, and rushed down on the plains like mountain torrents. The battle raged throughout the day. The carnage was fearful—the dead and dying strewed the plain.

The Vizier, to prevent a movement of the King, made a blunder, throwing his line in confusion.

The King cried out to his brave Poles: "They are lost men."

Sobieski, at the head of his troops, charged furiously through the Turks, aiming for the intrenched camp of the Sultan, whom

he found toward night in a magnificent scarlet tent, sipping coffee with his sons.

Surrounded by his powerful squadrons, Sobieski was recognized by the streamers that adorned the lances of his guards. The handsomest prince in Europe, in a magnificent dress, with his bow and quiver of gold at his back, and mounted on a majestic war-horse, together with the enthusiasm which his presence everywhere excited, all contributed to strike terror into the ranks of the foe.

With this imposing array, the hero of Christian Europe with his trusty squadrons, like so many thunderbolts from Heaven, dashed through the plain with sabre and lance directed at the heads and hearts of the trembling Turks, shouting his battle-cry, "*God for Poland!*" while his intrepid followers cried "SOBIESKI! SOBIESKI!" and then chanted the well-known verse, "*Non nobis, non nobis, Domine, sed tibi sit gloria.*"

This gave the first intimation to the Moslems that the dreaded hero of the Christians was at their head.

The Sultan Gieray and the Tartar Khan exclaimed: "By Allah! The King is with them, sure enough!" The consternation among the infidels was extreme. Some columns stood for awhile like stone walls, but in vain did they display the courage of their race; they could not stand the shock of the charging columns of the hussars under Prince Alexander, that swept through them like a tornado, each man crying, "*God defend Poland!*" It was a little too much for the human nature of even stoical Turks. They turned and fled in confusion and dismay, making confusion worse confounded as they fled, with the powerful Polish horses at their heels and Polish sabres at their heads. Something of the same kind, but on a much smaller scale, was recently seen in Egypt, when the claymore of the Scot clove the skull of the unresisting Fellah, as he was making haste to get beyond its reach.

Kara Mustapha gave up in despair, exclaiming to the Kara of the Crimea as he passed the fugitives: "Can you not aid me?" He answered: "I know the King of Poland, and I told you that if we had to deal with him all we could do would be to run away." Mustapha strove in vain to rally his panic-stricken troops. Thousands lay dead on the field, among them six Pachas. The remnant of this mighty host were "on the wing," straining every nerve to place as much distance as possible between themselves and the camp before night closed in. Kara Mustapha had to follow in their tracks.

This awful crisis in the history of nations was over. The cause of Christianity and civilization had triumphed, and the Mussulman power fled from Europe, never more to return.

At six in the evening Sobieski entered the Turkish camp and took possession of the scarlet tents of the Sultan and Vizier. A slave brought to him the charger and golden bridle of Mustapha. The hero of the battle, taking the bridle, ordered one of his aids to hasten to the Queen of Poland and say that he who owned that bridle was vanquished.

The following morning revealed to the victors the magnitude of their glorious victory. The vast plain was covered with trophies of war, containing the choicest treasures of the East! The countless masses of the Orientals had disappeared, but these gorgeous spoils—their Arabian horses, their camels and their wealth of all kinds—covered the ground.

The entry of the King into Vienna the next day, through a breach made by the ferocious Turks, was a soul-stirring scene in this drama, that seldom falls to the lot of history to record. The streets were filled with people of every age, sex and condition, whose hearts and eyes overflowed with joy as they gazed on their glorious deliverer, and made the heavens ring with their shouts of

victory and grateful praise. They followed him to the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, where he went, and assisted him to chant a *Te Deum* in humble praise to the God of Hosts. It was there, in the midst of this scene, that a priest announced from the altar that memorable text: "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John."

This sketch of SOBIESKI and his great battle has nothing to do with the life of Kosciuszko, but the life of SOBIESKI and the account of this great battle are among the most interesting matters to be found in history, and should be read in detail by every one who attempts to look into the records of the past.

I give these short sketches to show what metal the Poles were made of, and what odds they dared to encounter long years before Kosciuszko was born.

(Appendix G.)

The bust of Kosciuszko, now owned by the New York Historical Society, is probably the very bust made by Eggenschwiler, as I understand they bought it, not a long time since, of Col. Xavier Zeltner (the son of Kosciuszko's friend, the boy who carried the message on his horse), who came to this country, served as a cavalry officer in our war of Secession*, and died in poverty two years since in Hoboken, N. J.

(Appendix H.)

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

No matter what may be the birth-place of such a man as Washington, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is Eternity, and his residence Creation.

Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, we almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin—

*Our War Department does not confirm this (Ed.).

if the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared, how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience.

As a statesman he enlarged the policy of the Cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his council that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage.

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason, for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command, Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, Victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banished hesitation.

Who like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than remain in a capital?

Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains, he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy.

Happy, Proud America! The lightnings of heaven could not resist your sage, the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier.

JEFFERSON'S LETTERS

ON

KOSCIUSZKO

FROM THE
JEFFERSON PAPERS
IN THE
MSS. DIVISION
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

Package labelled Ac. 1253 1796-1822.]

JEFFERSON'S LETTERS ON KOSCIUSZKO

It has been stated, and not hitherto denied, that Jefferson refused to act as executor of Kosciuszko's will, as he had no property in the United States: but these letters, which were bought by the Library of Congress in 1912, disprove the assertion about the property. They have never been printed before, and show, in the clearest manner, Jefferson's warm friendship for Kosciuszko, and the pains he took to invest his funds to the best advantage. Only those parts of the letters which refer to the matter are here given—and all words inclosed in parenthesis are as in originals, all variations in spelling likewise. Gen. Kosciuszko's name is spelt in three different ways, and "receive" and similar words are, with a few exceptions, spelt "ieve".

ED.

Monticello April 27. [18] 09.

Dear Sir

.....with respect to Kosciusko's 8. percent stock, I have not the certificates. I have carefully & over & over again examined every paper of his in my possession. I have the certificates of his 20. Pensva bank shares, but of the 8. per cents I find only a memm in my own hand that I had transferred 10. bank shares to you to be invested in 8. pr. cents, & that you had done it at 23. pr. cent. I am satisfied therefore you will find that you have the certificates in your possession. I think they should be converted immediately into some other profitable stock. that of the banks allied to the Government of the U. S. or to that of Pensylvania, I should think the surest. as the certificates were made out in your name, my agency will not be necessary.

Mr. Barnes

Monticello May 24. [18] 09.

Dear Sir

On reciept of your favor of the 8th. I determined to take the first hour of leisure to make a more scrupulous search through Genl. Kosciuzko's papers, for his 8. pr. cent certificates; the belief that you had them, had rendered the first search less particular,

which belief your last letter put an end to. entering on it a day or two ago, and unfolding every paper in his bundle, I had at length the happy sight of the certificates in a paper whose endorsement had before decieved me. in the mass of papers I had been in the habit of recieving, these had been put into an improper one, & had entirely escaped my memory. I now inclose them to you, towit, N° 2, for 4000. D. N° 12. for 400. N^h 13. for 100=4500.D. to be invested in such other stock as you think best.

Mr Barnes

Monticello June 15. [18]09.

Dear Sir

Yours of the 9th came to hand last night, and the course it suggested was like a ray of light beaming on my uneasy mind. indeed I know that had I time to consult Genl. Kosciuzko he would be delighted with the opportunity of accomodating me, and I acceded to it with the more readiness, because before his departure he made me the depository & sole executor of his will, by which it appears his intention only to use the interest of his money here, & never to draw the principal from this country: and the uses to which it is to be applied after his death will occupy time in their execution. the making use of it as you propose will enable me to offer my lands on the credits usual in this country, & much facilitate their sale, and I will charge the debt on my whole estate which is of 50 times that amount in the event of any accident to myself before the sale of the lands destined to it's repaiment. I will therefore pray you to place his 4500.D. now undisposed of to my account, & to apply them immediately to taking up my whole note in the bank of the U. S. and the balance to the discharge of what I am in your debt: leaving the matter in the President's hands to his own entire convenience according to my agreement with him. in this way we shall all sleep sound and I shall have time to discharge the debt without sacrificing my lands by sales for cash,

which might not yield half value. the punctual paiment of the interest shall be sacredly attended to, and will be the more certain as it will be at the period when the produce of the year is usually sold. I salute you with assurances of great esteem & respect.

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. J. Barnes

Monticello Jan. 17. [18]10.

Dear Sir

It is long since I have had occasion to write to you, your favor of the 12th. now furnishes it. the annual remittance to my friend Kosciuzko shall never wait a moment for my quota of it. accordingly I now inclose you a letter to Messrs. Gibson & Jefferson who will thereupon pay the sum you shall call for. it's precise amount I cannot fix so well as you can. you know what would have been the necessary delay in changing the form of his stock, & you know also what delay was occasion^d by my forgetting that his certificates were among my papers. this last I should chuse to pay, and therefore I must pray you to settle the matter between us. should you recieve any thing from mrs Beckley, as you intimate, after taking out of it the balance I owe yourself, the residue, if in time may go to lessen the draught on G. & J.

Mr. Barnes

Monticello Jan. 29. [18]10.

Dear Sir

Yours of the 25th. came to hand last night & I am quite satisfied to pay (the) 2. months interest delayed by my forgetting I had the certificates. you will therefore be pleased to consider the interest as beginning Apr. 1. 1809. and make your draught on Gibson & Jefferson for the year ending Apr. 1. 1810, of which I will give them advice ever Your's affectionately

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. John Barnes.

Monticello Feb. 26. [18]10.

Dear Sir

Your letters to Gen.l Kosciuzko covering bills of exchange for £200 sterling have been duly recieved. I have inclosed the 1st. to the Secretary of states office to be put under cover to General Armstrong with the dispatches of the department & by the safest conveyance occurring. I propose some time hence to ask a conveyance for the second in the same way, unless you think of any better. I have written to the General an explanation of the circumstances which obliged me to have recourse to his funds, & have no doubt of recieving his entire approbation. I am ever affectionately yours

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. Barnes

Monticello Sep. 17. [18]10.

Dear Sir

On my return from Bedford lately I found here your two favors of Aug. 22 & 31. I thought I had the form of an order on the bank of Pensylva for Kosciusko's dividends, such as I used to sign for you; but on searching my papers I do not find it. I have endeavored therefore to make out an order for the last half year's dividends which I am in hopes may be substantially sufficient, tho' not so formal. I now inclose it, and if not sufficient, be so good as to send me one, and I will sign & send it by return of post.

Mr. John Barnes

Monticello Jan. 10. [18]11.

Dear Sir

Your favor of the 7th. came to hand last night, and I now inclose you the order on the bank of Pensylvania for General Kosciuzko's dividend. his interest due from me Apr. 1. shall not be

delayed a moment, as the distance of that day gives me time for the sale of my crop of 1810. this has been so good. that with the prices now going it will nearly liberate me from that part of my Washington debt for which I was obliged to go into the bank of Richmond. the crop of the year now entered will completely clear me there, after which I shall be able to lay my shoulders to the repaiment of the General's principal. .....

Mr. Barnes

Monticello Apr. 4. [18]11.

Dear Sir

By the present post I desire Messrs. Gibson & Jefferson to remit you 360. D. for Genl. Kosciusko, being the interest on his money in my hands for the last year. [Repeats statement in letter of Jan. 10 in regard to wiping out his "Washington debt" and repaying Gen. K's money with next year's crop.]

Mr. John Barnes.

Monticello Jan. 27. [18]12.

Dear Sir

I have just recieved your favor of the 15th. and learn with concern that a doubt can exist that our friend Genl. Kosciuzko may have failed to recieve his remittance of 1810, for as to that of 1811. mr Barlow's safe arrival ensures it. of that of 1810. the 1st. 2d. & 4th. of Exchange were sent by different opportunities thro' the department of state and altho' I trust they have been recieved, yet I return you the 3d. which I had not thought it worth while to send to him. perhaps it may not be amiss now to send it with your next remittance. what convinces me however of it's having been recieved is the following paragraph in the General's letter to me of March 1. 1811. in answer to one of mine explaining to him the liberty I had taken with a part of his funds. he says 'I approve what you have done with my funds. my entire confidence is in you. I only request

that the interest be regularly paid, and I wish it were possible to send it through some other channel than England, for thro' that I lose a great deal & I am not rich.' certainly if he had failed to recieve his remittance of the preceding year, he would have mentioned it. we shall have an excellent opportunity of sending the next by mr Morton of Bordeaux who tells me he shall (and I hope you may effect it thro some channel other than English.) return with the opening of the spring, my part of it shall be ready in time, my crop being now beginning to go to market. .....

Mr. Barnes

Monticello Apr. 17. [18]12.

Dear Sir

I have this moment recieved a letter from Genl. Kosciuszko dated Feb. 1. in which he acknoleges the reciept of two letters from me, one from you and a *bill of exchange*. knowing it would give you pleasure to be ascertained of this, and supposing the General, who is not a man of business, may not have written to you, I drop a line for him. always affectionately yours

Mr. J. Barnes TH:JEFFERSON

Monticello Apr. 30. [18]12.

Dear Sir

Your favor of the 20th. came to hand last night only, and the same post brought me an answer from mr Morton which I inclose for your perusal & consideration, with a request to return it to me. mr Morton is a native of this state, not personally known to me till lately, but long ago much recommended to me by many here; but most particularly by mr Coles, who was much with him in Bordeaux, where his mercantiel house is established, and mr. Coles assures me it is one of the most solid & successful there. I take him to be a liberal honorable man, and that he will serve the General with zeal on the principles stated in his letter. I have sup-

posed it would be happy for the General to have so convenient an intermediate between you & himself, because if the chances of war should occasion your remittances to miscarry, Morton will still furnish his necessities with regularity, and take the delay on himself. indeed I presume that money paid by you to his correspondent here (in Baltimore) will be taken by him as a remittance, so as to save you the risque & anxiety of finding bills of exchange, and such as are *good*. I suggest these things for your consideration, and leave the business of remittance to your own decision altogether. I think bills on London are dangerous and nearly impracticable in France. I believe the negociation of them there is punished with imprisonm^t^ if not with death. my money for the General has been ready in the hands of Gibson & Jefferson for 2. or 3 months waiting only your call. I now write to them to remit you immediately 410.D. of which 360. is the General's part, and the remaining 50.D. are for mr E. J. Dupont of Wilmington,. .

. . . . . .

Mr Barnes

Monticello Apr. 25. [18]13.

Dear Sir

. . . . . I have between 4. and 500 barrels of flour caught at Richmond by the blockade, not a barrel of it sold. my hope is that the enemy will prefer withdrawing out of the capes and cruising on the coast to catch something rather than lie where they do & catch nothing. the moment any movement of theirs gives a chance for our vessels to go out, I am assured a good sale may be made. I shall think it fortunate if the annual remittance to our friend Kosciuzko should give time for this sale, which in every preceding year has taken place before this month was out. however whenever a good opportunity or channel of remittance shall make it necessary my part of it shall be furnished at any sacrifice. . . . . .

Mr John Barnes TH:JEFFERSON

Monticello May 21. [18]13

Dear Sir

.....I should think it adviseable to delay the annual remittance awhile for the expected return of the vessel from Bordeaux, by which you may learn if the General approves of the channel we (proposed:) in the mean time, that there may be no delay on my part, I have sacrifices enough of my flour at C. D. to have remitted to you 540.D. which by a letter of yesterday I desired mess^{rs} Gibson & Jefferson to do. 360.D. of this is for the General.....

Mr Barnes

Monticello June 28. [18]13.

Dear Sir

I should like much the proposition in your's of the 20th to pay our remittances to G. Williams in Baltimore, and for Russel and Morton, on advice of that paiment, to pay the same to G^{l} Kosciuzko, but neither of them could be entitled to a commission; because it would be as if we bought G. W's bill on R. & M. in which case neither drawer or drawee would be entitled to a commission. the only difference (to them) would be their paying on recieving *advice* of a paiment here, instead of *a bill of exchange*: and the difference to us would be the transmission of that *advice* instead of transmitting their *bill*. but should we not avoid acting though them any more until we learn the fate of the former remittance thro' them? to be more than a year without their having informed their correspondent here what they have done, is not like the practice of punctual merchants. I knew nothing of them but from mr Isaac Coles, who knew them well at Bordeaux, where they had all the exterior appearances & trappings of good credit, but you know this might change in a moment without it's being known to him .....we had better look out for some other channel of remittance. could it not be done through the opportunity of mr

Crawford's going as minister to France? you being on the spot are the best judge of that, or what other means may be best. ever affectionately your's.

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. Barnes

Monticello July 21. [18]13.

Dear Sir

Your favor of the 6th was exactly two weeks getting to this place instead of the two days in which it ought to have come. I recieved it yesterday. I have not yet lost my hope in mr Morton, and that he may yet be the most convenient channel of supplying Genl Kosciuzko; because if he continues firm, he could give the General cash there always for a draught on you. we will therefore yet wait awhile to hear from him, or of him. I inclose you the order requested for the half years dividend on the bank of Pensylvania. ever affectionayely yours

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. John Barnes

Monticello Sep. 18. [18]13.

Dear Sir

I have just recieved a letter of Dec. 1. from Genl Kosciuszko, in which he says 'I have recieved a bill of exchange of 5500 francs from mr Barnes and I have been punctually paid by the house of mr Morton. I pray you to continue to remit me my interest thro' the same channel; if mr Morton will have the goodness to permit it.'

This putting out of all doubt the preferable channel of remittance, will enable you to adopt the same means without further delay. ever affectionately yours

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. Barnes.

Monticello Nov. 6. [18]13.

Dear Sir

I have just recieved from Gen.l Kosciuzko a duplicate of his letter of May 30, to which he adds this P. S. 'you render me a great service by (the) arrangment [*sic*] with mr Morton to whom I owe many thanks for the most obliging manner in which I have been treated at Paris, and for the exactitude of his correspondent.' this channel then being so agreeable to the General we had better adhere to it, even if it occasions delay: because besides the justification of his approbation, if the house sees that we make our remittances steadily to them & to them alone, they will not be afraid to advance to the General, if our remittances should be delayed accidentally, knowing that they will come in the end. I thought it well to apprise you of this for your government, and only add my affectionate esteem & respect.

TH:JEFFERSON

M.r Barnes

Monticello Jan. 29. [18]14.

Dear Sir

.....I wish you may have been able to procure a bill to go by some of the late flags which offered such safe conveyance.

It is time to ask if there is not great reason to feel alarm for our banking institutions. the notes they had in circulation the last summer were calculated to amount to 200. millions of Dollars. the banks now petitioned for are of 60. millions additional capital of course 180. millions of circulation; so that the ensuing summer we shall have near 400, Millions of paper afloat in a country of 8 millions of people, whose wholesome & competent circulation would be 8 millions of Dollars,....should any alarm from this or any other circumstance produce a run on the banks, their bankruptcy is unquestionable, because no one imagines they have 400. millions or the 50th part of it in their vaults. duty then to our friend Kosciuzko requires that we should save him while we can, by withdrawing

his stock from the banks. this too is the fortunate moment, when the government is opening a loan on terms which will yield more profit than the bank stock. tho were the profit less, the superior safety would dictate the change. my opinion therefore is that we should subscribe for him to the government loan, to the whole amount of his bank stock, & sell out in the bank. I suppose that stock is above par, and it is expected the govm't will give 100.D. for every 88, or 90, which will increase his capital. I shall be glad of your opinion on this subject, as soon as possible that a final determination may be taken in time. ever affectionately yours

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. John Barnes

Monticello. Feb. 23. [18]14.

Dear Sir

I have duly recieved and weighed your favors of the 9th and 11th nobody would be farther from wishing a sudden crush to the banks than myself. that they are multiplied to a great abuse and evil is evident; and their reduction by degrees would be the safest for the public, and might save us if our legislators were wise, but it is their folly which is hurrying us to the precipice, by the increase of these establishments until they all fall together. it is this which convinces me they must fall and no one can say when it will happen.....under these circumstances we should be unfaithful stewards to leave the worthy Kosciusko in danger of wanting bread. it would be the less justifiable too because with greater security the government will offer greater advantages. I cannot therefore resist the sense of duty imposed on us, & must pray you to take immediate measures to sell out the General's stock in bank, and place it in the new government loan. perhaps the Treasury would recieve the General's bank stock as cash in exchange for their new stock. I understand that a bonus of 10. or 12. per cent is expected which will add so much to the General's capital. every bank which cracks will give me great alarm until we are out of

them. I shall be glad to learn your prospects in this business by a line when you begin to see your way thro' it. affectionately yours

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. Barnes

Monticello Mar. 22. [18]14.

Dear Sir

Your favor of the 8th is recieved and I now return you mr Taylor's letter, but so unacquainted am I with every thing relating to stock that I am not able to calculate the effect of converting Gl. K's bank shares into public stock, altho you have furnished me materials. I must therefore trouble you again to make out for me 2. statements, the 1st stating the market value of his principal in the Pensylvania bank, and the average annual (nett) sum recieved on it including every thing & deducting costs: and 2dly what that principal sum converted into the new loan with the addition of the bonus, will amount to, and what nett sum he will recieve on that annually? from these two statements I shall be enabled to judge what to do.....

Mr. John Barnes

Monticello May 8. [18]14.

Dear Sir

I recieved yesterday your favors of Apr. 27. and May 2. & 2. and I now inclose you Genl. Kosciuszko's 2-certificates for 18. and 2. shares in the bank of Pensylvania, with my endorsement, duplicate powers of Attorney to dispose of them, and letters to the Secretaries of State and the Treasury requesting their aid in the remittances of interest. these I have left open for your perusal. after which be so good as to seal them before delivery.....sincerely praying for the best success in your use of all these documents I tender you the assurance of my affectionate respect

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. Barnes

Monticello June 28. [18]14.

Dear Sir

.....I am much rejoiced that you have been able to compleat the sale of Gen.l Kosciuzko's Pensylv.a bank stock, and to transfer it to the new loan of the U. S. there I know it will be safer than in any deposit on earth, and it will place him beyond those risks which might close his days in want. altho' the sale has not been quite as advantageous as was counted on in the estimates made by yourself and mr Parker & inclosed in your letter of April 16, yet the superior safety of the present deposit compensates the little difference in the proceeds of sale. the 20. shares, being a capital of 8000.D. sold at 138. D. enlarges the capital to 11,040.D. our subscription to the U. S. loan being for 10,000.D. only. I suppose there will be a surplus to be still invested in the same U. S. stock by purchase. or do I see the particulars of this commutation in their true light? for I am so little conversant in these operations as not to be sure that I exactly understand the result of this one.

I inclose you the order for the interest due from the bank of Pensv.a as you desired. my own payment, due in April, has not been forwarded because you had not as yet found the means of investing it in a remittance to the Gen.l the delay gave me a chance of a rise in the price of flour, mine of the last year having been in the hands of Mess.rs Gibson & Jefferson since last Christmas, & still on hand unsold, as 4.D. cannot yet be obtained for it in Richmond. but if you will be so good as to name the day on which it will be wanting to make good your subscriptions, that amount shall be sold at any price and the money placed in your hands punctually before the day. we have daily hope that the prospect of peace will give some spur to prices. with the order abovement.d and mr Taylor's letter, I inclose you the one you desired to the Barings, and one for the General which I pray you to have sent by the same conveyance, & to be assured of my constant friendship.

Th:Jefferson

M.r Barnes

Monticello Aug. 20. [18] 14.

Dear Sir

Immediately on reciept of your favor of July 29. I wrote to mr Gibson desiring him to make sale of my flour for whatever he could (get) for it in cash. it had been laying on hand since Christmas in hopes of a rise of price. he accordingly made sale of it for 2. D. 61. c. a barrel which netted me for my wheat 48 cents a bushel. he informed me at the same time he could not sell at all for ready money, & had sold at 60. days but that I might draw on him in the meantime, on the reciept of your letter therefore of the 16th. . . . . .I have written to him to remit to you without delay 380.D. and our (Richmd) mail not going out till tomorrow, nor reaching him till the 22d or 23d I fear he will barely have time to find a bill and get it to your hands by the 25th the sum named is to cover the 360.D. for Gl Kosciuzko, etc. . . . . .I am anxious that mr Gibson's remittance should get to hand by the day, & I shall think little of my sacrifice to cover yourself & the General from inconvenience. I salute you with affectionate respect

Mr Barnes TH:JEFFERSON

Monticello Sep. 30. [18]14.

Dear Sir

. . . . . .how fortunate is it, my dear Sir, that we have saved our friend Kosciuzko, by withdrawing his funds from the bank in the moment we did. for him to have lost his capital, the price of his blood spilt for us, & now his only resource for life, would have overwhelmed me with affliction while I should have lived. ever affectionately yours

Mr Barnes TH:JEFFERSON

Monticello Dec. 29. [18]14.

Dear Sir

. . . . . .I inclose you a power of attorney for recieving the payments of interest on Kosciuzko's 12,500.D. which is made in my

own name, because you say in your's of the 18th that the Certificate is in my name. if merely so, this power will do: but if the Certificate is in my name as Attȳ or Trustee for Kosciuzko, the power inclosed ought to be the same. in that case, if you will return it to me, I will send another, as I will also [word torn out] (if this) be defective in any thing which the forms of the treasury require.....

Mr. Barnes.

Monticello Apr. 18. [18]15.

Dear Sir

The departure of the mail and my distance from the office leave me barely time to inclose you an order on the Treasury, for 4870.D. to wit 4500.D. the principal of Genl Kosciuzko's money in my hands, and 360.D. one years interest. the high interest on this principal has made me anxious to get first rid of it, and I have informed Genl Kosciuzko that I should make this deposit for him in the treasury of the U. S. and that his annual interest would of course, as to that sum, be reduced from 8. to 5⅔ p. cent. I think it probable that at the end of the year when the principal is payable, we may convert it into some government loan of higher interest.

Mr. Barnes

Monticello May 7. [18]15.

Dear Sir

Your favors of Apr. 22 & 25. are at hand. you observe that the question is how to dispose of the 4500.D. & the 360.D. the latter being interest, I supposed would be remitted to the General for use; and the 4500.D. principal being itself a stock, bearing interest at 5⅔ p. c. and payable at the end of one year, I had supposed it would be best to keep it in it's present form until payable, and then to be on the lookout for some other *stock, of the U. S.* bearing higher interest, if to be had at par, in lieu of payment of the principal. I say *stock of the U. S.* for I would trust no other. that the

banks will ever fully resume the payment of specie for their notes I do not believe. late experience has shewn they cannot be forced; and their paper now circulates only for want of any other medium, and not that the public have any confidence in it. we certainly therefore must not meddle with their stocks. I some time ago gave the General notice of this defalcation in the amount of interest on this particular part of his capital, but the improvement in the other part will make it up.....

Mr. Barnes

Monticello May 12. [18]15.

Dear Sir

I have just recieved a letter from Gen.l Kosciuszko, desiring me to remit his whole principal to him in France. the letter is without date, and as I conjecture was not only before the late revolution, but before our peace. it seems to indicate a state of despair of recieving his remittances regularly, and his distresses for want of them. in consequence of these changes, however, as peace renders regular remittance practicable, and the revolution in France may render that place insecure for his property, I shall venture to suspend executing his request, until I can write and get an answer. in the meantime I think it is best to keep his principal in it's present form.....

Mr. Barnes

Monticello, Feb. 7. [18]16.

Dear Sir

Your favor of Jan. 19. requests my advice as to the 4500. Dollars Treasury notes of Gen.l Kosciuszko's payable the 16th of April next, which of course ought to be invested in time in some other form bearing interest. I am unacquainted with the different kinds and prices of U. S. stock, and I would trust no other; but I think we had better as soon as it can be done advantageous-

ly, exchange it into some other stock, whatever can be obtained on the best terms. I have heard that the Treasury notes are something above par, and some U. S. stock below par; if so we may increase the capital by both operations. I am not certain whether the U. S. is not still borrowing, and on a bonus. I must therefore leave to yourself entirely the most advantageous conversion of these funds for the General. in the meantime it would be well to make his annual remittance of interest, which could not be done more safely than through the Barings.....

Mr. Barnes

Monticello Oct. 12. [18]16.

Dear Sir

Your favors of Aug. 10. & Oct. 3. are now before me. the difficulties you find in transferring the stock of Genl Kosciuszko standing in my name to his own, puzzle me exceedingly, because I do not understand them. it is a business I am not familiar with. both the General's wish and mine is that the stock should stand in his own name to avoid difficulties in case of my death, but that the powers of acting on it for him should still continue under his original Power of attorney to me. I inclose you that original which is as comprehensive as words can make it, and would seem, after transferring the stock to him, to leave in me a full power to act on it. I send also the General's private letter expressing this wish, in which I have marked with a pencil the passage relating to it. be so good as to return both these papers to me, copies of which may be retained by the Treasury or bank [word torn out] na (of Columbia) authenticated as they think best. if the transfer can be made and my authority to act for the General under this power of Attorney still continue, then let it be done. but if that transfer should be a revocation of the power of Attorney (which I cannot concieve) then I must avail myself of the power of Attorney to sell out the whole stock and with the proceeds buy good bills

of exchange on Amsterdam, payable to the house of the Van Staphorsts for the General; as it is indispensable that his property be in his own name, and that it be where he can draw the interest himself, if it cannot be done here by the present power. a new one would be long coming, & he would be on sufferance in the meantime. be so good, dear Sir, as to act on these alternatives, as I leave this place for Bedford on the 19th & shall be absent 6 weeks. I send you a special power to recieve the dividends at the bank of Columbia; but I thought you had a general power of attorney from me, to act on all the General's funds. if you have not, I will send you one—ever and affectionately yours

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. Barnes

Monticello Dec. 15. [18]16.

Dear Sir

On my return from Bedford after an absence of 7. weeks I find here your favor of the 2d inst covering a letter from Buckley & Abbot which I now return. in your P. S. you request 1. the original certificates of the 12,500 D. 6 p. c. U. S. stock, 2. two powers for you to recieve the interest of the stock at the treasury and dividends at the bank of Columbia. 3. my original power from Kosciusko that copies of it may be deposited in the bank and Treasury.

1. I never saw the original certificate of the 12,500.D. nor has it been sent to me. in your's of Jan.10. 1815. to me you say 'the above recited cretificates (No. 10 for 11,363.63.D. and No. 10. also for 1136.99.D.) are lodged in safe custody in the Custom house iron chest,' where I presume you will find them.

2. I now inclose 2. powers for you to recieve the interest at the Treasury, and dividends on the 46. shares in the bank of Columbia.

3. my original power from Kosciuzko. I inclosed this to you in my letter of Oct. 12. as was requested. in yours of Oct. 3.

you probably have it yourself or have left it at the bank or Treasury to be copied. hoping you will find these papers, and that with those now inclosed they will enable you to do everything necessary

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. Barnes

Know all men by these presents that I Thomas Jefferson of Monticello in Albemarle, by virtue of the powers to me given by Thaddeus Kosciuzko, late a General in the armies of the United States, do hereby constitute and appoint John Barnes of Georgetown in the district of Columbia lawful attorney under myself, of the said Thaddeus with full powers to recieve for the sd Thaddeus and in his name all sums of interest due or to become due on any stock standing or which may hereafter stand in the name of the sd Thaddeus in the books or funds of the United States, and for the same to give discharges and acquittances in the name of the sd Thaddeus. which shall be equally valid, and are hereby confirmed, as if given by myself. Witness my hand and seal at Monticello aforesd. this fifteenth of December 1816.

TH:JEFFERSON

Witness

[Another, identical except for one or two words, on the reverse side of the same sheet. Neither has the signature of a witness, tho' both have Jefferson's.]

Monticello Feb. 17. [18]17.

Dear Sir

I recieved last night your favor of the 7th. and in it the following certificates of stock in the name of Genl. Kosciuzko, to wit,

U. S. Certificate No. 90. for 11,363.D. 63.c. six per cents of loan of May 2. 1814.

N° 37. for 1,186.36 supplemental d° of d°

Bank of Columbia certificate N° 1314 for 46 shares in that bank @ 100 Jan. 10. 1817. As you think a special power will be necessary for you to recieve the interest of the U. S. stock, I will ask the favor of you to send me the proper instrument to enable you to recieve it, which I will sign. I give you this trouble, because the peculiar forms of the treasury are unknown to me. I recieved in due time your account with Gen.l Kosciuzko to Nov. last, balance in your favor 812.D. and omitted to acknowlege it, because I am little familiar with these things, and have (so) unbounded confidence in your exactness & integrity as to be entirely satisfied all is right. I salute you with affectionate esteem & respect.

TH:JEFFERSON

M.r Barnes

Monticello May 17 [18] 17.

Dear Sir

Yours of the 12.th is received and I am happy to find that the General's distresses have been so happily relieved. I am in hopes the regular course of commerce now will enable us to prevent any such recurrence of want to him.....

I return the Gen's & Baring's letter.

M.r Barnes

Monticello Jan. 5. [18] 18.

Dear Sir

I will not trouble you with vain condolances, & expressions of regret on the death of (our) mutual friend Gen.l Kosciuzko, which we see announced in the papers in too credible form & which we both lament. besides the power of Attorney left with me & under which we have acted, he left in my hands a Will, all written in his

own hand, making a charitable disposition of his property here, of which he named me executor. I suppose I shall soon recieve letters from the friends of his confidence there. in the meantime we must suspend all further draughts & remittances and I must ask the favor of you to let me know 1st. to what date his interest has been paid up? and 2. how & what is the balance between you and him? I inclose letters for the Secretary of the Treasury & the Atty Genl which are left open for your perusal and information, after which be so good as to seal and deliver them. be assured of my constant & affectionate attachment and respect.

TH:JEFFERSON

Mr. Barnes

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